THE

GRAY'S-INN JOURNAL.

Non fuit Consilium socordiâ atque desidiâ bonum otium conterere. SALLUST.

Eye Nature's Walks, shoot Folly as it flies,
And catch the Manners living as they rise.
POPE.

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THE

GRAY'S-INN JOURNAL.

NUMB. 53. GRAY'S-INN, *Saturday*, *Oct.* 20, 1753.

——— Uno avulso non deficit alter
Aureus & simili frondescit Virga metallo.

VIRG.

IT has for a long Time been an Objection to the Writer of Periodical Essays, that every Subject is pre-occupied, that the *Spectator*, the *Tatler*, and the *Guardian* have cultivated every Field of Reflection, and that there remains nothing at present to be gleaned by successive Adventurers. Though I have all the Respect due to the Memory of the excellent Writers of the Performances just mentioned, I am far from paying them a blind Adoration; on the contrary, amidst all that surprizing Emanation of Genius, Wit, and Humour, which distinguishes many of their Writings, I can sometimes descry a Subject carelesly treated, without any of their usual Turns of Sentiment, or Beauties of Diction. I

have now and then gone through a Series of important Trifles, and I have occasionally found them vague upon Subjects of Criticism, indeterminate in their Expressions, and loose in their Definitions. If this happens to be the Case, would it not be an erroneous Proceeding to suppress every other Attempt, because Sir *Richard Steel* planned so many Years before? Nay, even if they were free from any of those Blemishes, which arise either from Inadvertence or the Imbecillity of human Nature, would it not be absurd to extinguish the Seeds of laudable Emulation? Had the Rigour of this Sentence been carried into Execution, the World would never have been favoured with the admirable Performances of the Author of the *Rambler*. That the *English* Language has received from this Writer many additional Ornaments, it is, I believe, universally felt by all Men of Taste. Every Topic is by him treated with great Erudition and strong Sense, enlivened with all the glowing Colourings of a warm Imagination, and the whole carried on with a nervous, clear, and harmonious Stile. If the Performance in general has not the Variety of the *Spectator*, it is because Mr. *Johnson* wrote singly and alone, whereas the former was supported by several of eminent Abilities, and therefore, in the present Age there seems nothing wanting but a Coalition of Men of Parts to equal our Predecessors in all Manner of Periodical Writings.

Certain it is, there are many Topics in every branch of Science and in all the liberal Arts, which may still receive new Lights, and conduce both to the Entertainment and Instruction of the Public. Since Mr. *Addison*'s Time, a *Du Bos* has shone forth in *France*, and a *Spence* in *England*; and the late ingenious Editor of a Translation of *Virgil* is a convincing Proof that Rules for fine Writing, and Precepts of critical Knowledge may be still enforced with great Elegance and Propriety, though the Essays on *Milton*'s *Paradise Lost*, and

on

on the *Pleasures of Imagination*, must be allowed to have all the masterly Strokes, that can result from a delicate and refined Taste. The Regions of Reflection are like a Champain Country, in which different Objects present themselves in various Attitudes to the Eye, and the Imagination is frequently caught by Parts of the Prospect, which have escaped another's Observation, each Person receiving different Sensations, according as the Fancy is disposed for the Sublime, the Wonderful, or the Beautiful in the natural World.

Besides; the continual Fluctuation of Fashions, Customs and Manners must always afford fresh Matter for the Satyrist of Wit and Humour. The Tree of Folly is like the Tree mentioned by the Author of my Motto; though many have plucked a Branch from it, it is always quickly replaced by another, and the new Growth shoots into Day-light with undiminished Fertility.

Are there those who are pleased to indulge a delicate Vein of Raillery on the Foibles and Piccadillos of the Fair? Never was there more ample room to display a Turn of Wit, in this Way, than what the present Times are so happy as to afford. The Hoop has of late swelled to a wider Circumference than ever, and by the Help of a few formidable Rows of Steel, threatens Mischief to the whole Circle of Beaux, who cannot now approach the Ladies in their Entrenchments, without manifest Danger of fracturing a Shin-Bone, hurting the Pan of the Knee, or some such Disaster. While this Fashion prevails, the Ladies may be charged with carrying concealed Arms, and making Use of masked Batteries; for which, by the Way, they have no manner of Occasion as they seem at present to be in Possession of more Courage than any *Amazon* mentioned in History. For whereas those Viragos used to encounter with ONLY ONE BREAST EXERTED, the modern Ladies are not afraid of meeting the Men with both quite naked and displayed to View. The Head is also

built up many Stories higher than it uſed to be, and the Art of Painting is now arrived to ſuch Perfection, that it is abſolutely impoſſible to know a female Acquaintance for any length of Time, each lovely Fair having as many Faces and Complexions, as Gloves, Fans or Tippets. Add to this, that you may meet a Lady To-day with an elegant Shape, fine by Degrees and delicately leſs, and To-morrow ſhe will appear as big round the Waiſt, as if within a few Days of her Time. Beſides this, *Cribbidge* has ſuppreſſed the Reign of Love, and *Cupid* minds nothing now but cogging the Dice, or procuring a Pair-Royal at Brag; and indeed the preſent happy Diſpoſition for Luxury, and every Vice, Folly, Whim, Foible, Humour and Extravagance ſeems to promiſe a very plentiful Crop every Year, ſo that after a Survey of this Metropolis, we may ſay with Mr. *Addiſon* in his Prologue to the tender Huſband, "Here's ſtill Encouragement for thoſe that "write."

On this Account, though I have now felt the Anxiety of a Writer for twelve Months paſt, I have reſolved with myſelf not to lay down my Pen, until I am warned to do it by the Laſſitude of an Author, or, what is worſe, the Laſſitude of the Reader. At preſent however I do not find any Symptoms of this Sort in my own Breaſt, nor can I learn that my Paper declines with my Readers. In my Rambles ſince laſt *Saturday*, I did not meet with any Thing that made againſt me. At *Sam*'s Mr. *Wood* informed me, that, his Cuſtomers hope I am not going to leave off Trade. A Stationer at the *Chapter* Coffee-houſe in St. *Paul*'s *Church-yard*, call'd with ſome Earneſtneſs for the *Gray's-Inn Journal*, and having Poſſeſſion of it, he moiſtened a Corner of it with the Tip of his Tongue, and then holding it up to the Light "really, ſays he, its *a very good Paper*." At moſt Places in *Fleet-ſtreet*, *Joe Clare* with a Pinch of Snuff between his Fingers and the uſual Flouriſh of his Arm declared

declared highly in my Favour. At the *Bedford* I could gueſs from ſome Whiſpers, which I caſually overheard, that I am as ſtriking a Character as ever. "Huſh—that's "he—that's *Ranger*"--"was you ever in Company with him!"—"No,—I ſhould like to ſpend an Evening with "him" *&c.*—In the ſofter Climate of St. *James*'s Air, I was told, that my Bays are likely to flouriſh, and I was particularly aſſured, by a Gentleman who frequents the *Cocoa tree* in *Pallmall*, that *Ranger* has gained Admittance there notwithſtanding their Attachment to the ADVENTURER.

Things ſtanding thus, I am determined to perſevere in my Undertaking, and I therefore take this Opportunity to renew my Application to all the Gentlemen, Clergy, and Freeholders of *Great Britain.* In my firſt Number I declared myſelf a Candidate for their Favour, and I beg a Continuance of their Votes and Intereſt, until cogent Reaſons ſhall incline me to withdraw myſelf from their Service.——

N. B. I was againſt the *Jew* Bill.

TRUE INTELLIGENCE.

From my Regiſter-Office, Oct. 26.

IT is with great Pleaſure, that I begin to ſcent the Winter Air, as I am informed by a very ſenſible Bookſeller that an *R*, in the Month is not only good for Oyſters, but alſo Writers of all Denominations. The Seaſon is now opening, when all the Vices and Follies of this Metropolis will be carried on with freſh Alacrity, which will undoubtedly afford Variety of Intelligence from all Quarters, to collect which I ſhall not ſpare either Trouble or Expence, though it muſt be allowed that a One-Horſe Chaiſe during the Summer-Seaſon, and Two-pence to be paid at the Bar of every Coffee-houſe muſt in the End amount to a conſiderable Sum. But this I ſhall pay very willingly, and I

ſhall now begin to viſit the ſeveral Academies, of which I have formerly given an Account. My Man Tom is ſomewhat like his Name-ſake in the *Conſcious Lovers*, and is perfectly acquainted with every *Phillis* in *London*, ſo that I cannot fail, through this Channel, of receiving the earlieſt Account of all Occurrences among the Ladies, ſuch as, "who keeps moſt Card Tables, who "plays deepeſt at Whiſt, who cheats with the beſt "Grace, who has the beſt Waſh for the Complexion, "who has the handſomeſt Chair, and many other "Points of equal Moment." A notable Speaker at the *Robin-hood* Society is to tranſmit me all the Diſcourſes upon Religion; and as to Politicks, the Talkativeneſs of my Barber, while he is dabbing his Fiſt about my Face, and pulling my Noſe into a thouſand different Shapes, will abundantly qualify me in that Branch, and by theſe Means I flatter myſelf I ſhall greatly excel all my Brother Annaliſts and Hiſtoriographers, whether they appear in daily Papers or Magazines.

Covent-Garden Theatre.

The Tragedy of *Romeo* and *Juliet* was performed here on the 10th Inſtant; *Romeo* by Mr. *Barry*, and *Juliet* by Miſs *Noſſiter*, being her firſt Appearance upon any Stage. At her firſt Entrance the Delicacy of her Figure, and her graceful Diſtreſs obtained for her the warmeſt Applauſe, and, as ſhe grew more animated in the Progreſs, ſhe frequently ſurprized the Houſe with the moſt alarming Attitudes. The faultering of her Reſolution, when going to drink the compoſing Draught, was finely marked; the Fixure of her Eyes and Feebleneſs of her whole Perſon, when coming forward from the Tomb, and her Manner of holding her Lover's dead Body, and looking at the Fryar, when ſhe cries out "you ſhall "not tear him from me," were all happily imagined, and to crown the whole, her Action at ſtabbing her-

herſelf; was a very fine and affecting Circumſtance. After this, it may not be improper to obſerve, that, a Fondneſs for Attitudes may carry a Performer to an Extreme, as perhaps was the Caſe in her ſtanding with an uplifted Arm in act to ſtrike, when ſhe ſays "as "with a Club daſh out their Brains," becauſe that Poſition denotes an Intent to knock down another. Be that as it may, if this young Actreſs ſtudies the Management of her Voice, and attains a more ſimple Elocution, ſhe muſt prove an Acquiſition to the Stage.

NUMB. 54. GRAY'S-INN, *Saturday, Oct.* 27, 1753.

Scimus inurbanum Lepido ſeponere dicto. HOR.

I Have in a former Paper delivered my Sentiments concerning the notable Art of Humbugging; I ſhall this Day throw together ſome curſory Reflections upon the Practice of Raillery, which, in my Opinion, it is the Intereſt of Society to explode from every Company.

I am induced into this Way of thinking from an Obſervation, that few People are properly qualified to exerciſe this Talent, there being hardly any Thing which requires ſo fine an Underſtanding, together with ſo much Delicacy in the Exertion of it. But as Matters are generally managed, there is nothing ſo coarſe as the Attempts of thoſe, who are ambitious of ſhining in Converſation, and are therefore determined to banter Mankind into an exalted Opinion of their Accompliſhments. The utmoſt that can be allowed to theſe Gentlemen, is to join in the general Laugh; and, if Mirth ſhould be going forward, they may very properly be admitted to partake of the frolic Feſtivity, without vainly pretending to take the Lead, or to engroſs the Con-

versation into their own Hands; in like Manner as the uninformed Country Squire should not be suffered by the Master of the Ceremonies in a polite Assembly, to come forward in a Minuet, where the Graces of Movement are required, though he may be tolerated to romp in a Country Dance, and display all the Gambols of his unfashioned Agility.

——— *Nec cum sis cætera fossor*
Tres tantum ad numeros Satyri moveare Bathylli.

Were I to define Raillery, I should call it a delicate Exertion of Pleasantry upon the Foibles or the slight Inadvertences, which disclose themselves in the Actions of Men. From this View of Matters, it will appear, that no Tincture of Ill-nature must be suffered to disfigure the Surface; that only slight Errors must be the Ground on which the Colouring is laid, and that good Manners must give a Polish to the Whole. No Man has any Degree of Right to invade another's inward Peace, and therefore a well turned Mind will always decline any Thing that comes home to the Bosom of any Person, with whom he is willing to enter into Society. Whatever may tend to create Dis-esteem in the Circle of our Acquaintance, or to throw a ridiculous Light upon a Character; whatever may excite uneasy Sensations by touching upon Circumstances, about which it is possible a Person may have a tender Feeling, though in their own Nature, they are not of any material Importance; in short, all Topics, but such, as we are convinced the the Object of our Merriment will give up, are carefully to be avoided; and it will be always highly necessary so to glide gently over the affected Part, that the Wound may appear to be probed by a skilful Hand. I have somewhere read a Story of *Jack Ketch*'s Wife, which I think throws a Light on this Matter. Any Body, says that elegant Lady, can tuck a Man up, and stop his Breath, but to do it with Dexterity, and make the

the Culprit die an eaſy pleaſant Death, is only the genteel Qualification of my Huſband. Thus it requires no very ſhining Abilities to inform our Neighbour of his Oddities, and point out to him his ſlight Indiſcretions; but to open his Eyes, and let in the Light without rendering it painful to him; to give a Senſe of the Foible without diſturbing the natural Complacence, with which every one is willing to behold himſelf, is a Taſk which requires more Elegance and Refinement than happens to fall to the Share of every Individual. And yet there is no going any where without meeting Pretenders in this Way; every Quarter of the Town abounds with Men of Raillery, and to all theſe it is neceſſary to render an Account of our Actions, our Friends, our Attachments, our Cloaths, our Walk, and what not? To all theſe notable Perſonages I would beg leave to recommend the following Story. A Gentleman was one Day ſhaving himſelf in his Parlour to the great Admiration of *Otho*, his Monkey, who ſtood by him wonderfully pleaſed with the Turn of his Wriſt, and the Dexterity of every Stroke. The Operation being finiſhed, and the Gentleman gone out without laying up his Utenſils, *Otho* mounts the Table, fixes himſelf before the Glaſs and flouriſhes the Razor with mimic Skill, till unfortunately he cut his Jaw acroſs, and then too late found the Danger of playing with Edge Tools.

I have drawn up an allegorical Account of the Birth and Parentage of *Raillery*, which, I think, may ſerve to lay before the Reader its ſeveral efficient Qualities.

GOOD-SENSE and RIDICULE were joined in Wedlock; the Offspring of their Marriage was HUMOUR, who for a long Time roved about *Parnaſſus*, placing the Follies and Whims of Mankind in ſuch a Light, as never failed to excite Mirth in the Synod of *Apollo* and the Muſes. At length happening to wander out of Bounds, HUMOUR met, upon the Borders of *Parnaſſus*, juſt upon the Verge of worldly Commerce, a

certain Lady known by the Name of ILL-NATURE. Drawn in by ſalſe Allurements and a glavering Smile, which ILL-NATURE always wore upon her Countenance, HUMOUR offered Propoſals of Marriage, which were carried without Delay into Execution, and in nine Months Time RAILING was uſhered into the World. With a ſmall Mixture in his Compoſition of his Father's Qualities ſtrongly blended with the complexional Habits of his Mother, RAILING grew up in the Practice of expoſing the Infirmities of all who came in his Way. Without Reſtraint he took unbecoming Liberties with private Families, ſowed the Seeds of Diſcontent in every Breaſt, and in Time began to diſturb the Harmony of the ſacred Nine. Whereupon *Thalia*, conceived an Averſion to him, and in order to mend the Breed preferred a Petition to *Apollo* to divorce HUMOUR from his Wife ILL-NATURE.

After a full hearing of the Cauſe. *Apollo* iſſued out his Edict of Separation. HUMOUR could not live ſingle, and in a ſhort Time made another Match, which, as good Luck would have it, turned out better than the former. His ſecond Wife's Name was WIT, a Lady of great Vivacity, and abounding in ſurprizing Turns in all her Converſation. She hardly could ſee any Thing, but her Way was inſtantly to compare it to ſome other Object in Nature, and ſhe frequently would make her Auditors laugh by pointing out a latent Reſemblance in Things, which ſeemed in their own Natures abſolutely repugnant to each other. Her principal Attention was to ſet off her Huſband, and though ſhe was fond of great Variety in her Dreſs, ſhe would upon many Occaſions lend her beſt Apparel to HUMOUR, who never failed to look moſt engaging, when WIT contributed her Ornaments. HUMOUR, in his Turn, gave ſupernumerary Embelliſhments to his Wife, and they both reflected a reciprocal Luſtre upon each other. They continued in a State of mutual Fondneſs, and their

their faithful Love was in Time rewarded with a tender Daughter, who was immediately called, with the general Consent, by the Name of RAILLERY. The MUSES cherished her in their Bosoms, and as she grew up she discovered a Propensity to her Father's Way of thinking, but with a considerable Abatement of his Severity. The Mother's Delicacy she possessed entire, and whenever she touched upon any Thing, like her, she endeavoured to give it an agreeable Colouring. In this Habit she was further confirmed by POLITENESS, a collateral Relation by the Mother's Side, who took upon her the Care of her Manners, and instructed her perfectly in all the secondary Qualities or lesser Morals, which are commonly known by the Name of Good-breeding. Being confirmed in these Principles RAILLERY was, at a mature Age, trusted abroad into the World, where she had not been long before she was caressed by the courtly *Horace*, who took her Home to his own House, introduced her to *Mecænas*, and found her of singular Service in all his Writings. At the Demise of that Bard, RAILLERY wandered a Vagrant up and down, till at length she took it into her Head to visit *Boileau* in *Paris*; from whence she came over to *England* and resided for many Years at *Twickenham* with the late Mr. *Pope*, from whose Retreat she would now and then make an Excursion to pass some Hours with Doctor *Young* and Mr. *Addison*. At present, it is said, that she is taken into Keeping by a certain noble Earl, of whom she is so enamoured, that it is confidently reported, she will not quit his Company, though he is now in Danger of becoming deaf; and it is further said, that she will stick by him to his last Breath; but, at that unhappy Juncture what will become of her, no Body can pretend to determine.

TRUE

TRUE INTELLIGENCE.

Bedford Coffee-house, Oct. 27.

ON *Saturday* last the Parliament of Criticism met here, pursuant to their Adjournment, when Mr. *Town* made the following most gracious Speech.

My Friends and Critics,

It is with a very sensible Pleasure, that I now call you together, as I am convinced of your Endeavours to propogate the Cause of *Zoilizm*, during your late Recess from Business, and it is to be hoped that the Effects of your Allegiance will appear before the Expiration of the Winter.

The Act for a General Naturalization of all *foreign Monsters*, at the *Theatre Royal* in *Covent Garden*, has, I find, been the Occasion of much Murmuring; I therefore recommend that Matter to your further Consideration; but hope you will take care to manifest a proper Tenderness for the Brute Creation.

Gentlemen of the City,

I have ordered the proper Estimates to be laid before you, by which you will perceive that the Boxes are 5 *s.* Pit 3 s. Middle Gallery 2 *s.* Upper Gallery 1 *s.* and I make no Doubt of your Compliance therewith for the Service of the current Year.

My Friends and Critics,

I am only now to exhort you to a quick Dispatch of all such Business as may come before you this Season, and I am persuaded you will display your usual Alacrity of *Wrangling*, *Peevishness*, *Spleen* and *Ill-nature*, in which you will always find from me a chearful Concurrence.

NUMB.

NUMB. 55. GRAY's-INN, *Saturday*, *Nov.* 3, 1753.

Impressit memorem dente labris Notam. HOR.

————————*Oscula, quæ Venus*
Quintâ parte sui Nectaris imbuit. HOR.

THE following Letter came to Hand just as my Printer's Devil was at my Door, to call to me for some Copy. Upon Perusal, it appeared to carry with it a Vein of Pleasantry, not improper for my fair Readers. If therefore it will serve for one half Hour to banish, from their Company, a certain Concomitant of the Tea-Equipage, called SCANDAL, I shall think this Day's Paper subservient to a moral Use.

To CHARLES RANGER, *Esq;*

SIR,

THE *Exercise of the Fan* was proposed in the Days of the *Spectator*, as a Study highly necessary to the Ladies of *Great Britain*, and the Scheme, offered to their Consideration, included all the requisite Perfections in the Management of that pretty versatile Machine. Though I must allow that Directions of this Nature were greatly conducive to a proper Display of many female Charms, there is still a more useful System of Rules for the playing off Love's Artillery, which I beg Leave, through the Channel of your Paper, to convey to the Notice of my beautiful Countrywomen. The System of Rules which I here intend, is the *Exercise of the Lips*, and, after mature Consideration, I think the whole Secret may be comprized under the following Heads.

Moisten

Moisten your Lips,
Bite your Lips,
Open your Lips,
Close your Lips,
Pout your Lips,
Rest your Lips.

The Mouth being a leading Feature in the Countenance, and the Seat of the Graces, where all the winning Loves and each amiable Smile have planted their Allurements, there cannot be too much Care employed by the Ladies to acquire a Pair of well disciplined Lips, readily obedient to each of the Rules above established, and capable with Quickness and Ease to perform every Branch of this delectable Exercise.

With Regard to the first Word of Command; a due Degree of Moisture gives a sparkling Lustre to the natural Vermillion of the Skin, like Roses fresh besprinkled with the Morning-Dew; it contributes likewise to hinder them from appearing dry and rough, as is generally the Case with old Maids; the least Suspicion of which the Ladies seem willing to avoid, by the present Taste of extending the Shape beyond its just Proportion, by a fashionable Enormity of the Stays.

Biting the Lips is attended with more Difficulty than the premised Rule, because it is more complicated in its Nature and includes the Operation of the Passions. There are always many Topics in Conversation, upon which this Practice, if well managed, has a very expressive Significance. When, for Instance, disagreeable Thoughts obtrude, it serves to excite new Ideas in the Fancy; it likewise prevents the unseasonable Eruption of a conscious Laugh, when the Libertine Wit of *Congreve* or *Vanbrugh*, provokes a betraying Simper; not to mention that it helps to heighten the natural Redness of the Lip, and raises a Degree of Anxiety in the Men, for Fear the Delicacy of the Skin should suffer too much from too violent a Pressure.

I do not doubt, but it may ſeem perfectly eaſy to open the Lips, but this alſo I take to be a Matter of no ſmall Difficulty. Very few, it is obſervable, open their Lips to any Purpoſe; beſides it ſhould never be done with too great a Precipitance, but always gradually and by due Degrees. Should there happen to be drawn up, within, an elegant Row of beautiful white Teeth, it will be ſure to add greatly to the natural Bloom, by exhibiting an agreeable Contraſt; like Ivory ſtained with a juſt Arrangement of crimſon Colours. On this Head it may not be improper to caution my pretty Readers againſt an indolent Cuſtom of relaxing into a Yawn, which diſtends the Mouth beyond its proper Size, and generally occaſions the witty Saying, "*Thank you for not ſwallowing me.*"

Before the Lips are cloſed, it is eligible to confer uppon them a new Refreſhment of Moiſture, and, to enliven the Colour: If they were to undergo the Operation of Biting, I ſhould not think it amiſs. Shutting the Lips I have often remarked, is extremely becoming in moſt Ladies, and, I think, cannot be too much practiſed by old Maids, Wives, and indeed the Generality of Women. In cloſing them, however, there are different Degrees of Preſſure to be obſerved, becauſe in this alſo the Paſſions are concerned. When they gently touch each other, it gives a Variety to the Air of the Face, by giving it an unuſual Degree of Length; but in this, thoſe, who have naturally a long Viſage, are to be particularly cautious. When ſomewhat compreſſed, the Dimples in the Cheeks are diſplayed to Advantage, and the whole Face is enlivened with a pleaſing Serenity. If ſqueezed cloſe together, it throws a beautiful Penſiveneſs into the Looks, which is ſeldom acquired to any Degree of Perfection by the Generality of the Sex; but when properly attained, it carries with it an elegant Kind of dumb Eloquence, which the

Critics

Critics have observed, is often a great Beauty in Poetry, and certainly has its Portion of Grace among the fair Sex. I know a Gentleman who can read the Thoughts of any Lady whatever by observing the Adjustment of the Lips. He tells me, he has observed a Pair of Lips speak, without any Motion, for an Hour together, and he has a List of Lips, which he says, are absolute Prudes; others that are Rakes; some that are amorous, and some that are swelled with Pride, and from a long Course of Enquiry he finds that they have more Electricity than any other Substance in Nature.

But these Remarks belong more immediately to the following Head of *Pouting the Lips*, which is more difficult than any Rule advanced as yet. In doing this, it will be always found expedient to moisten and bite them first, that, when prominent, the Under-lip may look as if pregnant with Delight. The Passions of Scorn, Indignation, Contempt, and the whole Family of Pride, are finely marked by this Position. I have known a pouted Lip to look down upon a Rival Beauty during an entire Tragedy, and I have seen a Lady, without uttering a single Word, tell a Man, that she thought him an unmannered Coxcomb, by a forcible Exertion of this expressive Feature. I must observe, that this Practice becomes handsome Faces only; to such it gives an Air of Elevation, or a pretty Sullenness, which throws a kind of amiable Severity over the whole Countenance. Ugly Women seldom have this Art in any Perfection.

The last Rule is to *Rest your Lips*, and is the most neglected of any, though highly essential in this beautiful Language. Young Girls can never be brought to pay the least Attention to this Precept; but were they sensible, that when the Features are left to display their own native Graces without Art, their Charms are irresistible, I am convinced this Word of Direction would be better observed. This Rule is more extensive than the

the foregoing, becauſe it is proper for all Ladies in general, whereas the former ſhould never be practiſed but by ſuch of the Fair, as are bleſſed with a blooming Complexion and a Delicacy of Features.

The Bounds of Mr. *Ranger*'s Paper will not permit me to expatiate further; I ſhall therefore, at Maturity, publiſh by Subſcription an entire Book, called the *Oeconomy of the Lips*; in which I ſhall explain at large the Doctrine here delivered, and I ſhall adapt each Article to the Make of the Countenance. The whole ſhall be concluded with *an Eſſay on the Paſſions of the Female Lips*, and to the Honour of this Part of the Face, I ſhall prove, that in theſe Days of *Atheiſm*, all Religion is centered with them, as what few Prayers are ſaid at preſent, come from the Lips only, without the *Underſtanding* or *Heart* being at all concerned in the Matter. I have the Honour to be,

Sir,

Your moſt obſequious humble Servant,

JOHN LIPSALVE.

P. S. The Song in the *Beggars Opera*, "*Lip to Lip* "*while we are young, then our Lip to the Glaſs*," will be conſidered, with ſome Hints to prevent the *angry Mab* of *Shakeſpear* from cauſing Bliſters. I alſo teach the Ladies how to cheat at Cards, and diſcover the whole Game by the Language of the Lips.

N. B. I may poſſibly take another Opportunity to conſider the Eyes.

TRUE INTELLIGENCE.

Drury-Lane Playhouſe, Nov. 3, 1753.

ON the firſt Night of Mr. *Foote*'s Appearance upon this Stage, for this Seaſon, he ſpoke the following Prologue, written by Mr. *Garrick*, which afforded very high Entertainment to a ſplendid Audience on that Night

Night and several Times since. This Performer has since appeared in the Character of *Fondlewife*, in which Part he discovered by several nice Strokes an humourous Insight into Nature. The Reader in the Perusal of the Prologue will admire the ingenious Turn of the Author, and the Pleasantry of a Person, who could thus entertain the Public with a Piece of Raillery on himself.

PROLOGUE.

THE many various Objects that amuse
These busy, curious Times, by Way of News,
Are, Plays, Elections, Murders, Lott'ries, *Jews*;
All these compounded fly throughout the Nation,
And set the Whole in one great Fermentation!
True *British* Hearts the same high Spirit show,
Be they to damn a Farce, or fight a Foe.
One Day for *Liberty* the *Briton* fires,
The next he *flames*—for *Canning*, or for *Squires*.
In like Extremes your laughing Humour flows;
Have ye not roar'd from Pit to upper Rows,
And all the Jest was,—what?—a Fidler's Nose*
Pursue your Mirth; each Night the Joke grows stronger,
For as you fret the *Man*, his Nose looks longer.
Among the Trifles which occasion Prate,
Even I Sometimes, am Matter for Debate.
Whene'er my Faults, or Follies are the Question,
Each draws his Wit out, and begins Dissection.
Sir *Peter Primrose*, smirking o'er his Tea
Sinks from himself, and Politics, to me.

* The Person here intended, is Monf. CERVETTI who has been a standing Joke with the Upper Gallery, for a long Time past, on Account of the Length of his Nose; but, as I am informed, that no Feature of his Mind is out of Proportion, unless it be that his good Qualities are extraordinary, I take this Opportunity to mention that it is cruel to render him uneasy in the Business, in which he is eminent, and by which he must get a Livelihood.

Papers-Boy.—*Here* Sir! *Tam* what News To-day?
Foote, Sir, is advertis'd—What?—run away?
No, Sir, he acts this Week at *Drury-Lane*,
How's that (cries *Feeble Grub*) *Foote* come again?
I thought that Fool had done his Devil's-Dance;
Was not he hang'd some Months ago in *France*?
Upstarts *Machone*, and thus the Room harangu'd,
'Tis true his Friends, gave out that he was hang'd,
But to be sure, 'twas all a *Hum*, becase
I have seen him since, and after such Disgrace,
No Gentleman would dare to show his Face.
To him reply'd a sneering bonny Scot;
You rasin reet my Frynd haunged he was not
But neither you nor I can tell how soon he'll gang to Pot.
Thus each as Fancy drives, his Wit displays,
Such is the Tax each Son of Folly pays.
On this my Scheme, they many Names bestow,
'Tis Fame, 'tis Pride, nay worse—the Pocket's low.
I own I've Pride, Ambition, Vanity,
And what's more strange, perhaps you'll see
(Tho' not so great a Portion of it)—Modesty.
For you I'll curb each self-sufficient Thought,
And kiss the Rod, whene'er you point the Fault.
Many my Passions are, though one my View,
They all concenter, in the pleasing you.

NUMB.

NUMB. 56. Spring-Gardens, *Saturday*, *Nov.* 10, 1753.

Mane ſalutantum totis vomit ædibus undam.

VIRG.

To CHARLES RANGER, *Eſq;*

SIR,

AMIDST all the frolic Excurſions of Fancy to which you have occaſionally given vent in your *Saturday*'s Compoſitions, I have obſerved that there is not one of them but has ſome Degree of Tendency to the Inſtruction, as well as Entertainment of your Readers. On this Account, I hope you will not refuſe a Place in your Paper to a Correſpondent, who means to ſhew the Futility of a Maxim, which has gained Credit with moſt People, though extremely ill-grounded, as, I think, I can fairly evince, from an experimental Knowledge of Mankind.

You undoubtedly recollect that *Ovid* has in one of his Elegies the following Lines.

Donec eris felix multos numerabis Amicos;
Tempora ſi fuerint nubila, ſolus eris.

Now, Sir, it is ſo far from being true, that a Man is ſurrounded with Friends in Proſperity, and is left deſtitute under his Misfortunes, that I will undertake to prove the very Reverſe; in doing this I flatter myſelf I ſhall ſerve the Purpoſes of Virtue, and vindicate the Dignity of human Nature.

You muſt know then, that I came to this Town, a few Years ſince, with Intent to read the Law, having juſt Fortune enough to ſupport me in my Studies, until I might fix myſelf in a tolerable Road of Buſineſs. For this Purpoſe I lodged in one of the Inns of Court, and the

the Œconomy, which I was obliged to obſerve, rendering it impoſſible for me to go much into Company, I ſoon found out that I led a very muzzy Sort of a Life. I therefore ſhifted the Scene, and though, in a ſhort Time, I found means to run out my little Fortune, I cannot ſay, that I was relinquiſhed by the World on this Account. It is true that ſome of my Acquaintance totally deſerted me, but it was the Occaſion, at the ſame Time, that others were more earneſtly attached than they would otherwiſe have been. I remember the laſt Word my Aunt in the Country ſaid to me, was "*Bob, wherever you go, be ſure to make Friends for your-*"*ſelf*," this Advice, I will venture to ſay, I have had the Addreſs to conform to with great Succeſs, as will appear from the Sequel.

Moſt of the Friendſhips of the World are Leagues in Debauchery and Intemperance, made in the drawing of a Cork, and often ended in the ſame Manner. *Out of Sight out of Mind* is certainly true, with Regard to the Generality of Connections, but the Impreſſions I have made upon the Minds of my Friends are not ſo eaſily effaced. On the contrary, when it happens that I am ſeldom ſeen by them, they are known to be in very great Solicitude about me, are conſtantly very earneſt in their Enquiries after me, and the Diſcourſe they uſually have with each other is, "Have you ſeen our old Friend "lately—I can't think what's become of him—I hope "he is not gone out of Town—I have not ſeen him for "a long Time,—faith, I'm very uneaſy about him—I "wiſh to God he would ſee and ſettle his Affairs—He's "a very careleſs young Fellow—a great deal too wild "— throws away his Money like Dirt—I have call-"ed upon him Morning after Morning, but all to no "Purpoſe—I'd give a Bottle of Wine I could meet "with him—I'd rather that than my Dinner—I never "long'd ſo much to ſee any body."

Theſe are the general Expreſſions of Anxiety which my Friends expreſs on my Account, and there are

ſome

ſome of them who are not content to reſt here; Words coſt nothing; they carry the Thing to ſuch a Length as to employ a Couple of Fellows, who are daily in all Quarters of the Town hunting and prying about for me. As there are few Inſtances of ſuch earneſt Friendſhip in the World, I am ſenſible what I have ſaid, may have a romantic Appearance, and Mr. *Ranger* may ſuggeſt to himſelf, that I am entertaining him all this Time with a Novel; but, Sir, I muſt take Leave to aſſure you that every Word is literally true, and what may perhaps raiſe your Idea ſtill higher, is, not one of all theſe People has ever got a Shilling by me; and I verily believe few of them ever will. Having ſaid thus much in the Praiſe of theſe my Well-wiſhers, it will naturally be deſired of me, to inform the World who and what they are, who are in ſuch Concern about a Stranger. Not to keep you any longer in Suſpence I will now tell you, that I have experienced all this Generoſity from my CREDITORS.

By this it will appear that the Pleaſure of being in Debt, though very common in Life, is very little underſtood by the Generality of thoſe, who addict themſelves to this Gratification. The Art in all theſe Caſes is to refine upon the Occurrences and Diſappointments, to which our State is liable; and, for my Part, the Pleaſure juſt mentioned is one of the moſt valuable Enjoyments of my Life. My Morning *Levee* is as great as any Nobleman's, whereas in the Days that that I could ſay I was in Poſſeſſion of a Competence, I never had any Viſitor whatever, except a Laundreſs to make my Bed in the *Temple*. But now the Caſe is perfectly altered; there is a conſtant Crowd of Attendants about my Doors, and to thoſe, that are admitted, I have the Pleaſure of making as many Promiſes, as a Miniſter of State, beſides a lofty Pride in keeping them much after the ſame Faſhion. Upon theſe Occaſions it will now and then happen, that they who beſt know

how

how to make their Court, and have the Art of taking a pliant Hour, ſometimes prevail upon me to appoint a Day for the Completion of their Wiſhes. As Things of Conſequence cannot be done in a violent Hurry, the Day, agreed upon is generally very diſtant, may be from ſix to nine or twelve Months, during which Space of Time, it is obſervable that their Good-nature never ſuffers the leaſt Abatement, but they remain as ſolicitous as ever, frequently expreſſing the moſt tender Regard for my Welfare. "My dear Sir, do, take "a little Care of yourſelf—It goes to my very Heart "to hear you cough ſo hard—Why you'll not live "three Months at this Rate—Be adviſed by me, and "put a Stocking about your Neck To-night, and "take ſomething to ſweat you a little and eaſe your "Cheſt—You ſhould not drink ſo much—Conſider, it "impairs both Conſtitution and Purſe—You know it's "for your Good I ſpeak—You'd be a great Loſs to "your Friends—Take up a little, Fleſh and Blood can't "hold it always."

Thus, Mr. *Ranger*, am I beloved, and that for no other Reaſon, but my Addreſs in making Friends for myſelf, and I am ſo cloſely watched by theſe generous Creatures, that it is totally out of my Power to take any wrong Step, that might be detrimental to my Affairs. Of this I had a convincing Proof about a Year ago, when the Interpoſition of my Taylor hindered me from committing a very inconſiderate Action. I was going with a Friend to take a Trip to *Paris*, by which Expedition I muſt certainly have been drained of all my ready Money; but the Vigilance of my Friend contrived to have me ſtopped as I was juſt ſtepping into the Poſt-Chaiſe, and I was thence conducted to a generous Bailiff's Houſe in *Gray's-Inn Lane*, for the Sum of Three Hundred Pounds. Here I remained confined till my Paſſion for Travel was perfectly cooled, and when I was at length reſtored to my Liberty, my abovementioned Friends

Friends, took particular Care not to leave me a ſingle Shilling, for Fear I ſhould have the ſame unhappy Turn a ſecond Time.

While I thus enjoy the Aſſiduity and Benevolence of ſuch a Number, who are kind enough to intereſt themſelves in my Affairs, I muſt own there is a Species of Creditors, who are an Exception to the general Rule; for though all thoſe of whom I have hitherto been ſpeaking, are upon every Occaſion highly pleaſed to meet me, this laſt Claſs deteſt the very Sight of me. As I am not conſcious that I have ever done any Thing to incur their Diſpleaſure to ſo great a Degree, their Averſion ſhocks me the more; and notwithſtanding all the Pains I have taken to ſoften them by Politeneſs they ſtill remain inexorable. Whenever I do not pay them what is due to them, I endeavour to put them off with the handſomeſt Apology in my Power; but all to no Purpoſe; I have run too far in Arrears, and they are not by any Means to be ſatisfied. As I ſhould be glad if you would give them a Word of Advice I will juſt hint to you that the Perſonages, whom I mean, are no other than GENTLEMEN'S SERVANTS. The Cry among them all is, What can a poor Serving-Man do, if he is robb'd of his juſt Vails by ſuch Scoundrels? They are all very unwilling to let me run further in their Debt, and therefore it is I can hardly get any Thing out of their Hands. If I call for Beer at Table, they are ſure not to hear me, till their Maſter orders them to ſerve the Gentleman; then I receive the Leavings of the Tankard juſt out of the Hands of the moſt capacious Swallow in the Company. In ſhort, the Peeviſhneſs of theſe my Creditors is a great Diſcount upon my Happineſs, and I muſt confeſs there is no kind of Pleaſure in being in Debt to them. However I muſt endeavour to bear this Inconvenience, and if you will be pleaſed to inſert this Letter in the *Gray's Inn Journal* I ſhall be proud to get into your Books, and ſhall have

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the further Pleasure of being indebted to Mr. *Range* for this Act of Civility which will always oblige me to be, *Sir,*

Your most obedient Servant,
And sincere Well-wisher,
ROBERT DUNS-SCOPE.

TRUE INTELLIGENCE.

Bedford Coffee-house, Nov. 10.

YEsterday Evening the *Parliament of Criticism* being assembled, Mr. *Town* went in his usual Manner, and gave his Assent to the following Bills.

An Act to encourage the Importation of a Litter of Puppies, Cats, Dogs and Monkeys, and Exotics of all Sorts for the Use of *Covent Garden* Theatre, in order to degrade as much as possible the human Species, and to shew the Town that an Audience may he brought together by the lowest Animals of the Creation, as well as by any Actor of distinguished Merit.

An Act against any Actor laying his *Emphasis* upon the *Adjective* *.

An Act to prohibit any Person to imagine that Acting is now in as flourishing a Condition, as it was when the Imitators of well-mouthed *Booth* delivered themselves with a lofty Disregard of Nature, and pompous un-impassioned Declamation held the Place of what Men of Taste, at present, call Feeling and the native Accents of the Passions.

An Act to determine, that all comic Pleasantry consists in Buffoonery, Squinting, Grimace, &c. according to the Manner of some Admirers of the old School.

With several other public and private Bills.

Debates arising, like to sit late.

* The Word ADJECTIVE was wrote as it is always pronounced by the Person who brought in this Bill, ADJUTANT. "Mr. "—— be sure never to lay your *Empherfis* on the ADJUTANT."

NUMB. 57. GRAY's-INN, *Saturday, Nov.* 17, 1753.

Ecce iterum Crispinus.

JUV.

SOME Time ago I entertained the Public, with a Scene from a Dramatic Piece entitled the TEMPLE OF LAVERNA, which was so favourably received, that, I am inclined to think, the Readers of the *Gray's-Inn Journal* will not be displeased to see a Sequel to that Performance.

SCENE II.

A Number of JEWS *circumcised and uncircumcised form a Cluster in the Middle of the Temple, from whence the following confused Sounds issue,* viz.

Tickets — Tickets — Lottery-Tickets —come, who buys 300 for all this Month ?—I sell 100 for next *Monday* at 15*s*. 6*d*.—What do you say *Adam* ?

Adam. Come I'll give you 15*s*. for 100 next *Monday*.

—— No Master *Adam*, I have my Eye-Teeth as well as you, or any Man in the House; do you think I don't know what is a doing ? Although Mr. *Slyboots* lies by, I can smoke his Agents.

Moses Noisy. I tell you what, I want 500 for *Wednesday* Morning to complete my Commission, and, in a Word, I'll give 14*s*. 6*d*.

All. Hoot him, hoot him, mind *Noisy*, mind *Moses*.

Enter a Country Gentleman, *in Boots, with his* Friend.

Country Gent. Is it here ?

Friend. Yes Sir.

Country

Country Gent. Woons, what a Place it is!

Friend. Come, Sir, you had better ſit down, and make your Obſervations upon this Scene, which you were ſo very deſirous to be a Spectator of.

As ſoon as they are both ſeated the Waiter comes up and demands Six-pence each.

Country Gent. Six-pence Mon! for what? To ſee theſe Monſters I ſuppoſe.

Waiter. Sir, it is uſual; every Gentleman pays Six-pence, who ſits down.

Country Gent. Nay, Friend, I ſhan't diſpute it with you—it is not the firſt Tax you have raiſed upon me.

Friend. Hark'e, Mr. *Trueblue,* you had better not ſpeak in that Manner; ſee how they ſtare.

Country Gent. S'blood! let'n ſtare, what care I? I expect no Place; and woons! I think a Mon, who pays half his Eſtate in Taxes, ſhould at leaſt be allowed to ſpeak his Mind.

Friend. Not quite ſo loud, I beg, Mr. *Trueblue*—You don't mind; but they all know me, and I would not willingly draw upon me their Ill will.

Country Gent. Well, well, well,—to oblige you—But, which is the Mon, who does what he pleaſes with the great Mon at the other End of the Toon—Woons I cannot remember his Name—Lord, we drink Confuſion to him very often in the Country—He is richer than a *German* Prince they ſay.—

Friend. Caiphas, you mean?

Country Gent. Ay, ay, *Caiphas* is the Mon—Which is he, pray?

Friend. He is not come yet, but it is probable you will ſee him preſently.

Here the Jobbers grow very clamourous crying in harſh diſſonant Tones—Tickets—India Bonds—Reſcounters—Conſolidate.

Country Gent. As I am an *Engliſhman* this is a perfect *Babel.*—*Reſcounters! Conſolidate!* Woons, theſe Fel-

lows have certainly made a Compact with the Devil, and those are the Words by which they call him to their Assistance.

Friend. No, Sir, no—those are the Names of the several different Stocks.

Country Gent. Bless me, Friend *Worthy*, it is a melancholy Thing that our poor Country should be drain'd of her Wealth and Power, by such infernal Leeches. Ah! many a Time and oft, have my Lord *Turncoat* and I talked over these Things in the Country.—We have sat together, and drank *The true Interest of Great Britain*, and *Old England without Taxes*, until we have been both ready to cry—But no Mon is to be depended upon I see—he is gone off, and as deep, I warrant in the Mire, as any of them.

Friend. I believe Mr. *Trueblue*, you never saw so many *Jews* together before.

Country Gent. No, never to be sure—but we shall soon have them swarm in all Parts of the Kingdom, now they are naturalized—Woons! if they come among us, I know what—Let them take Care of themselves, I say; their Betters have been properly treated there, I can tell them——Let them look to it——But prithee, Friend *Worthy*, is the Report we have in the Country true? Why, they say, Mon, that there will shortly be laid a Fine upon any one, who is convicted of going to Church. Woons! if this should be the Case, notwithstanding the Love I have for *Old England*, I am determined to sell my Acres, and retire to some *Christian Protestant* Country, for I would not become a *Jew*, no, not to be a Minister of State.

Friend. Hush! who have we here?

Enter Lord Bowsprit *and Mr.* Servile.

L. Bow. (*Looking at his Watch.*) No, he is not come yet; it is not quite Twelve.

Servile.

Servile. Pray, my Lord, how long have you been acquainted with *Caiphas?*

L. Bow. Ever ſince the Year forty-ſix. I leave a Sum of Money in his Hands, which he jobbs for me, and furniſhes me with an Account at the Year's End. I would have you do the ſame.

Servile. I ſhould like it very well, my Lord; but it does not ſuit me to lodge a large Sum with him.

L. Bow. If that be your only Objection, he can act for you in another Shape, he can buy and ſell Stock, for your Account, without Money. This we call *Bulls* and *Bears.*

Servile. Yes, but, my Lord, I think there is an Act of Parliament againſt that, is not there?

L. Bow. Yes, there is ſomething of that kind; Sir *John Barnard's Act* they call it; Sir *John* you know is a particular Sort of Man, and conſults the Intereſt of the Public, but thoſe chimerical Projects of his do not co-incide with the preſent Syſtem, by any Means—He is a very ſingular Sort of Man, what they call a Patriot;—indeed he has been always the ſame.

Servile. I wonder what he gets by that, I was myſelf a Patriot for two Seſſions, but I found there was nothing to be got by it, and ſo I entered a Volunteer under the oppoſite Banner.

Enter Caiphas, *(upon which a general Silence enſues.)*

Caiphas. Has any Body enquired for me?——Hah, my Lord! Yours!

L. Bow. Mr. *Caiphas* I am your moſt obedient humble Servant—Give me Leave, Sir, to introduce this Gentleman to your Acquaintance, he is a particular Friend of mine, Mr. *Servile.*

Caiphas. I am glad to know any Friend of your Lordſhip's—Has this Gentleman any Inclination to do any Thing in our Way?—You need but let me know.

Servile. Under your Direction, Mr. *Caiphas,* I ſhould like to jobb a little.

Caiphas. It's enough——Call upon me To-morrow Morning—I'll put you in the Way.

Servile. I ſhall be for ever obliged to you, Mr. *Caiphas.*

Caiphas. Say no more—You are my Lord *Bowſprit*'s Friend, that's enough.

Friend to the Country Gent. Well, Sir, what think you of the renowned *Caiphas?* that is the wonderful Perſonage whom you have heard ſo much talk of.

Country Gent. I proteſt, I cannot conceal my Aſtoniſhment—why, I expected to ſee a Giant, Mon——Woons! is it poſſible that *Old England* ſhould be bamboozled thus?

L. Bow. Mr. *Caiphas*, I am glad to hear that you begin to be pretty quiet in the City now. The Clamour againſt your People, ſubſides I am told, you need not be under any Apprehenſion, it will die away entirely in a little Time, I dare ſay.

Caiphas. I do not care much, my Lord, whether it dies away or not, Money is my Religion; and if I can but bring together enough of that, I don't care a Pinch of Snuff for any Sect, or any Party whatever.

Several Jew-Brokers ſhew great Surprize at over-hearing this, upon which Caiphas *turns about, puts out his Tongue, and winks at them.*

L. Bow. Nay, I think you would be right in that, Mr. *Caiphas*, for why ſhould a Man of your Senſe lie under any Diſadvantage for Punctilios or Form? We have done all we could to ſerve you: We are not ſo tenacious of Religion, but we can admit yours among us; and Money certainly is a very good Religion—that is the Maxim of a wiſe Man.

Caiphas. Well, well, we will talk more of this another Time—Will you dine with me at the *King's Arms?* I am obliged to go now to the *South Sea Houſe*, but I have ordered an excellent *Ham* for Dinner, and if you and your Friend will dine with me, we will be joyous.

L. Bow.

L. Bow. Ham, Mr. *Caiphas!* Come, come, that is a good Sign—I find you are coming over to us—you will ſoon be as good a *Chriſtian* as any of us.

Caiphas. Nay, my Lord, thoſe Things I laugh at—I tell you what, it is clear to me, that *Moſes* never was in *Weſtphalia*, or he would not have prohibited *Pork*, ha, ha, ha!

L. Bow. Ha, ha, ha!

Servile. Ha, ha, ha!

Caiphas. Well, my Lord, your Servant; Mr. *Servile*, yours.

Exit Caiphas.

L. Bow. Now that you know him, *Servile*, be ſure to cultivate your Acquaintance with him, depend upon it, you will find it your Intereſt.

Servile. I ſhall not neglect it, believe me, I will be at his Houſe To-morrow Morning by Eight o'Clock—but we have no farther Buſineſs here, let us go.

L. Bow. With all my Heart.

Exeunt L. Bowſprit *and* Servile.

Country Gent. Woons! this Place has ſtruck ſuch a Damp upon my Spirits, that I ſhall not be myſelf again, until I get into Company with a Set of honeſt Fellows, and drink *The Old Conſtitution*, in a Pint Bumper.

Friend. Come, come, if you grow melancholy, we muſt quit theſe Gentry.

Country Gent. Woons! I wiſh I could blow them all up, and then I ſhould have a clear Eſtate—Let me give them one hearty Curſe, and then we will go.

Friend. No, no, no, let us leave them quietly.

Forces the Country Gentleman *out, upon which the Scene cloſes.*

TRUE INTELLIGENCE.

Rainbow Coffee-houſe, Nov. 17.

THIS Academy flouriſhes more and more every Day, inſomuch, that we can now boaſt as many Cut-Scratches as any Seminary in the City. *Jerry*, the Superintendant of the Finances, ſupports his uſual Gravity, with ſuch an Air of Importance and Sagacity, that it may be truly ſaid of this great Man, "He makes "trifling Things, by his Manner of treating them, "Important; and important Things, Trifling."

Slaughter's in St. Martin's-Lane.

Monſieur *Rochelle*, had he been a military Man, would certainly have made one of the greateſt Generals in *Europe*, as may be conjectured from his perfect Knowledge of the Game of *Cheſs*, and *Poliſh Draughts*. At the laſt mentioned Game he encountered, the other Night, the famous Monſieur *Languedoc*, who fled from the Cruelty of *Lewis* XIV. upon the Revocation of the Edict of *Nantz*, and has had an obſtinate Hatred to his Country ever ſince. The Game laſted about two Hours; and, Monſieur *Rochelle* gave ſignal Proofs of his Skill, and very pleaſantly called all his Men by the Titles of the different Powers of *Europe*, and he went ſo far as to point out one Man, *Who*, he ſaid, *ſhould go to Crown and by Gar be King of de Roman*. In this Manner he conveyed to the Company an Idea of the preſent State of *Europe*, and Monſieur *Languedoc*, as he was at length loſing every Thing, cried out, *Ventreblue, my Men are Maſſacre, like de Huguenots, upon de curſed Day of St.* Bartholemew. Upon this he roſe from his Chair with a ghaſtly Smile, and all the Brother Sufferers for their Religion, who belong to this Seminary, withdrew to their Apartments.

NUMB.

NUMB. 58. GRAY'S-INN, *Saturday, Nov.* 24, 1753.

In omnes ſuperbiâ (quæ crudelitate gravior eſt bonis) graſſatus —— FLORUS.

A WRITER of periodical Eſſays is like one, who goes coaſting from Place to Place, with Intent to lay down a Chart of the Courſe of the Country, the Extent of the ſeveral Parts, the Bearings, Limits and Connections. As the latter ſails along, every minute Object furniſhes him with Matter of Contemplation, and not a Hill lifts its Head, whether cloathed with Verdure and imbowered with over-hanging Wood, or wild, barren and craggy, but he inſtantly treaſures it in the Storehouſe of Imagination. Each Receſs of the Land, each Creek, Rock and Harbour demand a particular Notice, and he is frequently induced to pauſe in theſe Reflections, heedleſs of the unbounded Proſpect which the Ocean preſents him. In like Manner, the Perſon who is engaged in a Courſe of Lucubrations to be publiſhed on a ſtated Day, is conſtantly traverſing about, in order to delineate a juſt Repreſentation of the different Scenes of Life, and to gratify his Readers with particular Charts, which may either ſerve to pleaſe the Fancy, or contribute to the Purpoſes of Improvement and Utility. In his Intercourſe with Men and Manners every Occurrence attracts his Eye; and in his Converſe with Books, he often meets with Paſſages, which deſerve to be minutely ſet down in the Account of his Voyage through this Sea of Troubles, and they may ſerve as Lights or Landmarks to thoſe who are bound upon the ſame Adventure.

It is thus the beſt Eſſays are ſuggeſted, and I muſt own, I never yet, peruſed a good Author, but I thence deduced ſome Hint, which afterwards unfolded ſeveral latent Reflections, that might otherwiſe eſcape me. The Claſſics are particularly uſeful in this Way; They diſplay, upon all Occaſions, ſuch bright Traces of a manly Way of Thinking, and abound with ſo many excellent and cloſe Remarks, artfully interwoven with the Thread of their Poem or Narration, that a Man converſant with their Productions will be always able to draw very amply from their Stores.

In peruſing, a few Nights ſince, *Florus*'s *Compendium* of the *Roman* Hiſtory, I was greatly ſtruck with an Obſervation, in the Character of *Tarquin*, which that Writer, though no extraordinary Maſter of the Graces and Elegancies of Compoſition, has found Means to inſert with his uſual Cloſeneſs. " *Tarquin* (ſays *Florus*) " inſulted all Mankind with an overbearing Pride, " which, to an ingenuous Mind, is worſe than Cruelty." This ſhort Obſervation moſt certainly carries with it a great Deal of Truth, and deſerves to be enforced with all the Strength of Reaſon and Eloquence.

A witty Satiriſt has called Pride the univerſal Paſſion, and indeed its Influence on Mankind is ſo manifeſt, that there is too much Reaſon to believe the Maxim well-founded. The general Prevalence of Politeneſs ſuppreſſes in ſome Meaſure the Appearance of it among the *French*, but any one, who has been at *Verſailles*, may remember, that after all the Attention and Deference of the embroidered Gentleman, who undertakes the Office of ſhewing the Curioſities of the Place, the Ceremony is always concluded with a Conſciouſneſs of their national Superiority, which breaks out in a briſk Queſtion with a Shrug of the Shoulder. " *Eh bien!* " *Monſieur, avez vous de pareille magnificence à Londres.* " Well, Sir, have you any Thing equal to this in " *London*.

"*London*." In *Italy*, *Portugal*, and *Spain* their Haughtineſs is maniſeſted by the frequent Uſe of the Stilleto upon every trivial Occaſion; Pride is there diſplayed by killing others, and the People of *England* diſcover it by murdering themſelves.

The Notion of Independance with which a free-born *Briton* is inflamed, renders him untractable and refractory to all Laws; *Religion* he makes a Joke of, and he wonders at the Impertinence of the Parliament in attempting to reſtrain his unqueſtionable Right to diſpoſe of his Perſon as he pleaſes.

The famous *Monteſquieu* imputes the Variety of Oddities, which prevail in this Country, to the general Infection of the Scurvy; but if he had charged it upon our national Sturdineſs, I am inclinable to think he would have aſſigned a truer Cauſe, though, perhaps, at the ſame Time, black and ſizy Blood may not a little contribute to aggravate the Diſtemper. To ſpeak with Preciſion, Pride is to the Soul what the Scurvy is to the Body, each in their ſeparate Channels the Source of ill Humours, Maladies and Diſorders. The fatal Effects of the corporal Indiſpoſition, juſt mentioned, have been ſo ſeverely felt for a long Time paſt, that our common News-Papers are filled with Advertiſements of Chymical Drops, to eradicate it entirely out of the Blood. This certainly would have been a great Benefit to Society, but, I apprehend, he would deſerve ſtill more who ſhould deviſe a Cure for the Diſeaſe of the Mind. On this Account I ſhould be glad to ſee a Paragraph in the Papers to the following Effect.

To Perſons of either Sex, afflicted with any Species of
PRIDE.

NEVER were *Pride*, *Arrogance*, and *Haughtineſs* ſo frequent as of late Years; nor has any Remedy been found adequate to this pernicious Habit, which occaſioned a Phyſician of the Soul, who em-

ployed

ployed his Thoughts much concerning them, to adapt a Medicine, or Moral Elixir, which is a ſovereign Remedy againſt PRIDE and all the Variety of Symptoms, by which it mimics, by Turns, almoſt all the Vices poor Mortals are afflicted with, and have their Riſe from a depraved Selfiſhneſs of Thinking, vicious Ferments of Ill-nature, and the Want of Self-knowlege; whence proceed the ſupercilious Brow, and ſurly Moroſeneſs in the Men, and Coquetry, Airs, Fidgets, Tehees and Titters in the Women, which totally deſtroy their Beauty and their Features, and by a Conſent of Parts affect their Heads, and produce direful Views and terrible Apprehenſions; at other Times, Fits, fluſhing Heats, Lowneſs and Sinking of the Spirits, Palpitation of the Heart, Twitchings of the Limbs, with many convulſive Diſorders, which affect Numbers of both Sexes.

The above Elixir is a wonderful Alterative, occaſions laudable Humility, and as ſoon as taken, makes the Patient good-humoured, chearful, and affable to Admiration, and is good for all Sorts of People to preſerve, as well as procure, an even Temper of Mind.

Whenever I meet with a proud Man, I ſhould be glad to know what he takes himſelf for; and I have often imagined that if his inward State of Mind were detected to the Eye of the World, it would afford a ridiculous Contraſt between his ſeveral Foibles and his fancied Elevation above the reſt of his Species. For my Part, it never fails to divert me in a moſt exquiſite Manner, when I obſerve a Man ſit like his Grandſire cut in Alabaſter, as *Shakeſpear* has it, in order to receive the Compliments of every one, without any real Merit to deſerve them, and without that reciprocal Complacence, which is always ſure to procure Eſteem. I would have ſuch a one made Emperor of the Moon or removed to ſome other Sphere fitted for his Reception,

where

where Cruelty may paſs for Courage, Oſtentation for Merit, and Pride for Dignity.

Nothing can ſo ſurely demonſtrate a narrow Mind, as an Attempt to degrade our Fellow-Creatures by an haughty Arrogance of Carriage. *Hamlet* reckons the *Inſolence of Office* and the *proud Man*'s *Contumely* among thoſe Inſtigations which might prompt injured Merit to a Deed of extreme Deſpair, and this further enforces the Severity, which is felt by him, who is obliged to ſubmit to it, and the Cruelty of that human Brute who can think of putting it in Practice.

I cannot diſmiſs this Paper without obſerving that there is a right Species of Pride to which every Man is entitled, and that is a Spirit above Dependance, above Flattery, above an abject Deportment, and above every Thing poor, ſordid, and little. There is a Pride, which may ſerve to invigorate Honour, to embolden Truth, and to carry Virtue to an higher Pitch of Improvement, than it might attain unaſſiſted by this ſecondary Motive. The Pleaſures reſulting from this Principle are manly and noble. To enjoy the inward Conſciouſneſs of Honor and Honeſty, and to exult in the Conviction of a Perſon's own Integrity, Probity and upright Intentions, is juſt and laudable. Thus much of Pride every one has a Right to, and I know no external Circumſtance, that can reaſonably entitle any Man alive to more.

TRUE INTELLIGENCE.

Jonathan's in Change-Alley, Nov. 24.

NOtwithſtanding the Exhibition, which Mr. *Ranger* has lately given us, in his Scenes called the *Temple of Laverna*, there are ſome of us, who can boaſt a Taſte for the polite Amuſements of the Town, Mr. *Simeon Paraphimoſis* acquainted us the other Day, that he

he has ſeen *Garrick* in King *Lear*, this Seaſon; and gave it as his Opinion that he did it 5 *per Cent.* better than uſual. He informed us that tho' he was at the Houſe at half an Hour after Four, he ſhould not have got in at all, if he had not employed one of the Orange Wenches as a *Broker*, who got him into the Pit thro' the Boxes. He added, that *Garrick* makes a *fine Job of it*, and that he ſhould be glad to have an *Intereſt* in the Houſe: "For Plays, continued he, are well enough now and "then, when it is not a Man's Club Night, and indeed "I ſhould go pretty often, only for the Expence of "being *transferred* there, which, notwithſtanding the "*Caravan*, is ſo great, that really it does not turn "to *Account*," We ſhall occaſionally communicate more of this Gentleman's Remarks, from which the Critics will undoubtedly receive great Inſtruction.

NUMB. 59. GRAY'S-INN, *Saturday, Dec.* 1, 1753.

Reſpicere Exemplar vitæ morumque jubebo
Doctum Imitatorem, et veras hinc ducere Voces.
HOR.

IN a former Eſſay, I threw together a few Thoughts upon the *Profeſſion* of an ACTOR; as a Sequel to that Piece, I ſhall this Day offer ſome looſe Hints upon the *Art*; and though this Subject may not be intereſting to every Reader, I yet perſuade myſelf, as the Drama is the moſt polite and rational of our Diverſions, that an Attempt to throw ſome Light upon the Matter, will be received with Candour.

The Precept, which the judicious Author of my Motto has laid down for the good Writer, is likewiſe the beſt Rule for an Actor; for as both are Profeſſors

of

of imitative Arts, the ſame Rule is applicable to each. "I would recommend," ſays *Horace*, "to the ſkilful "Imitator a cloſe and ſteady Obſervance of Men and "Manners, and from that Source, I would have him "draw an exact Reſemblance, and the true Language "of Nature." This Advice, ſhort and ſimple as it is, contains the whole Secret of ſucceeding with the Public; and whoever artfully conforms to it, will be ſure of acquiring Applauſe from crowded Theatres. The Actor, in every Situation on the Stage, is a Copyiſt from human Life; the eaſy and genteel Deportment of Gentlemen, is to be attained by an Intercourſe and free Communication with People of that Claſs; the Drawing-Room muſt be viſited for a Knowledge of the Eaſe and Dignity of Men of Rank; and by this Habitude, the Performer will faſhion himſelf into a Kind of mental Elegance, which will not fail to inform his whole Perſon, and ſet off every Action, with a graceful Facility, at the ſame Time that it will enable him to be upon all Occaſions, a more perfect Imitator.

To theſe external Circumſtances muſt be joined, a cloſe and intimate Knowledge of the human Heart; its moſt ſecret Movements muſt be unfolded, and the Actor muſt be thoroughly acquainted with their minuteſt Effects upon the human Body, in what Proportion they agitate the Nerves and Muſcles; how they impreſs the Features with their reſpective Signatures, elevate or contract the Brow, brace or relax the Sinews, and command the Attitude and Diſpoſition of the whole Perſon. There is not a Paſſion, in the whole Train of thoſe Feelings, to which our Nature is ſubject, but what has its own peculiar Adjuncts, its own Air, its own Look, and its own proper Tone. Sorrow unnerves the whole Syſtem, ſinks the Spirits, and depreſſes the Voice into a plaintive Melancholy; Anger, on the other Hand, contracts each Sinew, ſends the Spirits in a Blaze to the Eye, and vents itſelf in precipitate and vehement Ac-

cents.

cents. In like Manner, every Emotion of the Soul has a ſympathetic Influence on the Structure of the Body, and it is the immediate Buſineſs of the Performer, who would aſpire to Excellence in the Art, to form to himſelf an exact Definition of each Paſſion, with all its Characteriſtics; otherwiſe it will be impoſſible for him to mark the Progreſs and Workings of the Mind, awakened and excited by the Vehemence of their Impulſe, or to ſeparate the tender Deſire of a *Romeo* from the conjugal Affection of *Jaffier*.

After having thus diſtinguiſhed the Nature and Boundaries of each Affection, the next Step to be taken, is, to watch the various Shiftings and Veerings of the Soul, and to obſerve how the ſeveral Paſſions riſe and fall, in quick Viciſſitude. The Mind of Man cannot dwell for any conſiderable Time upon one Object; from whence it reſults, that, Love and Reſentment, Grief and Joy, Deſpair and Hope, Rage and Tenderneſs, are perpetually taking their Turns in the Breaſt. To perceive minutely the very Point where the firſt ceaſes, and the ſucceeding one begins to riſe, requires a nice Diſcernment; as in the well-wrought Piece of ſome eminent Hand, the Colours run ſo artfully into one another, that their gradual Evaneſcence from the Sight, and their growing by inſenſible Degrees into a full Glow, is only to be diſcovered by the curious Eye. If I do not miſtake, the Touch, which ſo ſkilfully blends different Colours in this delicate Confederacy, is called by the Painters the *Demi-tint*; ſhould not ſomething like this be preſerved, in the Performances of a good Actor, in order to render each Tranſition graceful and natural, to melt the Audience by regular Eſſays into Tenderneſs, or induce any other Impreſſion with Juſtneſs and Propriety? Whatever Paſſion has at any Time taken Poſſeſſion of the Heart, muſt abate by Degrees, and the Traces of it muſt be almoſt effaced, before a contrary Affection can gain Admittance; and whoever is careful

to mark with Feeling, the Ebbing out of the one, and Flowing in of the other, will be always ſure to have an irreſiſtible Command over his Audience.

But the Matter does not reſt here; the Performer, who is ambitious of diſtinguiſhing himſelf for maſterly Touches in Scenes of Vehemence, will find another latent Secret, in the intellectual Syſtem, which muſt never eſcape his Notice. It muſt be remembered, that there are frequent Occaſions, in which the Breaſt is diſtracted by two different Paſſions at once, both working the Heart-ſtrings in one mixed Emotion. Theſe complicated Agitations of the Mind are often imperceptible to all but the ſkilful Obſerver; and, therefore, as the Actor's chief Difficulty lies in this Point, a feeling Expreſſion of it will always be a Proof of his Excellence, and Strokes of this Nature, well executed, will impreſs on every Breaſt the livelieſt Senſations.

It often happens in mere deſcriptive Poetry, that the Writer obſerving ſome ſurprizing Agreement between Things, which in their Natures ſeem totally inconſiſtent with each other, from thence takes occaſion to reconcile Contrarieties in ſuch an agreeable Aſſemblage, that the taſteful Reader is entertained with a Picture, which at once amuſes his Fancy and ſatisfies his Judgment. *Virgil* has many delicate Touches of this Nature, and *Horace,* who had Art enough for every poetic Embelliſhment, has heightened his Odes with ſeveral Beauties of this Sort. In this Claſs of Elegancies may be reckoned the following Paſſages;

Urit grata Protervitas;———
Pignuſque direptum lacertis
Aut Digito malè pertinaci.
——*Tityoſque vultu*
Riſit invito.———

Milton alſo, who has every ſofter Delicacy in minute Deſcriptions, as well as every lofty Image in the ſublime, has

has inſerted many beautiful Colourings of this Species in his *Paradiſe Loſt*, and his *grinned horrible a ghaſtly Smile*, is an admirable Inſtance. Mr. *Addiſon* has given to Thoughts of this Nature the Title of *thwarting Ideas*; and he adds, that they are ſome of the fineſt Strokes in the whole Compaſs of Poetry. If I might be allowed to carry this Hint further, I ſhould call all Strokes of this Kind, where the Mind is worked into a Ferment, by the Name of *thwarting Paſſions*; and I will venture to ſay, that they will be univerſally acknowledged much more beautiful than that mere Claſh of Ideas, which the eminent Critic juſt mentioned has ſo much inſiſted upon; becauſe they not only ſurprize with a ſeeming Contraſt, but alſo intereſt the Heart; which is the Perfection of Poetry. The *Greek* and *Latin* Poets, and indeed the fine Writers among the Moderns, are full of theſe pathetic Repreſentations of human Nature; but among them all, I do not remember a finer Inſtance, than a Paſſage in Mr. *Whitehead*'s *Roman Father*, when that Hero is reflecting on the Combat, which is to decide the Fate of *Rome*.

——Had I a thouſand Sons in ſuch a Cauſe,
I could behold 'em bleeding at my Feet,
And thank the Gods with Tears.——

To expreſs theſe complicated Senſations, where ſeveral Paſſions at once agitate the Soul, requires ſuch a Command of Countenance and Voice, that it is certainly the greateſt Perfection of an Actor, and with a Kind of magic Power it always leads us into the moſt pleaſing Diſtreſs.

If the Bounds of my Paper would admit it, I ſhould here indulge myſelf in examining our preſent Performers, with Regard to the three Diviſions of the Paſſions above eſtabliſhed. To one, I ſhould, perhaps, aſcribe the Merit of expreſſing with proper Enforcement

ment the Sentiments of haughty Anger and tyrannic Cruelty; in another I ſhould chiefly admire the graceful Tranſition from Rage to Tenderneſs, and probably I ſhould not heſitate to ſay, of a third, that he is excellent in all Viciſſitudes of the Mind, and that in mixed Senſations he penetrates to the very Soul of his Hearers; and, were I to add, that, in many Situations, I have experienced the ſame from Mrs. *Cibber*, it would be but barely doing her that Juſtice, which her excellent Art deſerves.

From what has been premiſed, it will appear, that to expreſs the Emotions of the human Heart is the chief Buſineſs of an Actor, and no Account is ever to be made of Figure, Voice, or any other external Circumſtances, unleſs it be when they combine with the Performer's Feelings to make deeper Impreſſions on an Audience. I have known an Actor lengthen out the Tone of his Voice, and if it ſounded clearly, imagine his Buſineſs finely executed, when Nature and the Paſſions required that he ſhould ſpeak in another Key, and in broken, ſhort, and vehement Accents. *Quinctilian* has a juſt Remark on this Head "as Poets," ſays he, "profeſs to ſing their Works, Verſe ſhould be repeated "in a Manner ſomewhat elevated above common Diſ"courſe, with a Sweetneſs properly tempered by Diſ"cretion, and not thrilling into a wanton Luxuriance "of Sound, as if the Throat had been gargled for the "Purpoſe." I ſhall only add, a lively Imagination is the Talent, which an Actor ſhould principally cultivate, as it is that, which excites thoſe pathetic Feelings, without which no Man will ever ſucceed on the Stage, and with which it is hardly poſſible totally to fail.

TRUE INTELLIGENCE.

Rainbow Coffee-houſe, Dec. 1.

THE Board of *Priggiſm* met here, a few Days ſince, when the following Perſons were preſent; *Jack Oakſtick*, *Harry Lapelle*, *Bob Nankeen*, *Jemmy Scratch*, *Nat Pigtail*, *Billy Spindle*, *Jack Phaeton*, *Peter Littlehat*, and *Billy Lowheels*. *Nat Pigtail* ſignified to the *Board*, that he underſtood a New Tragedy called *Boadicia* is to be acted this Evening at *Drury-Lane*. "I "don't know for certain," ſays he, "that it's a Tra-"gedy, but I take it to be ſo by the Oddneſs of the "Name." *Jack Phaeton* and *Billy Lowheels* were of Opinion it might be a Comedy for that very Reaſon; but *Harry Lapelle* interpoſed, that he had not been long from *Merchant Taylor*'s, and that he believed the Word to be *Latin*. Upon which *Jack Oakſtick* ſaid, he did not Care about the Word, but promiſed to meet the Company in *Vinegar-yard* at Three o'Clock, and aſſured them that he would give convincing Proofs of his Valour.

Bill of Suicide for the Month of November.

Cut his Throat *Henry Lovegold*, worth 100000*l*.—the Reaſon of his committing this raſh Action, was, becauſe he was ordered by the *Court of Conſcience* to pay five and twenty Shillings to his Waſher-Woman.—Found by the Inqueſt, *Lunatic*.

Stabbed himſelf *John Gloomy*, Eſq;—He was often heard to ſay he had loſt all Reliſh of Pleaſure, and that it was only the ſame Thing over and over again. *Lunatic*.

Shot himſelf Captain *Dreadnought*. — He ſpent the Evening with ſeveral Friends, went home ſeemingly chearful, made his Will, and blew his Brains out. *Lunatic*.

Poiſoned

Poiſoned himſelf, *Abraham Stocks*, becauſe Lottery-Tickets fell after he had bought half a Dozen. *Lunatick.*

Took a Doſe of Laudanum *John Muckworm*—This raſh Action was occaſioned by his looſing Ten Thouſand Pounds at a Slap—by a Blank in the Lottery. *Lunatic.*

Hung himſelf in a Garret, *Thomas Hopeleſs* formerly a warm Houſe-keeper in *Holborn*, but reduced by a Series of Misfortunes to an Extremity of Miſery, with a Wife and ſeven Children. *Felo de ſe.*

NUMB. 60. GRAY'S-INN, *Saturday, Dec.* 8, 1753.

Noxia corpora tardant,
Terrenique hebetant artus, moribundaque membra.
VIRG.

O curas hominum! O quantum eſt in rebus inane!
PERSEUS.

HOW vain and fantaſtic are all human Purſuits? How unſettled and inconſtant are our Tempers; one Day pining for the Attainment of ſome imaginary Good, and, the next, hating ourſelves for all that Perplexity of Thought which our whimſical Deſires occaſioned in our Breaſts? How often are the ſobereſt Underſtandings diſturb'd by Agitations of Spirit about Things in themſelves of no Kind of Moment or Importance, and when once the Tumult has ſubſided, how contemptible do we appear to ourſelves, for having been ſo weak as to yield to the Impreſſion? Every Period of Life is marked with this Inconſtancy; the Child has Perplexities which the Boy laughs at; and ripened by a further Acceſſion of Years into Manhood, our previous Occupations become ridiculous, 'till at length old Age thinks the whole a

Series of Follies, insensible to its own Infirmities, and little aware that the Passions operate at that Juncture with less Celerity, not because Reason is grown strong, but on Account of the enfeebled Tone of all the mental Powers; like a Weather-Cock, which being grown rusty, is not moved with every Breath of Wind, but slowly veers from Point to Point. I am inclined to think that the human Soul will be always in this Progression, constantly making each Moment a Critic on the last, and and that as soon as the Spirit shall be unbodied, it will instantly smile at our wisest Employments in this World, our deepest Reflections, and our most serious Speculations. I was engaged in this Train of Thought the other Night, and having an Imagination, which does not very soon detach itself from the Objects that have once possessed it, the same Scenes of Reflection disclosed themselves to me in Sleep, and formed a Prospect, not unentertaining to my Fancy.

I thought the Hemisphere on a sudden brightened with more than common Lustre, a Flood of Glory diffusing itself through all Creation, and from an Opening of the Heavens appeared, high exalted on a Throne, THE GENIUS OF HUMAN KIND. After a Trumpet had sounded three Times, the following Sounds were awfully pronounced. "Let all those fleeting Spirits, which formerly animated corporal Tenements, forthwith appear from their several Mansions of Retribution, and let those who now support a feverish Existence upon Earth, instantly repair hither, divested of their bodily Incumbrance, and account before our dread Presence, for the Use they have made of their Time, during their State of Probation."

The Edict was immediately obeyed, and I fancied that I had no sooner emerged from my Tenement of Clay, than every Thing wore another Appearance, and new Faculties of Perception were assigned me. Vanished were the original Colours, concerning which so

ſo many Volumes have been written; Wit, Taſte, Learning, Philoſophy, Mathematics, and even Money itſelf appeared an abſolute Chimæra; and ſeveral Perſonages beginning to addreſs the Throne, I was further confirm'd in my Opinion that all was Idleneſs, Vanity, and unavailing Vexation.

Homer declared his whole Poem to be the Rhapſody of an ever-weening Imagination: He owned his celeſtial Councils and his Battle of the Gods, to be a Jumble of Abſurdities; his boldeſt Flights of Fancy appeared quite contemptible, and he wondered how he could ever employ his Faculties in ſtringing together ſuch wild enthuſiaſtic Reveries.

Plato owned that he knew nothing of the firſt *Good*, firſt *Perfect*, and firſt *Fair*; and Lord *Shaftſbury* wiſhed that, inſtead of being guided by that Pagan Philoſopher, he had made uſe of the Light of Revelation, which might have afforded him ſome faint dawning Ideas of that Truth of which he is now perfectly convinced. He added, that he did not know what he was about when he wrote his Rhapſody and many other Parts of his Performance, and that he now looked back at them with Contempt.

Ariſtotle declared his Syſtem of Logic to be nothing but an idle Scheme of laboured Perplexities, calculated to puzzle and bewilder Mankind. *Pindar* ſmil'd at his Olympics, and did not heſitate to ſay, that he really believed he was mad when he wrote them; and old *Euclid*, who, I believe never once laughed on Earth, burſt into a loud Expreſſion of Mirth, when he reflected upon his Endeavours to ſquare the Circle, and his ſeveral Triangles and Quadrangles, which he owned do not contribute in any Degree to the Advancement of Virtue.

Alexander frankly confeſſed himſelf a Child for weeping for more Worlds. *Cæſar* declared he would as contentedly be the laſt in a Village, as the firſt in *Rome*; and

and *Pompey* had no longer an Averſion to an Equal; *Cicero*, without elaborating a Period of a Mile, condemned his Purſuit of Fame as no more than the chaſing an empty Bubble; and he added, that he never thought himſelf properly employed but when expatiating againſt the minute Philoſophers. *Virgil* ſtill perſiſted that his whole *Æneid* ſhould be burned. *Horace* and *Ovid* both laughed at the Duration of their Works which in their Days of Nature they flattered themſelves would be indelible Monuments of their Fame.

In ſhort, among all the celebrated Perſonages of Antiquity, every one accuſed himſelf of Miſapplication, and even *Titus* complained that he had loſt many Days.

There were thoſe who acknowledged that they never knew Uneaſineſs in Life, but what was occaſioned by the Succeſs of others, and that they were always completely happy, or completely miſerable by Compariſon. *Poets* laugh'd at all their Pains to tag a Rhyme and their Solicitude for Works which now appeared to them in a proper Light; and *Criticks* acknowledged that they took too much unneceſſary Trouble to deſtroy Productions of ſo periſhable a Nature. The Miſer railed at *inſolvent Gold*, as it is finely called by the witty Doctor *Young*, and his Heart expanded with Generoſity and ſocial Affection.

The ſofter Sex preſented themſelves among the Reſt on this Occaſion; but the Simper of Self-Admiration no longer diſplayed itſelf. They were not anxious about the Gloſs of their Skin, the Arrangement of a Curl, or the Diſpoſition of a Patch. The ſnowy Breaſt ceaſed to heave with ſtudied Careleſſneſs, and the Shape was not tortured a thouſand Ways, in order to look attractive in the Eye of Man. The Labours of the Toilet were now deſpiſed, and each Fair-one wondered how Dreſs could make ſo great a Part of the Buſineſs of Life; and how they could ever take ſo much Pride in periſhable Clay, however neatly moulded, and however tinctured with a pleaſing Hue. They were now perſwaded

ſwaded that true Beauty dwells in the Mind; Drums, Routs and Cards were held in Contempt, and as Mr. *Pope* has it, They viewed with Scorn two Pages and a Chair. They were all aſhamed of the Falſehoold of their Friendſhips, their Tehees and Titters at a ruined Character, their ſeveral Turns of Coquetry, Diſſimulation, and all the Variety of female Artifice. In ſhort, Mankind in general owned themſelves diſtracted with Cares beneath a rational Creature; and Envy, Pride, Selfiſhneſs, Perfidy and Ambition ſwell'd the vaſt Account.

From theſe Diſturbers of our Happineſs I was rejoyced to ſee my Fellow Creatures relieved; and to perceive Love, Joy, and Benevolence effacing gradually all Traces of former Guilt, gave me an inexpreſſible Delight. But I ſoon found I was not in Reality launched into Eternity, and therefore my Joy, like all Things ſubject to Time and mortal Chance, ſoon came to an End. The Fumes of Sleep were diſſipated, and I awaked from my Dream. Looſe as it is, the Reader may derive this Moral from it, that there is nothing in human Life worth the Anxiety it creates, and that it ſhould be our Buſineſs at preſent to fix thoſe Propenſities and Habits in our Souls, which we ſhall not have Occaſion hereafter to wiſh totally effaced, and which it is probable we ſhall be carrying to an higher Degree of Purity in thoſe Manſions, which are prepared for our future Exiſtence.

TRUE INTELLIGENCE.

Drury-Lane Playhouſe, Dec. 8, 1753.

ON *Saturday* laſt was preſented, at this Theatre, for the firſt Time, the Tragedy of *Boadicia*, with all the Advantages of Exhibition, which new Scenery, new Dreſſes, and the excellent Performance of Mr. *Garrick*, Mrs. *Cibber*, and Mrs. *Pritchard*, could give it.

It was certainly a bold Enterprize in Mr. *Glover*, after *Shakespear* has given us ſuch a Taſte for wild and ſavage Liberty, to attempt a Piece conformable to the Rules and Simplicity of the *Stagyrite*; and hence it aroſe, that ſome Scenes were not found buſy enough. However the Fire of the Author glows intenſely through the whole, and all his Deſcriptions of the diſtant Battle, and his Alluſions to the hallowed Groves of the Druids, are finely interwoven. As this Compoſition is remarkable for an elegant Purity of Diction, which inſtead of overcharging Nature, ſets her off in all the Graces and Embelliſhments of Poetry, I am perſuaded it will prove a good cloſet Companion, and I ſhall only add, that if *Voltaire* were to criticiſe this Production, he would in Juſtice wave his favourite Phraſes, *barbarous*, *monſtrous Farces*, *&c.* and would allow this Piece to be the Work of a very elegant finiſhed Taſte.

NUMB. 61. GRAY's-INN, *Saturday*, *Dec.* 15, 1753.

—— *Pictis bellantur Amazones armis.*

VIRG.

I PAID a Viſit, a few Days ſince, to a Lady, for whom I always entertained a very high Eſteem, on Account of a pleaſing Turn of Converſation, and many other good and agreeable Qualities, which ſhe is poſſeſſed of.

Mrs. *Milleſont* (for that is her Name) was never known to have the leaſt Propenſity to Scandal or Detraction: She does not concern herſelf with the impertinent Knowledge of, who and who were together at the Maſquerade, who were ſeen to interchange a few fond Regards at the Theatre, or who has lately had an

Ill-run at Play. Politeneſs, Good-nature and Affability are her characteriſtic Perfections, and ſhe is ready to allow Wit and Beauty in others, as well as in her own Daughters; though in my Opinion, it is a rare Thing to ſee them equalled by any of their Sex. Both the young Ladies are tall and graceful; elegant in Shape and delicate in their Features; extremely like each other in the Turn of the Face, and ſtill each of them forming, if I may be allowed to uſe the Phraſe, a different School of Beauty.

Harriet, being two Years elder, is rather more formed and higher in Bloom than her Siſter, but ſeems to be ſenſible of the approaching Eclipſe which her Beauty muſt ſuffer very ſhortly, when all the Charms, which are at preſent budding forth in the Perſon of *Charlot*, have attained their full Perfection. Tho' *Harriet* is ſenſible of this, ſhe yet perceives it without any Proneneſs to Envy. On the contrary ſhe rallies herſelf with great Vivacity, and will fairly own that ſhe is upon the Look-out for a Man for herſelf, before *Charlot* becomes ſo miſchievous a Beauty, as to engroſs the Attention of every Beholder; and then, ſays ſhe, "I ſhall loſe all my Admirers, and ſo I'm reſolved to get married out of the Way."

On this Account ſhe at preſent throws the Dart like a Tyrant, as the Poet phraſes it, though I am convinced when ſhe reſigns her Perſon, her good Senſe will then lead her to imitate the Gentleneſs and amiable Diſpoſition of *Charlot* who does not aim at being ſo fierce a Beauty as *Harriet*, but is chiefly deſirous to be Miſtreſs of willing Hearts. She does not endeavour to kindle her Eyes into that Glare of Fire, for which many others are remarkable, but unambitiouſly ſhe lets them ſhine in their own native Mildneſs; and if ſhe captivates every Heart it is without any premeditated Deſign. In ſhort, the Difference between theſe two young Ladies is this;

Charlot's Charms have a constant Emanation, and *Harriet*'s Beauties are in a perpetual Exertion.

I spent an Hour in the most agreeable Manner with this Family, when *Harriet* in her giddy Manner gave a new Turn to the Conversation by asking me, " Pray, " Mr. *Ranger*, can you tell me something about *Mack-* " *lin*'s new Scheme; pray what is the Man about?" —To this I replied, that I really was not sufficiently in the Secret; that he has built two magnificent Rooms, and intends to furnish them in an elegant Manner; the Apartment on the Ground-Floor to be a public Coffee-Room, and the other for the Reception of Gentlemen of Rank and Education; but that, however, I was afraid he would share the common Fate of Projectors.

" Well, I vow and protest, says *Harriet*, it's a vexa- " tious Thing to see how these Men are always contri- " ving Places for their own Accommodation, without " Troubling their Heads about the Women. The " odious Things are always herding with one another, " and the Ladies are sequestred from all the Joys of " these convenient Meetings. Does not one hear them " eternally saying with an Air of Indifference, Ma'am I " must go the Coffee-house, and so saunter away with " that janty careless Air, that never fails to provoke " me? —Well, I wish the Women would agree to " have a Coffee-house of their own, to be revenged of " the Fellows—Lord, Mr. *Ranger*, it would do charm- " ingly; don't you think so Sister?—It would so tan- " talize the Creatures, to see us going into a Place, " where none of them can gain Admittance——they " would be so proud to wait at the Door to hand us " to our Chairs; and it would be such a Pleasure to " go and meet one's Acquaintance without going con- " stantly in a stiff Dress to Routs and Drums; dear " *Ranger*, you must give us an helping Hand; you must "give us an Essay upon it, you wild Devil." With this she

tapped

tapped me on the Shoulder, in her lively agreeable Manner, and inſiſted with all the Rhetoric of a Romp, that I ſhould propoſe her Scheme to the Public, which I aſſured her I ſhould take the firſt Opportunity to perform.

I have ever been of Opinion, that, in the general, Coffee-houſes, are not of ſuch Advantage as is generally imagined, moſt of theſe Places being frequented entirely by Bucks, Bloods, and Rakes, of all Denominations, from whom there is nothing to be acquired except a Swagger in the Gait, a drunken Totter, a noiſy riotous Deportment, a Volley of Oaths and a total Want of what is called Good-Breeding. Perhaps this Opportunity of detaching themſelves from the Ladies in Coffee-houſe Clubs is the Cauſe of that Aukwardneſs, which is frequently remarkable in Perſons, who from their Fortunes and Situation in Life ſhould be better accompliſhed, and on this Account I am apprehenſive, that a Rendezvous of this Nature might have ſome ill Effect upon the Deportment of the Fair; but ſhould this Scheme be carried into Execution, I muſt acknowledge, that it will in many Reſpects ſet the Ladies upon a *Par* with the Men, and the Convenience of meeting People of Faſhion, without the neceſſary Parade of going to their Houſes, will certainly be very great; alſo Appointments with each other may be fixed with Eaſe by the Means of this Inſtitution; and a Memorandum Book, placed at the Bar, as at the *Bedford* and other Places, may ſerve for the following Purpoſes.

"Lady *Laſt-ſtakes* came according to Appointment "to meet Lady *Betty Modiſh*; is gone to hear *Shuter* "give the *London Cries*; will be here again after the "Play, when ſhe will be glad to have a Party of "*Picquet* with Lady *Betty*, and ſpend the Remainder of "the Evening."

"Miſs *Madcap* ca'l'd here about Six o'Clock in "Hopes to ſee Miſs *Limber-Tongue*, is gone to conſult "Mrs *Sermon* in *Naked Boy-Alley*, after which ſhe in-"tends to ſee *Harlequin Ranger*, and will call here "again, and begs Miſs *Limber-Tongue* will leave Word "where ſhe may be heard of."

"Miſs *Tattleaid* begs to ſee Miſs *Graveairs*; has a "Million of Things to ſay to her, and particularly "ſomething ſhe heard laſt Night at Lady *Hurly-Burly*'s."

Such Proceedings as theſe will inevitably do Honour to the amiable Sex, and as they may judge it neceſſary to *claim an equal Empire o'er the World*, I beg Leave to offer them a few Rules, which may ſerve to conduct a female Coffee-houſe with proper Regularity.

A SYSTEM *of* RULES, &c.

I. That each Lady ſhall pay *Six-pence*, at the Bar, whether ſhe drink *Tea*, *Coffee*, *Chocolate*, *Capillaire*, *Citron-Water*, or *Ratafia*, &c.

II. That the Actreſſes ſhall be admitted to this Coffee-houſe, by which Means the Ladies may become full as good Critics as the Men.

III. If a Quarrel ſhould ariſe between any of the Ladies, they ſhall not fall to pulling Caps in Company, but take another Opportunity to vindicate their Honour.

IV. If any Lady is diſcovered with a Pair-royal of Aces in her Pocket, or endeavours to uſe any ſiniſter Artifice at Cards, ſhe ſhall be expelled the Club, with as much Strictneſs as if it happened at *White*'s.

V. If any young Lady offers herſelf to be choſen into the Club by Ballot, a ſingle white Ball ſhall be ſufficient to admit her, it being improbable that a real Beauty will obtain that Favour from above one of her Sex.

VI. and Laſtly. It ſhall be deemed meritorious in any Lady to brag of her Intrigues, her Amours, by which

which Means the Ladies, may in Imitation of the laudable Practice among the oppofite Sex,

Talk of Beauties, whom they never faw,
And fancy Raptures, which they never knew.

TRUE INTELLIGENCE.

From my Regifter-Office, Dec. 15.

BY Letters from a Correfpondent abroad, we are informed, that when Monfieur *Voltaire* was arrefted by order of the King of *Pruffia*; there were found, among his Papers, feveral Tranflations of different Paffages in *Shakefpear*, done fo extremely ill, that it is conjectured, he purpofely made ufe of a frigid Languor of Expreffion, in order to leffen the Poet's Reputation abroad, in hopes that then himfelf might be fet down as the greateft dramatic Poet in the World. But to quiet this reftlefs Ambition, we muft inform him that *Apollo* has long fince iffued out his Prohibition, fo that he may fwell, like the Frog in the Fable, without ever coming near him. *Non fi te ruperis, inquit, par eris.* The fame Advices mention, that, there were alfo feveral abufive Paragraphs on the fame immortal Bard, very improper from the Pen of a Scholar and a Gentleman. The following Libel was particularly remarkable. *L'Action* * *de la piece Chinoife dure vingt-cinq ans, comme dans les farces monftreufes de Shakefpear & Lopez de Vega, qu'on a nomme tragedies.* "The Action of the *Chinefe* "Play includes five and twenty Years, as in the mon- "ftrous Farces of *Shakefpear*, and *Lopez de Vega*, which "have obtained the Name of Tragedies." Is it not invidious in Monfieur *Voltaire* to mention *Lopez de Vega*, in Conjunction with a Poet, whom, in his Soul, he cannot but reverence as a Genius, fuperior to all the drama-

* *Vide* the Letter prefixed to his Orphan of *China*.

tic Writers in the World, and of whom he has frequently availed himſelf? As Mr. *Voltaire* is ſo rigid a Critic we ſhall one Day hold an Enquiry into his poetical Merit, and therefore we think proper to publiſh the following

ADVERTISEMENT.

Preparing for the Preſs, a critical Enquiry into the poetical Merit of the celebrated *Voltaire*, in which the Beauties and Defects of his Fables will be conſidered, and the great Superiority which *Shakeſpear* boaſts over him and all other Poets whatever, in point of Sentiment, Paſſion, Character and Diction, will be ſet forth in the cleareſt Light, to conclude with an Account Current between *Voltaire* and the *Engliſh* Nation, in which will appear, on one Side, the Abuſe he has occaſionally thrown out againſt our Poets, and on the other Side, the clandeſtine Uſe he has made of them in almoſt all his Plays.

NUMB. 62. GRAY's-INN, *Saturday, Dec.* 22, 1753.

Haud facilè emergunt, quorum virtutibus obſtat.
Res anguſta domi ——— ——— JUV.

Maxima debetur puero Reverentia. JUV.

IT was the Anſwer of a certain eminent *Jew*, when aſked by what Means he accumulated the very large Fortune, which he is ſuppoſed to be poſſeſſed of, that he had more Difficulty in acquiring the firſt Three Thouſand Pounds, than all the Reſt of his immoderate Wealth. This Apothegm may be ſaid to comprize the whole Arcanum of riſing in the World, but as not one of the Adepts

Adepts in the Science has thought proper to difcover the fecret Art of putting this Rule in Practice, it is to be apprehended, the Indigent will find as many Difficulties as ever to retard their Progrefs, and hinder them from emerging out of their Embarraffments. The Author of my Motto has obferved, many Ages fince, that the moft exalted Virtues, and the rareft Accomplifhments do not find it eafy to extricate themfelves out of Difficulties; and the Courfe of human Contingencies has proved the Maxim true to this Day.

There is perhaps hardly any Man, but can point out in the Circle of his Acquaintance certain Perfonages of very extenfive Capacities, ftrong and quick Parts, and a delicate Senfe of Honour, who are not however able to raife themfelves to any confpicuous Point of Eminence, merely becaufe their Talents have not been called forth by Opportunity, or animated by Succefs. Genius wherever it fubfifts, muft be warmed and cherifhed, otherwife it is apt to languifh and decay; the fine Senfations, which are attendant on an enlightened Underftanding, occafion a certain Delicacy in the Poffeffor's Way of thinking, which renders him liable to a Dejection of Spirits upon many Occafions in Life. Refined Parts fhould be tenderly preferved, or they are liable to be chilled by the Blafts of Adverfity; like thofe Fruits, which would wither unripened in our cold northern Clime, were they not carefully affifted in their Vegetation by the adventitious Ufe of hot Beds.

The Circumftance, which in my Opinion reflects the greateft Luftre upon the Character of Lord *Sommers*, is the Encouragement he afforded to fuch a Genius as Mr. *Addifon*, who might have remained in a lefs confpicuous Point of View without the Affiftance of fuch a Patron. His Vein of Humour, which is now the genteeleft in the World, might have taken a Tincture from low Life; his delicate Raillery might have fubfided into coarfe and vulgar Railing; His Tafte, which

was finiſhed by Travel and every other Advantage, might have grown quite callous and indelicate: for his Sentiments of Morality might have been ſubſtituted a Strain of Ribaldry, to awaken the Bluſh of Confuſion in that female Face, which, as Matters happened, he took ſo much Pains to ſet off in the Smiles of native Innocence and unaffected Beauty; and that Pen, which entertained the Town with ſome of the moſt elegant Productions of human Wit, might have been employed in Politics, perſonal Invective, and Party-rage. But the kindly Protection of the Lord *Sommers* hindered him from ſinking into Obſcurity, and from being compelled by Neceſſity to ſully that fair Fame, which is now the Reward of his excellent Performances. The Aſſiſtance of ſo eminent a Perſon was a Kind of Demand upon him, for all that elaborate Elegance, which now diſtinguiſhes itſelf in his Writings.

He from the Taſte obſcene refines our Youth,
And ſets the Paſſions on the Side of Truth. POPE.

It has been the Fate of many, endowed perhaps with Parts not very inferior to *Addiſon*, to droop in Indigence, their poetic Fires totally extinguiſhed, and I make no Manner of Doubt, but in the preſent Age, there are thoſe who might become ſhining Ornaments of the Republic of Letters, were there any Incitement to ſpur the Muſes Steed. But a Treatiſe on *Cribbidge*, or a Calculation of the Chances at Whiſt, is ſure of being better received at preſent, than the Odes of a *Collins*, or any Performance of diſtinguiſhed Genius. While a *Smart* ſubſiſts among us, I cannot help thinking it an indelible Reproach to the Age, that he has not any where found a *Mecænas*, and that he is ſuffered to draw his Pen in the Praiſes of his Maker, without receiving any other Reward, than a ſmall Premium at *Cambridge*, and that Portion of Fame, which, in Spight of Malice and Envy, he will be always ſure to enjoy.

Wit

Wit is generally considered as an Object of Ridicule rather than an Accomplishment deserving Encouragement and Esteem, and the Narrowness of Fortune, in which most of the literary Tribe are situated, is a standing Topic of Pleasantry, and to call a Man a Poet, is, in most Companies, a stroke of irresistible Humour. The witty Doctor *Young* has ridiculed this with his usual Delicacy.

These, when their utmost Venom they would spit,
Most barbarously tell you—" he's a Wit."
Poor Negroes thus to shew their burning Spite,
To Cacodæmons say, they're Dev'lish White.

There is hardly any Thing more affecting to a Man of real Merit, than to find himself scorned by the Insolence of Purse-pride. People of Affluence should consider when they attempt to depreciate Men of superior Parts, that they betray an unmanly Triumph over those, who have still their Fortune to make. But, as Mr. *Pope* finely observes, the World in general is apt to form an Idea of a Man, at the Time he is least able to make a proper Judgment for himself; and from thence it results, that we find many utterly ruined by slight Errors, trivial Indiscretions, and petty Inadvertencies, while others owe their Elevation to Vices, to headstrong Passions, and a Series of selfish Views, which are, for the greater Part, more successful, than Modesty, a sober Understanding, and a Spirit above abject Flattery and mean Submission.

They who sit smiling at the Goal of Fortune, while others are running the hardy Course, should reflect, that it is possible for Perseverance and unremitted Application, to reach the very Point, in which they take so much Pride; and then it is evident on which Side the Superiority will be found. A well turned Spirit, with the Advantages of a genteel Education and a competent Knowledge of the World, must certainly receive

ad-

additional Lustre from an Accession of Wealth, and the Accomplishments of such a one, will, in their Turn, adorn and embellish Affluence. On this Account, *Juvenal*'s Maxim is without Dispute, highly just; a great Respect, says he, is due to Youth. The Practice of this Observation I would recommend to all Parents, Uncles, Guardians, and all Ranks of People, who have any Concern in the Education of the rising Generation; as it is to be apprehended that they frequently, by too much Precipitance in their Conduct, drive them to Extremes, which a little Indulgence might prevent, and by which they might become valuable Members of Society.

TRUE INTELLIGENCE.

George's *Coffee-house*, *Temple-Bar*, *Dec.* 22.

THE whole Stock in Trade of a very eminent Critic is to be sold upon very reasonable Terms, the said Critic having left off Business. This Collection is reckoned very valuable, as by this sole Assistance the Proprietor became highly eminent in his Profession.

Among several curious Articles are the following valuable Particulars.

A compleat List of all the technical Terms used by *Rymer*, *Dennis*, Sir *Richard Blackmore*, *Oldmixon*, &c.

Colley Cibber's Life.

Chetwood's Account of the Players.

A Treatise on acting in the original *French*, with a Translation of the same, called the ACTOR, by the *Inspector*, who gave singular Proofs of his Abilities, Taste, and Judgment in this Business by his Performances at *Bartholomew-Fair*, *Tottenham-Court*, &c.

An exact Account of what Money both the Play-Houses hold when full, and without Orders.

A shrill toned Catcall, very proper to be used at the next new Tragedy, as it is said to be a Work of Genius.

A sure

A ſure and infallible Method of Damning any Play, being a proper *Vade Mecum* for a Critic.

Directions how to appear wiſer than a Perſon really is, by the Uſe of "Hums and Haws!—and Shakes of "the Head,—and ſaying,—if preſſed to an Explana-"tion,"—"I don't chuſe to throw away the Know-"ledge I've gained by twenty Years Experience in a "Moment, &c."—by a MYSTIC PHILOSOPHER.

The whole to be ſold in the Lump to any young Gentleman who has a Mind to ſet up for himſelf; for farther Particulars, enquire at the Bar, where Catalogues are given *Gratis*.

NUMB. 63. GRAY's-INN, *Saturday, Dec.* 29, 1753.

——Quem dudum non ulla injecta movebant
Tela, nec adverſo glomerati ex Agmine Graii,
Nunc omnes terrent Auræ, Sonus excitat omnis
Suſpenſum—— VIRG.

THERE is not, in my Opinion, a more exquiſite Pleaſure in the Power of Man, than what ariſes from an internal View of his own mental Conſtitution. To obſerve the various Aſſociation of Ideas, combined with a Rapidity, which ſcarcely leaves a Trace behind it, to watch the ſubtile Movements of the Paſſions, and thence to deduce the ſecret Source of many of our Senſations, which are in Appearance extremely complicated and ſurprizing, is a Taſk requiring the fineſt Perception in the Reſearch, and alſo productive of the moſt uſeful Knowledge we can boaſt, and the higheſt Delight our Faculties are ſuſceptible of.

The Solution of a mathematical Problem may be agreeable to that Curioſity, which is implanted in us;

and the *Newtonian Philosophy* may expand the Imagination with ſtupendous Ideas of the Diſtances of heavenly Bodies; but in theſe Occupations, like *Swift*'s Taylor, it is poſſible, we may miſtake one Figure, and then all our ingenious Labour evaporates into Air; whereas in the Purſuit of Self-knowledge our Reaſonings are from Feeling, and all our Diſcoveries, beſides the Advantage of being as ſurprizing as in any other Science, carry with them a further Acceſſion of Pleaſure, as we are ourſelves more immediately concerned in them. In travelling through an open champain Country the Proſpect on every Side may adminiſter to the Pleaſures of Imagination; but a Man will certainly feel more lively Senſations when riding upon Land belonging to himſelf; the Landſkip of his own Eſtate will look more beautiful to the Eye, the Lawn ſhall ſpread a more pleaſing Verdure, and the Diſcovery of a Mine, or the ſecret Spring of a little Rill running through his Meadows, afford him a Delight not to be equalled by the gayeſt Scenes that can be preſented to him.

The Study of the human Mind is, therefore, the moſt rational and pleaſing Employment we are capable of; for my Part I am always highly delighted when any accidental Circumſtance throws me into this Tract of thinking, and whether reading *Rabelais*'s frolic Ravings, or the ſublime Enthuſiaſm of *Homer*, I am ſure ever and anon to lay aſide the Volume, in order to trace the Pleaſure, which I have received, to its hidden Source, and to account for the Appearance upon ſome Principle in our Conſtitution. An Opportunity of gratifying this Turn occurred to me the other Day, when caſually turning over ſome of the moſt beautiful Paſſages in epic Poetry, I could not help taking notice, that I peruſed the Deſcription of Thouſands ſtretched upon the Field of Battle, weltring in Blood, agonizing with their Wounds, and trampled under Horſes Hoofs, without feeling any of thoſe Propenſities to Compaſ-

ſion

ſion, which were frequently awakened in me by the Death of a ſingle Perſon. I could read with the greateſt Compoſure and Serenity, Lines, which mention dying Groans of Numbers falling in one promiſcuous Carnage, broken Limbs of Warriors, Men and Horſes, all mixed in one general Scene of Deſtruction.

Tum vero gemitus morientum, & ſanguine in alto
Armaque Corporaque & permiſti cæde Virorum
Semianimes volvuntur Equi ——

A Muſter-Roll of Heroes, who in one Line embraced their Fate, did not move me to the leaſt tender Senſation.

Chloreaque, Sybarimque, Daretaque, Therſilocumque.
Alcandrumque, Haliumque, Noëmonaque, Prytanimque.

The Mind is totally impaſſive in all theſe general Accounts of the Calamities of War; but, when the Poet thinks proper to diſtinguiſh a ſingle Perſon from the Throng, we melt in Pity of his Fate, heedleſs of the general Devaſtation, which is ſpread around him. That this is the Caſe every Body that has read the *Æneid* will be ready to acknowledge; and yet it might be imagined that our Hearts ſhould be more intenſely agitated, when Deſolation ſweeps whole Ranks of our Fellow-Creatures from the Face of the Earth, than when we read the Fate of an Individual; but ſuch is our Diſpoſition, that we can go through all theſe Narratives without Emotion, and when the epic Writer throws out but a ſhort Reflection upon the Fall of one Man, we are inſtantly fixed in Attention, and our Hearts throb with Compaſſion for his untimely End.

The Reaſon of this I take to be, that in the former Caſe, we are only told, that ſo many embraced their Fate in Battle, in which Circumſtance there is nothing to excite Commiſeration in a reaſonable Being. Death is one of the Conditions of human Life, and we all hold

hold our Exiſtence in this World upon the ſame precarious Tenure. We therefore conſider the Deſcriptions of *Homer* and *Virgil* as no more than a mere Bill of Mortality, and when they inform us that ſuch a Number periſhed upon the Spot, we peruſe it with as much Calmneſs as the Paragraph which tells us, " Encreaſed " in the Burials this Week five hundred." And further, when they tell us, that, one receives an Arrow in the jugular Vein; another has a Spear run through his Shoulder, and is rivetted with his Body double to the Ground; a third is wounded in the Mouth and has his Head ſplit in two, it may ſerve, as the Critics obſerve, to give Variety to the Battle, but in Fact, amounts to no more than what we read in a common News-paper, " Yeſterday a Labourer fell from the Top of an Houſe, " by which Accident he broke his Collar-bone and in- " ſtantly expired." An Account of bodily Pain has but a very ſlight Influence upon our Paſſions; it is mental Diſtreſs that principally operates upon our Hearts, and our Pity riſes in Proportion to the Agitations of Mind, which we perceive in the Perſon afflicted. Beſides this, the Poet frequently finds collateral Avenues to our Souls, by a Mention of Family-Connections, and to heighten our Sorrow, he addreſſes himſelf to the moral Senſe of his Reader, and intereſts him ſtill more in the Fate of his Hero, by repreſenting his amiable Qualities, and the elegant Accompliſhments, which would have rendered him a deſerving Member of Society. By theſe Means our tendereſt Feelings are awakened, and the Effect is not unlike what a Man may experience in a Church-yard, where he ſees a Multitude of different Graves in which, the good, the bad, the old and young lie in promiſcuous Silence, and he therefore beholds the Scene without Emotion; but as ſoon as the Tomb-ſtone preſents a Character of one diſtinguiſhed from the Reſt, he then laments the generous Friend, the tender Huſband, the indulgent Father,

Father, and mourns for him who acted agreeably to the Relations in which he stood to his Fellow Creatures. Thus when we read of a dying Person, that he was a Friend of the Muses, and that Harmony was the Delight of his Soul, we consider him in a different Light from those, who as Mr. *Addison* expresses it, are celebrated for nothing but being knocked in the Head.

——————Amicum Cretea Musis,
Cretea Musarum Comitem, cui Carmina semper
Et Citharæ Cordi, numerosque intendere Nervis.

When we are told of another, that his Death was lamented by his Friends in sundry Parts of his Country, we cannot help joining in the general Grief.

Te Nemus Agnitiæ, vitreâ te Fucinus undâ,
Te liquidi flevere Lacus.——————

The Number of Sufferers is encreased, and our Passions encrease in Proportion to the Knowledge conveyed to us of their Affections, their tender Friendships, and their Schemes for future Happiness. One falls in the Midst of his half-finished Projects; him his blooming Mistress mourns with frantic Sorrow, and all his Relations bewail his Loss. Another receives his mortal Wound through the very Garment which his Mother worked for him with her own Hands.

Transiit & Parmam Mucro, levia Arma minacis,
Et Tunicam, molli mater quam neverat Auro,
Implevitque sinum sanguis——————

Besides these little Touches which the epic Writer occasionally makes use of to awaken and engage the Passions, they are further obliged to diversify their Battles with Episodes, or short Accounts of particular Adventures, in order to secure our Attention, and relieve us from that general Scene of Slaughter, which, they are conscious we peruse without any of those Sensations, which it is the primary Excellence of Poetry to excite.

Thus

Thus the Story of *Nisus* and *Euryalus* will always soften the Reader into Compassion, when other Passages, in one Line of which there is infinitely more Mischief done, will be passed over with Indifference. I should not think the worse of him that should calmly go thro' most of the Battles in epic Poetry, but I hope there is not one of my Readers who would not yield to the tenderest Impressions at the Fall of *Pallas*, and the Lamentation of *Æneas* over his dead Body.

The Use I would make of what has been premised is, that, as our Passions are worked up in Proportion to the many amiable Qualities of the Character in Distress, and the Keeness of mental Sensation, which we suppose it suffers, our modern Writers of Tragedy should attach themselves to this Circumstance, and consider that it is not the theatrical Apparatus, the Bowl, the Dagger, the Dungeon or the Clink of Chains, that can affect an Audience, but a faithful Portrait of a Mind struggling with various Sensations. If the Players would also consider the same, Noise and Rant would be effectually banished, and instead of aiming at Applause by the mere Effect of own sonorous Voices, they would endeavour by every Look, every Tone, and every Attitude to mark the in-felt Anguish of their Minds.

TRUE INTELLIGENCE.

Bedford Coffee-house, Dec. 29.

THE following is a Copy of Mr. *Macklin*'s farewell Epilogue, which has been handed about here this Day. The Reader will perceive in it manifest Traces of a Writer, who has often diverted the Town upon similar Occasions. In some Lines the Author has jocosely made the Speaker exhibit a Caricature of himself and his own peculiar Manner, but these Strokes will be obvious, without pointing them out.

EPI-

EPILOGUE.

POOR I, toss'd up and down from Shore to Shore,
Sick, wet and weary, will to Sea no more;
Yet 'tis some Comfort, tho' I quit the Trade,
That this last Voyage with Success is made,
The Ship full laden, and the Freight all pay'd.
Since then for Reasons I the Stage give o'er,
And for your Sakes—write Tragedies no more:
Some other Schemes, of course, possess my Brain,
For he who once has eat,——must eat again.
And lest this lank, this melancholy Phyz,
Should grow more lank, more dismal than it is;
A Scheme I have in Hand will make you stare!
Tho' off the Stage I still must be the Play'r.
Still must I follow the Theatric Plan,
Exert my Comic Pow'rs, draw all I can,
And to each Guest appear a diff'rent Man.
I (like my Liquors) must each Palate hit,
Rake with the Wild, be sober with the Cit,
Nay sometimes act my least becoming Part—the Wit.
With Politicians I must nod—seem full—
And act my best becoming Part——the *Dull*.
My Plan is this——Man's form'd a social Creature,
Requiring Converse by the Laws of Nature;
And as the Moon can raise the swelling Flood,
Or as the Mind is influenc'd by the Blood,
So——do I make myself well understood?
I'm puzzled faith—let us like *Bayes* agree it,
You'll know my Plot much better when you see it.
But Truce with jesting, let me now impart,
The warm O'erflowings of a grateful Heart;
Come good, come bad, while Life or Mem'ry last,
My Mind shall treasure up your Favours past:
And might one added Boon encrease the Store,
With much less Sorrow should I quit this Shore:
To mine, as you have been to me, prove kind,
Protect the Pledge, my Fondness leaves behind;

To

To you her Guardians I resign my Care,
Let her with others your Indulgence share;
Whate'er *my* Fate, if this my Wish prevails,
'Twill glad the *Father*, tho' the *Schemist* fails.

NUMB. 64. GRAY'S-INN, *Saturday*, *Jan.* 5, 1754.

Falsus honor juvat, & mendax infamia terret
Quem nisi mendosum & mendacem. HOR.

MY Readers will observe, that I frequently select Mottos, for my Papers, from the Author, whose Name I have prefixed to this Day's Essay; the Reason of it is, his Sense is so refined, and the Turn of his Expression so peculiarly delicate, that his Remarks are intermixed with my own ordinary Ideas, in such a Manner, that they recur to me, upon almost every Occasion. *Horace* is so sensibly and elegantly sententious, not only in his Epistles and Satires, which are professedly moral Discourses, but also in his lighter Odes, and his gayest Excursions of Fancy, that I have often thought, an excellent System of Morality, might be extracted out of his Writings; I have even carried this Hint so far, as to think seriously of publishing a Translation of all his excellent ethic Observations, which would, in my Opinion, be the best Collection of Thoughts on various Subjects, that has ever been offered to the Public.

The Passage, which I have placed at the Head of this Paper contains a very beautiful Moral. "Who "is there," says the Bard, "that can desire an Accession of false Honour, who is not sensible of some inherent Defect? and who can be alarmed at the Blasts "of Calumny and Detraction, who bears in his own "Heart a Regard to Truth?"——This Sentence contains

tains ſuch indelible Marks of a virtuous Diſpoſition, that it ſhould be written in Letters of Gold, and impreſſed in deep Characters on the Heart of every Man, who would paſs through Life with an honeſt and fair Fame, as it ſuggeſts a juſt Contempt for all ill-grounded Applauſe, and furniſhes the Man of upright Heart with the proper Weapons of a noble Diſregard for the mean Deſigns of Slander and Malevolence.

Hypocriſy is conſidered, by all Moraliſts, as the moſt deſpicable and infamous Diſeaſe of the Soul; it diſcovers a Senſe of the Grace and Beauty of a fair Character, but generally carries with it a total Abſence of all good Qualities. It aims at Eſteem, by artfully concealing the latent Imperfections, and exhibiting to the public Eye a gloſſy Appearance of ſomething amiable and honeſt. But unleſs the Mind is thoroughly weeded, in ſpight of every artful Diſguiſe, the lurking Miſchief will, one Time or other, break out, and as *Perſeus* expreſſes it, like a wild *Fig-tree*, force its Way through the very Liver;

——— Quæ ſemel intus
Innata eſt, rupto jecore exierit Caprificus.

Since I have mentioned this Satiriſt, it coincides with my preſent Scope, to obſerve, that there is not in any Author ancient or modern, a nobler Deſcription of a Man of real Honour, than what is found in two Lines of his Writing; I ſhall tranſcribe his Words, becauſe the Paſſage is highly beautiful, and for the Sake of the mere *Engliſh* Reader, I ſhall add Mr. *Dryden*'s excellent Tranſlation.

Compoſitum jus faſque Animi, ſanctoſque Receſſus
Mentis, & incoctum generoſo Poetus honeſto.

A Soul, where Laws both human and divine
In Practice more than Speculation ſhine;
A genuine Honour, of a vigorous Kind,
Pure in the laſt Receſſes of the Mind.

Cer-

Certain it is, that for the Formation of a just Character, it is requisite to have a perfect Knowledge of Right and Wrong settled in the Mind, Virtue should be lodged in the Soul, and the Heart should glow with generous Truth; but as the World now goes, there is more Art to acquire the popular Opinion than Merit to deserve it; and the general Method, by which People grasp at Fame, consists in depreciating some Neighbour's Character. Thus the female Beauty aims at being a general Toast, by detracting from some other Fair-one. The Merchant endeavours to extend his own Credit and Correspondence by an artful Propagation of Suspicions to another's Disadvantage, and the Quack, after setting forth the unerring Efficacy of his Nostrum, closes his Advertisement with, "Beware "of Counterfeits, for such are abroad."

Cicero observes, that for one Man to detract from another, and to think of aggrandizing himself at the Expence of his Neighbour, is more against Nature, than Death, than Grief, or any other Calamity incident to human Life. The Realms of Fame are not to be explored by *Doublings* and *Shiftings*, and, whenever any one would arrive at those Regions, Honour, Truth, and Generosity must freight the Vessel; the Breath of voluntary, impartial Applause must swell the Sail, and the Course must be direct, bold, and open to the Eye of the World.

A Reputation otherwise obtained must certainly afford very little Satisfaction, and it will still administer less, when we consider, that it is only, as *Shakespear* calls it, MOUTH HONOUR, gained from the ignorant, from the self-interested, the mean, and the contemptible,; *Tollat sua munera cerdo*, says a Writer already quoted; let the Underlings of Mankind keep their Commendations to themselves; for the Praise of such is beneath the Ambition of an honest Man, and by Parity of Reason, their Censure, their Disapprobation, their

their Cabals, their Intrigues, their Tattles, their daily Compotations, and their Midnight Clubs, are to be despised by every one, whose Breast is impregnated with a Love of Truth and Virtue.

To draw to a Conclusion; the uncertain Tide of illusive Popularity is ever known to fluctuate, to ebb, and to subside, and then the *Shallows* are discovered, the *treacherous Quicksands* are revealed, and the *Bottom* lies betrayed to Sight. In like Manner giddy Detraction spends and exhausts itself; the Storm howls for a Time, and then decays into the Murmur of Obloquy, which at Length dies totally away; the Scene clears up; the Lustre of Integrity spreads a Day around it, and Infamy, instead of adhering where it was directed, returns to its native Spring.

I have met in some *French* Writer a short *Chinese* Story, with which I shall dismiss this Paper. "The "celebrated *Ming* was accused of entertaining disre-"spectful Ideas of *Tien* and *Li*, and of being disaffected "to the Emperor *Vang*. When the Executioners went "to seize the old Man, they found him composing a "Panegyric upon *Vang*, and an Hymn to *Tien* and "*Li*."——

TRUE INTELLIGENCE.

Tilt-yard Coffee house, Jan. 5, 1754.

WE are not a little surprized, that Mr. *Ranger*, in his Rambles, never drops into this military Academy; perhaps he may imagine that among the Gentlemen of the Sword nothing can offer worthy the Notice of a Man of Letters. But we can assure him we have some Personages of profound Erudition. Capt. *Halfpay* acquainted the Corps, the other Day, that he had lately taken up a Book, which lay on the Window at his Lodging, called THE BIBLE. He said, he had never met with the Work before, and that he read a pretty Story enough in it, of one *Joseph* and his Brethren.

thren. He obſerved, that the Stile was ſomewhat uncouth, but that really there was ſomething well enough in it for a Book of the Kind. Upon this Lieutenant *Strut* ſaid, that he had heard of the Book, but never looked into it.——He believed he had it in his Hand once, when he took the Oaths, but he did not well recollect. He added, however, that he would upon Captain *Halfpay*'s Recommendation, carry it with him, when he went next into Country Quarters. We mention this only as a Specimen of what *Ranger* may pick up if he will but Favour us with a Viſit.

Covent-Garden Theatre.

The *Italian Burletta*, which was performed here for the firſt Time about the Middle of laſt Month, has continued to draw ſplendid Audiences three times a Week ever ſince. *A Burletta*, is a mock Performance intended to burleſque the Incidents and Muſic of the *Italian* Opera; but whatever Humour it may contain is certainly loſt to an *Engliſh* Audience; however, notwithſtanding theſe Diſadvantages one of this Exotic Troupe, who in the Piece is called *Spiletta*, has ſuch a quick Expreſſion of Humour in her Countenance, ſuch a Vivacity of Action, joined to ſuch Variety, that ſhe is allowed, in this fantaſtic Part of Acting, to be an excellent Performer; though the Manager has obſerved, that ſhe does not know how to lay her *Emphaſis*. "I "aſſure you, Mr. ——, the *Italians*, as well as the "*Engliſh*, lay their EMPHERSIS on the ADJUTANT."

ADVERTISEMENT.

Any Perſon inclined to go to *Drury-Lane* Playhouſe this Evening in a Hackney-Coach, may hear of three agreeable Companions at the *Rainbow Coffee-houſe* in *Cornhill*.

N. B. As *Harlequin Fortunatus* is to be performed it will be neceſſary to ſet out early.

NUMB.

NUMB. 65. GRAY's-INN, *Saturday, Jan.* 12, 1754.

Manet altâ mente repoſtum. VIRG.
Hinc illæ lacrymæ. TEREN.

AT the laſt Meeting of our Club, my Friend, Mr. *Candid*, informed us, that he had lately ſeen the Character of King *Lear* admirably performed by Mr. *Garrick*, and that he had ſince thrown together ſome Remarks upon that excellent Tragedy, which he deſired I would this Day communicate to the Readers of the *Gray*'s-*Inn-Journal.*

To be able to criticiſe a Poet with any Degree of Perſpicuity, it is requiſite to conſider the Nature of his Fable; and the moral Uſe of the Work. This being ſketched, we may then proceed to obſerve how he lays on his Colouring, the Diſpoſition of each Perſonage, the Expreſſion of the Paſſions, and which is the capital Figure in the Piece. *Lear* beiug examined in this Manner, it will appear that the Author intended to exhibit, in the moſt ſtriking Colours, the horrid Crime of Filial Ingratitude. To enforce this he repreſents an old Monarch tired with the Cares of State, and willing to diſtribute his Poſſeſſions among his Daughters, in Proportion to their Affections towards his Perſon. Accordingly, the two that flatter him obtain all, the third Siſter being diſinherited for her Sincerity, and the King is at length driven by the Ingratitude of his two eldeſt Daughters, to an extreme of Madneſs, which produces the fineſt Tragic Diſtreſs ever ſeen on any Stage.

As this is the Ground-work of the Play, I am ſurprized that any Critic ſhould impute the Madneſs of *Lear* to the Loſs of Royalty. The Behaviour of his

Children is always uppermoſt in his Thoughts, and we perceive it working upon his Paſſions, till at Length his Mind ſettles into a fixed Attention to that ſingle Object. This, I think, will appear in a critical Examination of the Play.

Lear, in his firſt Scene, ſhews himſelf ſuſceptible of the moſt violent Emotions. The Poet has drawn him impetuous to the greateſt Degree, proud, haughty, revengeful, and tender-hearted. In ſuch a Mind it is not to be wondered that Ill-treatment ſhould excite the moſt uneaſy Senſations. He takes fire at an imaginary Appearance of Diſaffection in *Cordelia*.

But goes thy Heart with this?
So young and ſo untender!

He is ſoon after alarmed with Suſpicions of Diſreſpect from *Gonerill*, "I will look further into't."—He then is convinced of her contemptuous Diſregard, and the Effect it has upon him, indicates a Mind, impotent and liable to the worſt Perturbations.

Does Lear *walk thus? ſpeak thus? where are his Eyes?*
Either his Notion weakens, his Diſcernings
Are lethargy'd.———

His Reflections after this ſhew what is neareſt to his Heart.

Ingratitnde! thou marble-hearted Fiend,
More hideous, when thou ſhew'ſt thee in a Child,
Than the Sea-Monſter.———

He obſerves that *Cordelia*'s Fault was ſmall; and when even that made ſuch an Impreſſion on him, what are we to expect from his fiery Diſpoſition, when rejected by thoſe to whom he had given all? His Imprecation, though big with Horror, is the natural Reſult of his Indignation; and the Tenderneſs and Overflowings of Softneſs, which melt him in the midſt of his Vehemence, produce a fine Conflict of Paſſions.

Th'untented

Th'untented Woundings of a Father's Curse,
Pierce ev'ry Sense about thee!—Old fond Eyes,
Beweep this Cause again, I'll pluck ye out,
And cast ye, with the Waters that you lose,
To temper Clay.——

His Haughtiness then breaks out in a Menace to his Daughter.

Thou shal't find
That I'll resume the Shape, which thou dost think
I have cast off forever.

His Address to *Regan* is extremely tender and pathetic.

Thy tender-hefted Nature shall not give
Thee o'er to Harshness.

And a little after

Thou better know'st
The Offices of Nature, Bond of Childhood,
Effects of Courtesie, Dues of Gratitude;
Thy half o'th'Kingdom thou hast not forgot,
Wherein I thee endow'd——

There have been many Poets who were acquainted in general with the Passions of human Nature, and accordingly we find them constantly describing their Effects; but *Shakespear*'s Art shows their Impulse and their Workings, without the Aid of Definition or flowery Description. Besides the general Survey of the Heart, he was more intimately versed in the various Tempers of Mankind than any Poet whatever. We always find that he makes the Passions of each Personage in his Drama operate according to his peculiar Habit and Frame of Mind; and, in the Tragedy in Question, there are so many Strokes of this Nature, that in my Opinion, it is his Master-Piece. In every Speech in *Lear*'s Mouth, there is such an artful Mixture of thwarting Passions, that the Heart-strings of an Audience are torn on every

 Side.

Side. The frequent Tranſition and Shifting of Emotions is natural to every Breaſt, but in *Lear* they are characteriſtical Marks of his Temper.

I pr'ythee, Daughter, do not make me mad.
I will not trouble thee my Child. Farewel.
We'll meet no more—no more ſee one another.
But yet thou art my Fleſh, my Blood, my Daughter;
Or rather a Diſeaſe that's in my Fleſh, &c.
But I'll not chide thee;
Let Shame come when it will, I do not call it;
I do not bid the Thunder-bearer ſhoot,
Nor tell Tales of thee to high judging Jove.

In this Speech every Maſter-paſſion in his Temper riſes in Conflict, his Pride, his Revenge, his quick Reſentment, and his Tenderneſs. *Shakeſpear* has beautifully repeated Inſtances of this Nature, in almoſt every Line, and the following Paſſage has ſome of the fineſt Turns in the World.

O let not Woman's Weapons, Water-Drops,
Stain my Man's Cheeks—— no, ye unnatr'al Hags——
I will have ſuch Revenges on ye both—I'll do ſuch Things,
What they are I know not——But they ſhall be
The Terrors of the Earth—you think I'll weep—
No—I'll not weep—I have full Cauſe of weeping—
This Heart ſhall break into a thouſand Flaws——
Or e'er I'll weep——O Fool, I ſhall go mad.

Here the diſtreſſed Monarch leaves his Daughter's Roof, and the next Time we ſee him, he is on a wild Heath in a violent Storm, where all his Reflections take a Tincture from the gloomy Colour of a Mind diſeaſed with Anguiſh, and we ſoon ſee what is the principal Object of his Attention.

——*Thou*

——— ——— ——— ———Thou all-shaking Thunder
Crack Nature's Mould; all Germins spill at once
That make UNGRATEFUL MAN.

And again;

The Tempest in my Mind
Doth from my Senses take all Feeling else
Save what beats there ——Filial Ingratitude!

His sudden Apostrophe to his Daughters must draw Tears from every Eye.

O Regan! Gonerill!
Your old kind Father, whose frank Heart gave all.

The breaking off has a fine Effect.

O! that Way Madness lies—let me shun that—
No more of that——

As yet the Perturbation of his Mind does not seem fixed to a Point; he begins to moralize, but still with a View to his own Afflictions, until *Edgar* enters disguised like a Madman. *Lear*'s first Question is, "have "his Daughters brought him to this Pass? couldst thou "save nothing? didst thou give them all?"—And this I take to be the first Touch of fixed Madness in the Play, and might point out to any Man the Cause of his Destraction, without thinking of the Resignation of his Sceptre, or the mere Loss of regal Power.

As our Hero is now out of his Senses, a new Field opens itself to the Poet. He had before display'd every Movement of the Heart, and the human Understanding now becomes his Province, in which, we shall find, he acquits himself with the most masterly Skill. Mr. *Locke* observes, that *Madmen do not seem to have lost the Faculty of Reasoning; but having joined together some Ideas very wrongly, they mistake them for Truths; and they err as Men do that argue right from wrong Principles. For by the Violence of their Imaginations, having mistaken their Fancies for Realities, they make right Deductions from them.*

 Agreeably

Agreeably to this Account, *Lear*, upon the Appearance of a Madman, takes it for granted that it is owing to his Daughters Ill-treatment, and when contradicted, he replies, "Death! Traitor! nothing could have subdued Nature to ſuch a Lowneſs but his unkind Daughters"—— He next takes him for a Philoſopher, and agreeably to that Notion enquires "what is the Cauſe "of Thunder?"

In his next Scene a Deſire of revenging his Grievances actuates his Mind;

To have a thouſand with red burning Spits
Come hizzing in upon 'em!

He then proceeds to arraign his Daughters in a Court of Juſtice. "Arraign her firſt, 'tis *Gonerill*. I here "take Oath before this honourable Aſſembly—ſhe "kicked the poor King her Father—Here is another "too whoſe warpt Looks proclaim what Store her "Heart is made of."——He ſtill continues to dwell in Imagination upon the Crime of Ingratitude, which appears to him ſo ſhocking that he exclaims, "Let "them anatomize *Regan*;—ſee what breeds about her "Heart—Is there any Cauſe in Nature for theſe hard "Hearts?" This laſt Stroke cannot fail to draw Tears from every Eye. The Reader will pleaſe to obſerve, that all this Time there is not a Word ſaid of his Royalty; on the contrary, he ſays to *Edgar*, "You, "Sir, I entertain for one of my Hundred; only I "do not like the Faſhion of your Garment," &c. which hundred, was appointed after his Abdication.

After this how was *Shakeſpear* to repreſent *Lear* again ſo as to keep up the Paſſions, and heighten the Diſtreſs? By taking Advantage of every Circumſtance in *Lear*'s Temper. He had ſaid that he would reaſſume the Shape, he had caſt off: This then remained untouched, and accordingly in the next Scene we perceive him actually putting it in Execution, and his Fancy ſuggeſts to him, that he is a King; from which he reaſons as

from

from every other Principle, and always with an Eye to his Children. "No, "they cannot touch me for "coining; I am the King himſelf." "There's my "Gauntlet—I ll prove it on a Giant." From this, his Imagination wanders. "Bring up the brown Bills—"O well flown Barb! i'th' Clout! i'th' Clout——"Hewgh, give the Word."——From this Rambling he ſoon returns, and the habitual Ideas again take Poſſeſſion of him. "Ha *Regan! Gonerill!* they flattered "me like a Dog," *&c.* After this, *Glo'ſter* enquiring if it is not the King, he catches at the Word and anſwers, "Ay, every Inch a King." And then he draws ſome more Inferences from that Notion, till he reflects that *Glo'ſter*'s Baſtard Son was kinder to his Father than his own Daughters, got in lawful Sheets. From this he digreſſes into an Invective againſt Women, and continues raving, till at length his Spirit of Revenge returns upon him. "And when I've ſtolen "upon theſe SONS-IN-LAW, then kill, kill, kill, kill."

It was *Shakeſpear*'s Art to reſerve his being crowned with Straw for the laſt Scene of his Madneſs, as it is a Repreſentation of human Nature reduced to the loweſt Ebb. Had he loſt his Reaſon on Account of his abdicated Throne, the Emotions of Pity would not be ſo intenſe, as they now are when we ſee him drove to that Extreme by the Cruelty of his own Children. Every Topic of parental Diſtreſs being exhauſted, and all the King's Maſter-Paſſions diſplayed in his Madneſs, the Poet judiciouſly ſhews him gradually coming to himſelf in the next Scene; and we ſee the Ideas dawning ſlowly on his Soul.

Where have I been?—where am I?—fair Day-light!

In this Recollection of his Reaſon, he never once mentions the Loſs of Royalty, but again touches upon the Cauſe of his Diſtreſs in his Speech to *Cordelia.*

I know you do not love me; for your Sisters
Have, as I do remember, done me wrong;
You have some Cause; they have not.——

So that before his Madness, in it, and after it, *Lear* never loses Sight of the Ideas which had worn such Traces on his Brain; and he must be unfeeling to the great Art of our Poet, who can look for any other Cause of Distress, in Scenes which are drawn so forcibly and strong, and kept up with the most exquisite Skill to the very dying Words of the unhappy Monarch.

TRUE INTELLIGENCE.

Court of Censorial Enquiry, Jan. 9.

THIS Day *Jacob Rescounter*, of St. *Mary-Ax*, Broker, was indicted, for that he, not being a Subscriber, did, on the 1st Instant, at *Sam*'s *Coffee-house* in *Exchange-Alley*, call for one Book or Pamphlet, entitled, A SURE GUIDE TO HELL, and the same did peruse, contrary to the Rules and Orders in that Case made and provided.

Samuel Wood, sworn.

I am the Master of *Sam*'s *Coffee-house*, and as I was stirring the Fire (this was on the first Day of the Month) the Prisoner called with a very audible Voice——"A "SURE GUIDE TO HELL,"——whereupon I answered ——"A SURE GUIDE TO HELL," *Sir, you shall have*, and immediately put the Book in his Hand; but *Major* took me aside, and told me, he was not a Subscriber. Upon this I examined the List, and found that his Name was not there.

Major, the Waiter, sworn.

As soon as I heard the Prisoner call for the Pamphlet, smoke him, says I to myself, he is no Subscriber, and accordingly cocks I my Eye at Master, who understood me very well; and when he had delivered the Book

to

to the Priſoner, we went over the Liſt of Subſcribers together, and he was not in it.

Priſoner's Defence.

I had been in the Alley that Morning, to ſell ſome Navy-Bills for Mr. *Iſcariot*, and I dropped in at the Coffee-houſe, with an Intention to ſubſcribe; but, it being a Holiday, I did not think the Books were open, as they never are at the *South-Sea* or *India-Houſes*, on thoſe Days.

Court.—Have you any one to call to your Character?

Priſoner. I have—Let Mr. *Iſaac Belſhazzar* be called.

Iſaac Belſhazzar, Stock-Jobber, ſworn on an *India-Bond.*

I have known the Priſoner ſeveral Years; I have often employed him to buy Blanks for me; and he always behaved very honeſtly; I could not ſuſpect him of ſuch an Action.

William Doe, ſworn.

I have known the Priſoner about nine Months; I always thought him a Man of good Character; I made a Pair of Leather Breeches for him, and he paid me very honeſtly.

Abraham Shylock, ſworn.

I am a Barber in *Duke's-Place.* I know the Priſoner's Father very well; he ſells Cane-ſtrings, and really I always thought his Son *Jacob* a very honeſt Man; I never heard any Thing amiſs of him, before this Affair of his reading the Pamphlet, and really I could not think him capable of ſuch an Action. *Guilty* 10*d.*

NUMB. 66. GRAY'S-INN, *Saturday, Jan.* 19, 1754.

Locus est & pluribus umbris. HOR.

THE following Letter is wrote with ſuch a Vein of Candor and Taſte, that I cannot with-hold it from the Public this Day. I am highly obliged to the Author for ſo ingenious a Piece, and ſhall be glad to know by a Line to the Printer hereof, where I may direct to him, as I ſhould be proud to cultivate a Correſpondence with ſo elegant a Critic. The Reader will judge of the Matter for himſelf, and, upon a future Occaſion, I ſhall offer ſome further Conſiderations on this Subject, and will only hint for the preſent, that I hope it will not be any Detriment to me, that I publiſh a genteel Performance, which is, in ſome Meaſure, againſt what I have advanced. I flatter myſelf I ſhall not have Reaſon to be ſorry for admitting him into my Province, and to ſay with the Poet,

Et Regni demens in parte vocavi. VIRG.

To CHARLES RANGER, *Eſq*;

SIR,

TO addreſs a Letter to you under the Character of of Mr. *Ranger*, I am perſuaded needs little Apology; eſpecially when it goes from one, who, though a Stranger to you, has a real Regard to your Reputation as an Author, and having often received great Pleaſure from your Weekly Eſſays, takes this Liberty of throwing out his Thoughts to you on a Piece of Criticiſm in which he differs with you in Opinion.

Your

Your Paper of last *Saturday* an Examen of King *Lear*, and you think many Critics have mistaken the principal Idea in the old King's Mind during his State of Madness: After citing *Lear's* Exclamation on the Ingratitude of his Daughters you add, "This might lead any Man to "the Cause of *Lear*'s Madness, without thinking of the "Resignation of his Sceptre." But certainly, whoever considers *Lear*'s Character with Attention, will from the very Passage you quote, beside an hundred others, think there is much to be said on the other Side of the Question.

I have read with great Pleasure several of the Remarks you make on the Speeches in *Lear*, which are such as can arise only in the Mind of a Reader of Taste; but I cannot agree, that "*He must be unfeeling to the great* "*Art of our Poet, who can look for any other Couse of* "*Distress*," in the Madness of the King, than the Ingratitude of his Daughters.

I know not in what Manner you may treat the Remarks I am about to make, but I can sincerely assure you, they are only intended as Hints to yourself, on a Subject which I think of some Consequence to the Admirers of *Shakespear*.

The Critic in the *Adventurer* was somewhat wanting in Justice to the Poet, by mentioning the Loss of Royalty as the sole Cause of *Lear*'s Madness, without taking Notice at the same Time of the forcible Idea he must have of the Ingratitude of his two Daughters; and I think Mr. *Ranger* also wrong, in excluding intirely his Opinion. What I purpose here is, to point out *both the Ideas* working strongly in his Mind, and what the Author intended as conducive to the Moral of his Play.

No Critic on *Shakespear* can better explain the Characters he draws, than the Poet himself does in every Speech; we not only see what his Persons are during the Scene represented, but we are also made acquainted by some nice Touches in each Play, with their former Mode of thinking and acting; and as no Poet ever understood

derſtood Nature better in the Operation of the Paſſions, ſo he always makes them ſpeak and act in the higheſt Conformity to their Characters: In this Reſpect his Genius and Judgment is every where equal to *Horace*'s Precept,

Ætatis cujuſque notandi ſunt tibi Mores.

Lear's Deportment and Sentiments in regard to his Daughters in the firſt Act, and what *Gonerill* ſays of him to *Regan*, mark very plainly his Character; which is, that of *a haughty, paſſionate, inconſtant, weak old Man.* He does not reſign his Authority to his Daughters ſo much out of Love to them, as to rid himſelf of the Cares of Government——He retains the Name of King with a ſuitable Train of Attendants——He ſtill commands with his former Impetuoſity of Temper, and is jealous even of Trifles. This the ill-natured Character of the Daughters will not ſuffer, and they are in Conſultation in the moſt undutiful and unbecoming Manner to deprive him of his remaining Shew of Power: Their Behaviour and Ingratitude ſoon appear in the moſt glaring Inſtances, and make the old King ſorely ſenſible, that he had *given them* ALL.——

Nature was *Shakeſpear*'s Guide, he deſcribes the Imagination affected by concurring Cauſes to pave the Way for a Scene of the higheſt Diſtreſs—*Lear*, as a King and Father feels with great Senſibility the Shocks, of his Daughters Ingratitude and unnatural Treatment, and exhibits a moving Picture of the Feelings of the Heart, and the various Conflicts of Paſſions very expreſſive of his Character and Circumſtances; if the Poet had nothing more in view, he might have been well content with the maſterly Picture he has drawn of his Diſtreſs, Grief, and Rage in every Scene before the Loſs of his Senſes; but he has crowned the Diſtreſs by making him at laſt fix his Imagination on his own Raſhneſs and Folly in giving away his ALL, and putting it out of his

Power

Power to avenge himſelf. And 'tis this Reflection chiefly drives him to Madneſs.

The jeſting of his Fool wholly turns upon his *unkinging himſelf* and retaining *nothing*, which *Lear* minutely attends to, and ſays, " A bitter Fool!——After *Gonerill*'s Propoſal to reduce his Train, he breaks out, " *Woe! that too late repents.*"——Then the Ingratitude of his Daughters and his own Folly deeply ſtrike him.

——O Lear, Lear, Lear!
Beat at this Gate that let thy Folly in,
And thy dear Judgment out.

Afterwards he ſays to *Gonerill*,

Thou ſhalt find,
That I'll reſume the Shape which thou diſt think
I have caſt off for ever. Gon. *do you mark that?*

In the next Scene, wrapt up in Thought, he ſays,

TO TAKE 'T AGAIN PERFORCE!—*Monſter Ingratitude!*

In this Line the two Ideas are ſtrongly blended, and the *Loſs of Power* foremoſt, for ſurely that was the obvious Reaſon of the Inſults he had received; if he had ſtill been in Poſſeſſion, they would have continued to ſprinkle him with *Court Holy-water:* The Fool, whoſe Phraſe the laſt is, ſays,

Fathers that wear Rags,
Do make their Children blind;
But Fathers that bear Bags,
Shall ſee their Children kind, &c.

I muſt here take Notice of the different Colouring uſed by our Poet, and all good Writers, in diſtinguiſhing the Characters of Men ſeemingly agitated by the ſame Paſſions. *Lear*'s Idea of his Folly, in diveſting himſelf of his Authority, is nicely and artfully diſtinguiſhed by *Shakeſpear*, from that Kind of Regret, which an imperious Man of a different Character would feel from the Deprivation of Power.——He is full of the Loſs of his Dignity, only as it was the Occaſion of the ill Treatment he met with, and not from a Thirſt of Rule.——

This

This Idea and that of the Ingratitude of his Daughters, which he feels as the Consequence of it, I cannot help thinking, are as closely united in his Madness, as two Twigs twisted together, and growing out of the same Stem.

When he exclaims and reproaches his Daughters in that heart-piercing Scene of Distress on the Heath, he says,

O Regan! O Gonerill!
Your old kind Father! whose frank Heart gave all——
O that Way Madness lies—Let me shun THAT——
No more of THAT——

On his Recollection that he *gave all*, he breaks short and immediately subjoins, " O that Way Madness lies; let me shun *that*; no more of *that*;—— *i. e.* Let me not think that I have been guilty of so much Folly, as to have given *all* to such ungrateful Wretches——the Reflection will make me mad.

I know it may be insisted on by you, and perhaps by many others, that *Lear* makes use of the Sentiment of *giving all*, only to tax the Ingratitude of his Daughters in a higher Degree; but, tis possible, you may be of a contrary Opinion, if you can allow, that the Moral of this Play, does not expose the Ingratitude of Children, more than the Folly of Parents. *This same Folly of Parents* is also touched with great Judgment in the Under-plot of *Glo'ster*; and the Characters of *Lear*'s two Daughters are finely contrasted with those of *Cordelia* and *Edgar*; and the Poet's Design in marking out so strongly the Folly and ill-judged Partiality of Parents is confirmed by the Behaviour of *Edmund*——

When *Lear* sees the Wretchedness of *Edgar*, he pursues the same Train of Reasoning which before posseſt him, and asks, " *Didst thou* GIVE ALL *to thy Daugh-" ters!—And art thou to come to this?*" And immediately after,

That

What! Have his Daughters brought him to this Paſs?
Could'ſt thou ſave nothing?—*did'ſt thou* give them all?

This is agreeable to his Character——And from all that we hear in common Life (for there are many Stories) of old weak Parents, who have acted much in the Manner of *Lear*, and to the Reproach of human Nature, have met with Ingratitude and Diſobedience; theſe, I ſay, in their Feeling-hours of Diſtreſs, are reported to have reproached themſelves with their Folly in GIVING ALL, as well as exclaimed againſt the Ingratitude of their Children.

There are many Characters, I doubt not, now in the World, who retain a Heap of Treaſure, uſeleſs to themſelves, from their Children, on no better Motives, than to inſure their Duty and Attention; and ſome who carry the Moral of this Play to a ridiculous Height, by denying their Children an Independance, merely on the ſame Parity of Reaſoning, without conſidering the Difference between the Prudence of Parents and their Folly.

I FORBEAR making any Quotations from *Lear*'s Speeches in his Madneſs. I think the Whole obvious enough, and that our immortal Poet, who had a perfect Knowledge of the Workings of the human Mind, has drawn *both the Ideas* in *Lear*'s Madneſs, agreeable to the Repreſentation he has made of him in the firſt Act.

What I have hitherto ſaid, is entirely confined to the different Opinions of Mr. *Ranger* and the *Adventurer*; nor do I expect that you ſhall alter your's in Conformity to my Judgment.—Let a diligent Examination of the Play determine you in the future Criticiſms you intend to give the Public on this Subject.

WHAT has often occurr'd to me, in reading over the ſeveral Editions of our Poet, and what has been ſaid by you, and many great Geniuſſes, only ſerve to convince me of the Difficulty of any one Man's ſucceeding in a perfect Criticiſm on *Shakeſpear*; at leaſt, I have Reaſon

to

to think ſo, from what I have ſeen of the ſeveral Attempts that have been made by different Commentators from the Time of Mr. *Rowe*, to the mutilated Condition our Poet was thrown into by ſubſequent Editors.

Several Perſons have ſucceeded in illuſtrating many of the Characters he draws, and have pointed out to public Notice, many of his latent Beauties; but, I believe, "*there is ſcarce one Man alive* (to ſpeak in the "Stile of a very extraordinary Addreſs to a great Man, "in laſt *Saturday's Inſpector*) *who is even capable of calling all his Beauties by their proper Names*, much leſs "of *exhibiting them all with Advantage to the Public*; "whoſe Property *they now are, if they will acquire a* "*Taſte to enjoy 'em.*"

I can't forbear mentioning the Obligation which the Public has to the Genius of Mr. *Garrick*, who has exhibited with great Luſtre many of the moſt ſhining Strokes of *Shakeſpear*'s amazing Art; and may be juſtly ſtiled (as he was once called by you) his beſt Commentator: For 'tis certain, he has done our Poet more Juſtice by his Manner of playing his principal Characters, than any Editor has yet done by a Publication.

I ſhall conclude with the ſame Freedom as I began, by deſiring you will conſider my Manner of treating this Subject, as the mere Hints of a friendly Letter, and not as an Eſſay on the Subject in Diſpute.

I am, Sir,

Your moſt obedient Servant,

Lincoln's-Inn, Jan. 15, 1754. G.

TRUE INTELLIGENCE.

To Miſtur Squire CHARLES RANGER.

S I R,

THIS comes fith hur harty Sarfice to hur, and thanks hur for the Onour hur tuz hur in ſpeking ſo fel of hur in hur Paper, ant hur can tell hur,

hur

hur young Miſtreſs, cot pleſs hur, tuz likewiſe te ſame. Te Occaſion of hur preſent Writing to hur, look ye, is in pehalfe of hur Fellow Sarſants, ant hur ſelf, ant it is hur teſirs ant hur requeſts, that hur would take hur Creſes ant hur Trupples into Conſiteration. Hur muſt know then *Miſtur Squire Charles Ranger* tat fen te Carafan is arifed at hur Houſe, te all, as if tey were afraid te Lion ſhould pite off teir Pates ant teir Nottles, tirectly co to te upper ent of te Room, ant pulling up te Flappits of teir Coats, run teir Packſites ſo far into te Fire, tat as cot is hur Shudge, hur has often tink tey foot purn teir Preeches ſo tat *Ropert* ant hurſelf have peen obliget (though Heafen knows acainſt hur conſciences) to ſcalt teir Lecks, as if py chance, for which look ye, hur is often in Tanger of her Life. Now *Miſtur Squire Charles Ranger*, if hur fill pe plea'ſt to pe ſo coot as to give hur a little of hur coot Adfice, hur fill not only ſafe hur Miſtreſs a huge teal of hot Water, put hurſelf ant *Ropert* from hafing a Sord run into hur Powells.

Hur is hur's,

CHARLES PRICE, *Porter.*

From hur Pench py te Pret and Putter Cupport, at the *Petford Coffee houſe*, *Coſent-Garten*, the 15*th* Day of *Janifery*, *Anno Tomini* one touſant ſefen huntret, ant fifty-four, per te, *New-Stile.*

Court of Cenſorial-Enquiry, Jan. 19,

Charles Price is hereby empowered to apprehend, and in ſafe Cuſtody to hold all Offenders in this Shape, ſo that he or they ſhall be brought to the Bar of this Court, and for ſo doing this ſhall be his ſufficient Warrant.

By Order of the Court.

CHARLES RANGER.

NUMB. 67. GRAY'S-INN, *Saturday, Jan.* 26, 1754.

Non obdura adeò gestamus Pectora Pœni,
Nec tam aversus Equos Tyriâ Sol jungit ab Urbe.
VIRG.

THOUGH I have in my two last Papers entirely confined the Attention of my Readers to critical Enquiries, I shall make no Apology for offering another Essay this Day upon a Subject nearly connected with those Matters, the more especially as the Honour of our Country is in some Sort concerned in the present Lucubration against a *French* Writer, upon whom I have formerly animadverted, and who has taken in some Passages of his Works, unbecoming Liberties with the *English* Nation.

Prefixed to *Voltaire*'s *Merope*, we find a Letter to *Maffei* (the Author of an *Italian* Tragedy on the same Subject) in which that Writer, after mentioning a faulty Piece which was performed on the *English* Stage, delivers himself in the following Words. *Elle fut sans doute mal reçue; mais n'est il pas bien etrange qu'on l'ait representée? N'est ce pas une preuve que le Teatre* Angloise *n'est pas encore epuré? Il semble que la même cause qui prive les* Angloise *du Genie de la Painture & de la Musique, leur ôte aussi celui de la Tragedie. Cette Isle, qui a produit les plus grand Philosophes de la Terre, n'est pas aussi fertile pour les beaux Arts; & si les* Anglois *ne s'appliquent serieusement a suivre les Preceptes de leurs excellens Citoyens* Addison & Pope, *ils n'approcheront pas des autres Peuples en fait de Gout & de Literature.* "The *English Merope*, "(says *Voltaire*,) acted in the Year 1731, was not well "received;

"received; but is it not ſurpriſing that it was exhibited "at all? May we not infer from thence, that the *Engliſh* Stage has not as yet attained a due Degree of Re-"finement? It looks as if the ſame Cauſe, which has "deprived the *Engliſh* of a Genius for Painting and "Muſic, has alſo withheld from them the Spirit of Dra-"matic Poetry. That Iſland which has produced the "greateſt Philoſophers in the World, is not ſo happy "with Regard to the polite Arts, and unleſs they ſe-"riouſly attach themſelves to the Precepts of their ex-"cellent Countrymen, *Addiſon* and *Pope*, they will be "thrown at a Diſtance by other Nations in Point of Li-"terature and Productions of Taſte."

Becauſe the Managers of a Theatre ſuffered a bad Piece to be repreſented, is it not unfair to derive from thence a Charge of Indelicacy upon a whole Nation, more particularly when the Reception this Piece met with from the Public is rather an Indication of a correct and juſt Taſte?——

What the Cauſe is, which has deprived the *Engliſh* of a Genius for Painting and Muſic, I am at a Loſs to determine. Certain it is, thoſe Arts flouriſhed for a long Time in *Italy*, before they came over the *Alps* to our northern Regions; and it is certain that a Taſte for them has prevailed many Years ſince in this Kingdom. They have been cultivated here with the greateſt Delicacy by ſeveral eminent Maſters, though we cannot boaſt as many exalted Geniuſſes as have adorned the ſofter Clime of *Italy*. The Transfiguration by *Raphael*, the Nativity by *Corregio*, and the laſt Judgment by *Michael Angelo* will perhaps never be matched any where elſe; but it is unfair to deduce a Concluſion from thence, that we have no Genius for this excellent imitative Art in *England*. Portrait-Painting has been in as great a Degree of Perfection in this Country as in any other Part of the World. Sir *Godfrey Kneller* found ſo much Taſte among us, that he made this his own Country; and here — Lely

Lely *on animated Canvas ſtole*
The ſleepy Eye, which ſpoke the melting Soul.

But not to ſneak from living worth to dead, as Mr. *Pope* finely expreſſes it, whoever, has obſerved with Attention the Performances of *Hayman*, muſt be convinced that *Voltaire*'s Charge of a Want of Taſte is perfectly groundleſs. Every Thing is put out of Hand by this excellent Artiſt with the utmoſt Grace and Delicacy, and his Hiſtory-Pieces have, beſides their beautiful Colouring, the moſt lively Expreſſion of Character. *Hutſon*'s Rooms teem with mimic Life; and *Hogarth*, like a true Genius, has formed a new School of Painting for himſelf. He may be truly ſtiled the *Cervantes* of his Art, as he has exhibited the ridiculous Follies of human Nature with the moſt exquiſite Humour, and he may be ſaid to be the firſt, who has wrote Comedy with his Pencil. His *Harlot's Progreſs*, and *Marriage A-la-mode* are, in my Opinion, as well drawn as any Thing in *Moliere*, and the Unity of Character, which is the Perfection of Dramatic Poetry, is ſo ſkilfully preſerved, that we are ſurprized to ſee the ſame Perſonage thinking agreeably to his complexional Habits in the many different Situations, in which we afterwards perceive him. The Frible, the Bully, the Politician, the Lawyer, the Miſer, and in ſhort all the ſtriking Characters in Life are, by this Gentleman, ſo admirably depicted upon Canvas, that I am convinced *Voltaire* would be at a Loſs to ſhew where he has been equalled by any of his Countrymen.———

We may alſo boaſt an equal Excellence in Muſic; for though Mr. *Handell* is not an *Engliſhman*, it is however a convincing Proof of our national Taſte, that we have made it worth his while to fix his Reſidence among us, and that we have ſhewn a due Senſibility to manly Melody, where the Sound is expreſſive of the Senſe, and where no unnatural Diviſions, nor idle inſignificant Quirks

Quirks mislead the Ear in a thrilling Maze of wild and and random Notes. It is owing to the Encouragement we have afforded this Gentleman, that we can now boaſt the nobleſt and moſt rational Muſic in the World. Beſides, ſuch a Genius as Doctor *Boyce* will be always ſufficient to vindicate us from *Voltaire*'s national Opprobrium, and the Admirers of *Arne* have conſtantly celebrated him for his peculiar Talent, at finding the moſt emphatic Expreſſion in a Compoſition, and diſcovering where the Paſſions are placed in every Piece of Poetry. To theſe Paſſages he never fails to give their full Energy, and like a raviſhing Commentator he brings new Beauties into Light with ſuch a Sweetneſs of Harmony, that every Breaſt yields irreſiſtibly to the melting Impreſſion. I am proud to have an Opportunity of ſaying that we are likely to have an *Engliſh* Opera ſet to Muſic by the laſt mentioned Gentleman, which, I perſuade myſelf, will do Honour to him and his Country.*

With Regard to Dramatic Poetry, our Advantage over every Nation in the known World is, I think, very apparent. The beſt Critics have laid it down as a Rule that a Performance is to be judged by its Number of ſtriking Beauties, and not by ſome Inaccuracies, and the Inſtances of occaſional Conformity to the vicious Taſte of the Times. If *Shakeſpear* is viewed in this light he will certainly appear to any unprejudiced Reader infinitely ſuperior to *Corneille*, *Racine*, and all the poliſhed Writers of *France* and *Italy*. I remember a Paſſage in *Voltaire*'s Writings, where he is at infinite Pains to bring together a String of Quotations from the beſt *French* Tragedies to evince their great Talents for the ſublime; in all he makes up about twenty or thirty at

* Since the Time, when the above Eſſay was wrote, Mr. *Smith*, a Pupil of Mr. *Handell*'s, has diſplayed a noble Genius for muſical Compoſition, and the Succeſs, which his Opera, called the *Fairies*, met with on *Drury-Lane* Stage, at once gives luſtre to his Merit, and is a Proof of the public Taſte.

most; and the Beauties of *Shakespear* have of late been published in several Volumes. Besides, *Otway* has found Access to the Heart better than any *French Writer* whatever, and the domestic Passions are touched by him with the greatest Elegance and Simplicity. It is very common on the *French* Stage to hear a Personage of the Drama, exclaiming perpetually *Helas,* and *mon Dieu!* and then formally acquainting the Audience that he feels such and such Sensations; but our great Masters of the Passions make their Hearers feel by Sympathy the Agitations of their Hero's Breast, without running into cold languid Declamation.

The Dramatic Poetry of this Conntry is like our Constitution, built upon the bold Basis of Liberty; and though the latter has brought our King to the Block, and the former admits Blood to be shed on the Stage; these are Corruptions which have intruded, and are, as the Poets says,

Effects unhappy from a noble Cause.

Upon the whole, we may apply, what *Horace* has said to the *English* Nation,

—Spirat Tragicum satis, & feliciter audet
Sed turpem putat in Chartis metuitque lituram.

Our Poets are sufficiently possessed of the Spirit of Tragedy, but they are not attentive to the minute Rules of correct Taste, and the Trouble of blotting. It may be added, that they have more real Fire, sublimer Sentiments, and Characters better marked than any Nation whatever; and with regard to Painting and Music, we can boast so many Masters in both as might have prevented the *French* Author from charging us with a Want of Genius, and Taste for the fine Arts.

I cannot dismiss this Paper, without observing, that it is a very particular Pleasure to me, to find the Subject, on which I have been hitherto offering some scattered Reflections, touched upon with great Spirit by a Writer of acknowledged Genius.* In a Preface to

* Mr. *Guthrie.*

a Novel

a Novel called the FRIENDS, he has expreſſed himſelf with great Warmth, and a noble national Jealouſy. After mentioning that *Voltaire* calls his Countrymen, THE ABSOLUTE LEGISLATORS OF ALL THE FINE ARTS IN EUROPE, "how ſhameleſs," ſays he, "is this Aſſer-"tion in the Face of a Country, that gave Bread to "*Holben*, Dignities to *Reubens*, and Encouragement to "*Vandike*; and that for Years before (even by this "Writer's own Acknowledgment) the national Taſte of "*France* was formed! While that Taſte was barbarous, "*Johnſon* enriched his native Tongue with Comedies, "wrought up to more than *Terentian* Regularity and "Propriety, in point of Conduct; and while *France* "was ignorant of almoſt every Order of Architecture, "*Inigo Jones*, in *England*, was rearing Houſes, and "projecting Palaces which all the boaſted Improve-"ments of *France*, in that Art, have not yet equalled. "I ſhall forbear to urge the Examples of *Spencer* or "*Shakeſpear*, becauſe I am firmly and ſeriouſly of Opi-"nion, that no *Frenchman* ever yet was able (ſuppoſing "him to underſtand *Engliſh* equally as *French*) to taſte "the Beauties of either of theſe Poets. For the Truth "of this, I appeal to every *Engliſhman*'s Senſe, who has "had the Misfortune to read the unwilling, ſcanty, "ſtarved and miſtaken Encomiums, that *Voltaire* has "beſtowed on *Shakeſpear*."

Is it not rather too charitable in the Author of the foregoing Paſſage to ſuppoſe Monſieur *Voltaire*'s reſerved Praiſes of *Shakeſpear* could ariſe only from an Inability of reliſhing his Beauties? For my Part, I muſt avow it, the *French* Writer appears to me capable of feeling every Stroke of our great Poet, but Envy, and a vain Ambition of erecting himſelf iuto an imagined Superiority, have rendered him open and explicit in his Abuſes, and heſitating and frigid in his Commendations. But to conclude; what *Virgil* has given away from his Country-men, we claim for ours. None better ſhall inform the

breathing

breathing Braſs, or ſoften Marble into mimic Features; none ſhall better plead, or with equal Sagacity deſcribe the Motions of the planetary Syſtem, and the Laws of Nature; and beſides, it ſhall be our further Praiſe to ſpare a vanquiſhed Foe, and to check the Encroachments of an intriguing, faithleſs, perfidious Enemy, ever reſtleſs and aiming at an univerſal Monarchy, which, it is to be hoped, the Councils and Arms of *Great Britain* will for ever hold from them.

TRUE INTELLIGENCE.

Drury-Lane, Jan. 26, 1754.

THE Tragedy of *Richard the Third* was performed here lately, and as there were many Circumſtances in the Battle, which was fought in the fifth Act, quite unknown to the Audience, it may not be improper to give ſome Account of that Engagement. The Theatrical Cock had done Salutation to the Morn, and *Richard* had animated the Soldiery, when the Attack was begun on the Left-Wing, under the Command of the Lord High *Conſtable Grey*. This Impreſſion was received by General *Raftor*, who ordered the Woods to be ſcowered, but the Enemy ſetting up the War-hoop, he was repulſed into the Green-Room, where he rallied his Spirits and his Forces, and again returned to the Charge. Upon this the Fight was renewed with great Alacrity, and continued very obſtinate, until a general Deſolation ſtretched the greateſt Part of the Combatants upon the Scene of Action. Upon this occaſion General *Raftor* fell greatly lamented, and (if we may be allowed to imitate *Salluſt*) the ſame Abſence of Paſſion, for which he was remarkable while living, was legible in his Countenance. Lord High Conſtable *Grey* was overpowered by Numbers, and his Body was taken up, far from his Friends, among fallen Heaps of the Enemy, ſtill breathing ſhort, and clinching his Staff with the ſame Eagerneſs he had done all his

Life.

Life. Lieutenant General *Mar* fell much lamented. We cannot at present furnish an exact Account of the Loss on either Side, but the Muster-Roll, which has been handed to us, stands as follows,

Wounded Carpenters	—	15
Scene Drawers	—	11
Dressers	— —	14
Thunderers	— —	3
Lightening-makers	—	5
Barbers	— —	11
Women scalped, *i.e.* lost their Caps.		13

This is all we can offer at present; but it is expected that a perfect List will be published by the *Managers* in a *Gazette* Extraordinary this Evening.

NUMB. 68. GRAY'S-INN, *Saturday, Feb.* 2, 1754.

O rus! quando ego te aspiciam, quandoque licebit
Nunc veterum libris, nunc somno & inertibus horis,
Ducere solicitæ jucunda oblivia vitæ?

HOR.

I LATELY met with a Fable, in a *French* Writer, which I thought, carried with it a great Deal of Propriety, and, though it was rather eked out, as is sometimes the Case among the liveliest Geniusses of that Country, beyond the just Limits prescribed by the Matter contained in it, it was however conducted with such a Prettiness of Fancy and Expression, that I was very much entertained with the Perusal of it. Poetry, (says my Author) is the Son of the God of *Ease* and the Goddess of *Meditation*. He bears in his Appearance such a strong Resemblance to these his Parents, that it is impossible, to mistake the Marks of his Legitimacy, and

therefore, whenever these Proofs of his Birth are deficient, we may with Reason conclude him to be of a spurious Breed.

From his Father, he derives his apparent Indolence, his Serenity, his graceful Elocution, and his unlaboured Turn of Thought, together with his elegant Felicity in all his Compositions; a remarkable Neglect of the ordinary Uses of Life, a Disregard for Riches, and a total Absence of all worldly Ambition, save what is inspired by Virtue and honest Fame, are his distinguishing Characteristics. From his Mother, he possesses his Modesty, which makes him not very fond of obtruding himself into Company; his pensive Air, which inclines him to be always enforcing some Precept of Morality, or some Topic which may be subservient to the Use or Enjoyment of Life; his Love of Solitude, which induces him to shun Crowds and great Cities, and leads him into rural Scenes, where he may give free Scope to his Imagination, undisturbed by the Cares and Anxieties of Life. The same Disposition in his Temper renders him not very fond of being known by the Bulk of Mankind, that he may prevent the Inconveniencies attendant on him when his Affairs require that he should make his Appearance in Public. If he puts any thing abroad into the World, and thinks proper to publish the Result of his contemplative Moments, he does not like to be pointed at by the Multitude, but chuses to receive the Tribute of Applause, obtained by his Writings, without being liable to the Sarcasms, the Taunts, and malevolent Jests, which are always the sure Concomitants of Praise, and which are generally a very great Discount upon his Happiness.

From these Motives he is enamoured with Retirement, and he is further confirmed in his sequestred State by a Consideration, that the more he keeps himself at a Distance

Diſtance from the Reſt of Mankind, the more Beauties they are willing to deſcry in his Productions; in like Manner as the Hills, and the remote Parts of a Proſpect preſent a more vivid Green, than when our Advances to them have brought the Scene more cloſe to our Inſpection, and the Heath, the craggy Rock, and ploughed Land, are familiariſed to the naked Eye.

This is the Subſtance of the Fable; the Meaning that it inculcates is certainly very juſt and obvious. The beſt Writers in all Ages have ſubſcribed to it, and the moſt applauded of the antient Poets are conſtantly offering warm Pictures of rural Imagery to our Imaginations; they ſeem to be ſtifled with Duſt and Smoke, when they mention a City-Life, and we frequently find them expatiating with Rapture upon the Pleaſures of a Country-Life, which they look upon to be the Nurſe of Thought, and the only Sphere in which their Studies can be proſecuted with any Degree of Succeſs.

The ſame Obſervation will hold good with Regard to all Kinds of Writing, unleſs it be thoſe excellent Productions of the Preſs which make their Appearance under the various Shapes of *Newgate*-Memoirs, New's-Papers, and political Pamphlets. In Works that call for a long Train of Reaſoning, ſubtile Diſquiſitions, and unwearied Application, undoubtedly the proper Place to accompliſh them, is in thoſe Regions, where Riot and Debauchery are Strangers; where Gaming, Drinking, and idle Amuſemenrs of all Sorts are unknown, and where, above all, Health and Cheerfulneſs add new Luſtre to the Face of Things.

It may perhaps ſeem a Paradox, if I ſhould aſſert, that, among all the Gentlemen of the Quill, there is not one, to whom Solitude and Eaſe are more neceſſary than the periodical Writer; but though his Compoſitions are generally comprized in a narrow Compaſs, and though he does not, for the moſt Part,

pretend to ſearch every Subject to the Bottom; though it is not expected of him to lay before the Reader deep, philoſophical Speculations, abſtracted Reaſonings, and new Syſtems of Morality and Religion; yet, in my Apprehenſion, it will be found, upon an attentive Survey of his Situation, that it is particularly incumbent on the Adventurer in this Way, to withdraw himſelf from the Buſtle of Mankind, and to appear, as ſeldom as poſſible, in little Circles at Coffee-houſes, convivial Clubs at Taverns, and the long Train of public Places, which ſerve no other Purpoſe in this Metropolis than merely to kill Time, as the Phraſe is, and to hurry a Perſon into a Courſe of Vanity and Diſſipation.

There is a Paſſage in Mr. *Pope*, which I have ever peruſed with Admiration, becauſe it ſhews him to have been a Man of the moſt prudent Underſtanding, as well as the moſt finiſhed Poet; Two Adjuncts which are ſeldom found to coexiſt.

I ne'er with Wits, and Witlings paſs'd my Days,
To ſpread about the Itch of vulgar Praiſe.
Nor, like a Puppy, daggl'd thro' the Town,
To fetch and carry Sing-ſong up and down.
Nor at Rehearſals mouth'd, and ſweat, and cry'd,
With Handkerchief and Orange at my Side.
I aſkt no Homage from the Race that write,
But kept, like Eaſtern Monarchs, from their Sight;
And ſick of Fops and Poetry, and Prate,
To Bufo *left the whole* Caſtalian *State.*

Perhaps too great a Tincture of Pride runs through theſe Lines, for any one elſe to make Application of them to himſelf. *Pope* had Talents ſuperior to almoſt all Mankind, but if a more humble Writer cannot withdraw himſelf from our preſent Town-Smarts and Critics, like an Eaſtern Monarch, he may at leaſt accompliſh it, like *Juvenal*'s Friend in his third Satire, who

who retired from *Rome*, to avoid its Plagues and Inconveniencies.

—— *Atque unum civem donare Sibyllæ.*

It is poſſible, my Readers may think theſe Tenets inconſiſtent with the Character of *Ranger*; but airy and gay as *Ranger* may appear, he is now perfectly averſe to the wild Sallies of his Nameſake in the Play: He would not chuſe to ſtagger home from a Box and Dice in the Morning, nor to get through a Window into an honeſt Gentleman's Houſe at Night; he cannot run after every white Apron he ſees, nor keep Company with a Set of Fellows whom he deſpiſes. And yet there are Diſſipations to which a Reſident in Town is for ever liable; add to theſe, the Danger attendant on a Writer's making himſelf known in too many Quarters of the Town. Prejudices are ever apt to ariſe againſt an Author, who does not take care to conceal himſelf. The Tranſition is ſo quick from the Performance to the Perſon who produced it, that from the Moment a Man begins to publiſh, he is enliſted into a State of Warfare with almoſt all the Critics and *Malevoli* of the Age.

Some Readers have no Criterion, by which to judge of a Production, except the Rules of Phyſiognomy; and if an Author appears younger than themſelves, they hold it abſolutely impoſſible to receive any Inſtruction from him. It is, by the Way, ſomewhat ſtrange that this experienced Claſs will not allow a Man to be fit to entertain them, until his Imagination begins to flag, his Invention to cloſe, like Flowers at the Setting of the Sun, his Memory to decay, and his Wit, if he have any Share of it, to become ſlow and tardy. This however, is what is deſired by the Man who would look an Author in the Teeth to know his Age, and from thence make an Eſtimate of his Merit.

Qui redit ad faſtos, & virtutem eſtimat annis.

There is another Set of People who make it their Business to pry into a Writer's Connections, and thoroughly inform themselves of his Attachments, his Friendships, and his Resentments. According as these coincide with their own Way of Thinking, they blame or approve; even though the Author is absolutely impartial in his Animadversions. "There, says one, *Ranger* is right — *O, D——n* the Fellow! was ever such a "Position as this? — my dear *Ranger*, that won't pass "upon us—We know you are ptejudiced in this Affair "— and there again; — You praise this Man because "you are intimate with him. —— Did I not see you "walk Arm in Arm with him, the other Night, at the "Coffee-house?

In this Manner is the Person judged, who attempts to run the dangerous Career of Wit, as *Boileau* expresses it, *du bel Esprit la Carriere epineuse*; and upon the whole, I think it may be laid down as a Maxim, that no periodical Writer should ever reside in this Metropolis, that he may effectually evade the Censures of Prejudice, the Blasts of Detraction, the Envy of rival Wit, and the several Avocations of a Town-Life. It may be added, that it is absolutely necessary, that an Author should never suffer himself to be known, on Account of the Antipathy which will arise to his Person. *Patroclus* conquered for a long Time in the Armour of *Achilles*; but had he let the Secret escape abroad, with double his Strength and Valour, he would not have been able to atchieve any Thing remarkable against the *Trojans*, who would have instantly conceived an utter Contempt of the Man, whom they dreaded in a feigned Appearance.

TRUE INTELLIGENCE.

Slaughter's, in St. Martin's-Lane.

THE repeated Advices from *France* of the noble Struggle made by the Parliament againſt the arbitrary Meaſures of the Clergy, occaſion inexpreſſible Joy in this little Aſylum of the Refugees. Yeſterday, indeed, an unlucky Diſpute aroſe between Monſieur *d'Onion* and Monſieur *d'Echalotte*, which had like to have been attended with bad Conſequences. The Occaſion of it was as follows: Monſieur *d'Onion*, after peruſing the *Paris à la Main*, for about five and thirty Minutes, broke out into an Exclamation.—" Parblieu! " (ſays he) de ting go ver vel in *France*, de Parliment " make noble Effort, et ma fois, it is not impoſſeeble, " dat de Huginots may be reſtore— Ventrebleu! if I " zee dat Day, I die vid Pleazure, for I have ſacrifize " my Eſtate of many honderd Livre de Rente for my " Relizion —— Ventreblue! it is true." Monſieur *d'Echalotte*, looking upon this Boaſt to be a Reflection upon the other Gentlemen of the Religion, took him up ſhort. " Monſier *d'Onion*, (anſwered he) ſat Right " have you to make the Man of Conſequence more " dan oder Peeple?—Dere are doſe that have de Zele " as eclatante as Monſieur *d'Onion*:—my Fader too gave " up his Eſtate of five honderd Livres a Year, avec " Droit de Chaſſe too, becauſe he would not be Papiſte, " and myſelf, Monſieur *d'Onion*, I myſelf, if I had a " touſand Livres de Rente, I vood abandone it, rader " dan ſubmit to de Whore of *Babylon*, Corblieu! damn " it." To this replied Monſieur *d'Onion*, " I would have " you know, Monſieur, dat my Eſtate was full as good as " yours, if not better." " Parblieu, (ſays Monſieur " *d'Echalotte*) dat may be, Monſieur *d'Onion*, but not " avec de Droit de Chaſſe." " Sir, (ſays the other) it

" was more dan five honderd Livres." Mais, Mon- " sieur, (interrupted Monsieur *d'Echalotte)* avec Droit " de Chasse, tink of dat, avec Droit de Chasse. This Matter growing serious, Monsieur *Charenton*, who is of a very friendly Disposition, thought proper to interpose. " Messieurs (says he)]pourquoi querellez vous? " Why you quarrel? You have bote suffer ver much in " the Persecution, and I too, aldo I never talk of it, " lose my *Charge* of two honderd Livres a Year, but I " do not make Merit of dat— no, no, cela me'chappe " jamais—for all dat every Body know it.——Derefore, " Messieurs, as we are persecute all for de zame Cause, " let us be good Vriends, je vous en prie. This pathetic Speech had so good an Effect upon the two Gentlemen above-mentioned, that they immediately embraced each other, and spent the Remainder of the Evening, in a very affectionate Manner, at a Game of Chess.

ADVERTISEMENT.

LATELY arrived in this Town, *Lewis Grotesque*, Stay-Maker, who engages to shew more of the female Person than has yet been attempted; he also makes the Ladies appear so large round the Waist, that they have all the Pleasure of appearing big with Child, without the Burden of being so.

N. B. He lives at the Sign of the *Naked Venus* in *Pall-Mall*.

NUMB.

NUMB. 69. GRAY'S-INN, *Saturday, Feb.* 9, 1754.

——— *Nec te tua plurima, Pantheu,*
Labentem pietas & Apollinis infula texit.

VIRG.

AS the late Lord *Bolingbroke*'s Works have come abroad into the World with all the Pomp of a ſuperb Edition, and as Part of them, by being addreſſed to Mr. *Pope*, may be thought to co-incide with his religious Tenets, I have jugded it not improper to lay before my Readers, ſome Particulars relating to this Matter, which I lately met with in a Volume of the ingenious *Racine*. That excellent *French* Author had, it ſeems, given vent to ſome Animadverſions on Mr. *Pope*'s *Eſſay on Man*, and the Conſequence was, that our great Poet, uneaſy at the Reflection, reſolved to aſſert his Syſtem, in a Letter to the *French* Writer, which he incloſed to the celebrated Chevalier *Ramſay*. This Correſpondence will throw a Light on *Pope*'s Way of Thinking in religious Matters, and will evidently ſhew that he was far from embracing *Bolingbroke*'s Principles. As the Sanction of ſo great a Genius would, in all Probability, greatly ſerve the Purpoſes of the noble Writer, it will in ſome Meaſure defeat that End, and convince Mankind that Mr. *Pope* thought the Imputation of Deiſm would blemiſh that fair Fame of which he was enamoured; and it may prove entertaining to the meer

English Reader to see what a polite Intercourse was carried on between two Geniusses of different Nations, Strangers to each other, and only connected by their Wit and Parts.

A Letter from the Chevalier RAMSAY *to M.* RACINE.

SIR,

I WAS highly pleased, and do not doubt but you will be pleased also, at the Receipt of a Letter which Mr. *Pope* has sent me to be forwarded to you. You will perceive by the Contents, that it was not without just Grounds, I undertook, in a former Letter, to justify the Principles of my illustrious Countryman. My Vindication of him might possibly be suspected to have its Source in Friendship; and therefore lose greatly of its Strength. But here, Sir, he pleads his own Defence; his Letter will demonstrate to you his Zeal for Religion, and it is to be hoped, will silence his Accusers. You will find it accompanied by a Defence of his System, written by Mr. *Warburton*, a celebrated Clergyman of the Church of *England*. Mr. *Pope*, by distributing this Performance amongst his Friends, adopts the Doctrine, approves the Sentiments, and thereby gives to the whole an additional Value.

The Opinion, which you conceived of Mr. *Pope*, is on your Side very excusable. You received the Impression from the Misrepresentations of his Enemies, for many Enemies he has. *Urit enim fulgero suo*, &c. His superior Talents have excited a great deal of Envy towards his Person, and his Connections with several eminent Personages, all engaged in opposite Interests, or attached to the Court, have further served to inflame the Minds of Men against him. But there are mary evincing Proofs of his Probity, and the Incorruptibility of his Principles.

I have

I have been informed, that he was in Intimacy with ſeveral ſucceſſive Miniſters, and often with many at the ſame Time. Thus circumſtanced, it would have been eaſy for him to create a large Fortune, had he availed himſelf of the Diſgrace of one Party, in order to recommend himſelf to the other. But he poſſeſſed a Soul ſuperior to ſuch mean Artifices.

My Intelligence adds further, that the Queen, who was an Admirer of his Genius, expreſſed an Inclination to employ him, without requiring any Thing further of him than a diſſembled Conformity to the eſtabliſhed Religion of his Country, promiſing, at the ſame Time, to diſpenſe with the Strictneſs of the Oath uſually administered upon ſuch Occaſions But Mr. *Pope* was inacceſſible to Temptation, which may ſerve to prove he was directed by other Principles than thoſe of a Sceptic or a Deiſt.

I muſt aſſure you, Sir, that I am not induced to this Taſk by ſupererogatory Friendſhip to Mr. *Pope*, nor am I willing to offer him the Incenſe of Adulation. I mean ſolely to ſerve the Cauſe of Truth and Juſtice, and am,

Sir, &c.

Letter from Mr. POPE *to M.* RACINE.

London, September 1, 1742.

SIR,

THE Expectation, in which I have been for ſome Time paſt, of receiving the Preſent you have honoured me with, was the Occaſion of my delaying ſo long to anſwer your Letter. I am at length favoured with your Poem on Religion, and ſhould have received, from the Peruſal of it, a Pleaſure unmixed with Pain, had I not the Mortification to find, that you impute ſeveral Principles to me which I abhor and deteſt. My Uneaſineſs met ſome Alleviation, from a Paſſage in your

your Preface, where you declare your Inability, from a Want of Knowledge of the *English* Language, to give your own Judgment on the *Essay on Man*; you add, that you do not controvert my Tenets, but the evil Consequences deducible from them, and the Drift of some Passages in my Poem, which Persons of notable Sagacity imagine they have discovered. This Declaration is a shining Proof of your Candor, your Discretion and your Charity. I must take Leave to assure you, Sir, that your Unacquaintance with the Original has not proved more fatal to me, than the imperfect Conceptions of my Translators, who have not sufficiently informed themselves of my real Sentiments. Though the many additional Embellishments, which my Piece has received from the elegant Version of *M. D. R*——, have done an Honour to the *Essay on Man*; yet it has, on the other Hand, suffered a greater Injury from his frequent Mis-apprehension of the Principles it inculcates. These Mistakes you will perceive are totally refuted in the *English* Piece, which I have transmitted to you. It is a critical and philosophic Commentary written by the learned Author of the *divine Legation of Moses*. I flatter myself that the Chevalier *Ramsay* will, from his Zeal for Truth, take the Trouble to explain the Contents of it. I shall then perswade myself that your Suspicions will be effaced, and I shall have no Appeal from your Candor and Justice.

In the mean Time I shall not hesitate to declare myself very cordially in Regard to some Particulars, about which you have desired an Answer.

I must avow then openly and sincerely, that my Principles are diametrically opposite to the Sentiments of *Spinoza* and *Leibnitz*; they are perfectly coincident with the Tenets of *M. Paschal*, and the Archbishop of *Cambray*, and I shall always esteem it an Honour to me, to imitate the Moderation, with which the latter submitted his private Opinions to the Decisions of the

Church

Church, of which he professed himself to be a Member. I have the Honour to be,

Sir, &c.

RACINE's *Answer to M.* POPE.

Paris, Oct. 25, 1742.

SIR,

THE Mildness and Humility, with which you justify yourself, is a convincing Proof of your Religion; the more so, as you have done it to one, on whom it is incumbent to make his own Apology for his rash Attack upon your Character. Your Manner of pardoning me is the more delicate, as it is done without any Mixture of Reproach; but though you acquit me with so much Politeness, I shall not so easily forgive myself.

Certain it is, a Precipitance of Zeal hurried me away. As I had often heard Positions said to be yours, or at least Consequences resulting from your Essay, cited against certain Truths (which I now find you respect as much as myself) I thought, I had a Right to enter the Lists with you. The Passage, in my Preface, was extorted from me by a Degree of Remorse, which I felt in writing against you. This Remorse, Sir, was awakened in me by the Consideration, that the greatest Men are always the most susceptible of the Truths of Revelation. I was really grieved to think that Mr. *Pope* should oppose a Religion, whose Enemies have ever been contemptible, and it appeared strange, that in a Work which points out the Road to Happiness, you should furnish Arms to those, who are industrious to misguide us in the Research.

Your Letter, at the same Time that it does Honour to your Character, must bring a Blush in my Face, for having entertained unjust Suspicions; but, notwithstanding this, I think myself obliged to make it public; the Injury which I have done you, was so, the Repa-

ration

ration ſhould be the ſame. I owe this to you; I owe it to myſelf; I owe it to Juſtice.

Whatever may be urged in your Favour in the Commentary you have ſent me, it is now rendered unneceſſary by your own Declaration. The Reſpect, which you avow for Religion, is a ſufficient Vindication of your Doctrine; I will add, that for the Future, thoſe among us, who ſhall feel the laudable Ambition of making their Poetry ſubſervient to Religion, ought to take you for their Model, and it ſhould ever be remembred, that the greateſt Poet, in *England*, is one of the humbleſt Sons of the Church. I am

Sir, &c.

TRUE INTELLIGENCE.

To CHARLES RANGER, *Eſq*;

SIR,

I FOUND your Eſſay upon Female Beauty upon a Lady's Toilet, but muſt tell you, I'm not a Pinch of Snuff the better for it. A Fiddleſtick for your being good-humoured for a Complection; I can't be good-humoured; all my Acquaintance are getting Huſbands before me, and ſo you muſt preſcribe ſome other Method for me, and you'll oblige,

PENELOPE PALE-FACE.

I cannot adviſe this Lady better than by bidding her "*Marry for a Complexion.*

To CHARLES RANGER, *Eſq*;

Dear RANGER,

ARE you any Relation to *Ranger* in the Play? He's a dear Man, and I ſhall love you the better for his Sake.—Anſwer me this, you wild Devil, if you have a Mind to be in the good Graces of

CHARLOTTE RAMBLE.

To

To *Miſs* RAMBLE.

MADAM,

IF you will pleaſe to refer to my Paper, N°. 3. you will find I am related to that Gentleman, and ſo, Madam, as my Couſin ſays, " *My Service to your Monkey.*"

CHARLES RANGER.

Covent-Garden Theatre.

On *Tueſday* laſt, the Audience here was agreeably ſurprized with the Appearance of a new Actreſs, in the Character of *Hermione*, and after the Play, it was unanimouſly agreed, that it was a moſt admirable firſt Attempt. Mrs. *Gregory*, who performed the Part, came on without any of thoſe previous Notices, commonly called *Puffs*, to prejudice the Town in her Favour, tho' it ſoon was manifeſt, that ſhe poſſeſſed the Materials of a great Actreſs. She is happy in a graceful Dignity of Deportment, natural and ſenſible Elocution, and in ſhort, the Character was ſo well ſuſtained, throughout the Play, that ſhe was allowed the moſt conſpicuous Figure in every Scene, tho' performing with experienced Players; which is certainly ſuch a Degree of Merit, as cannot fail to render her a ſhining Ornament of the Stage.

NUME.

NUMB. 70. GRAY's-INN, *Saturday, Feb.* 16, 1754.

Ætas parentum pejor avis tulit
Nos nequiores, mox daturos
Progeniem vitiosiorem. HOR.

I WAS ſurprized the other Day to receive a Letter, which, by the Poſt-mark it bore, appeared to come from the Height of a *Caledonian* Mountain. I could not conceive who ſhould addreſs me from that Part of the World; but upon opening it, I found it ſubſcribed by my Friend the *Second Sighted Scotchman*, who formerly entertained my Readers with his *News for one Hundred Years hence.* I received his Epiſtle with that Pleaſure, which I always feel in hearing from an honeſt Man, and, as I am in Hopes that the Contents of his Packet will not be found diſagreeable, I ſhall lay the whole, without any further Preface, before my Readers, taking only the Liberty to ſuppreſs ſuch Parts of his Letter, as ſeem rather a Compliment to myſelf, than in any Way relative to the Public.

Extract of a Letter from a Second Sighted Scotchman, *dated* December 15, 1753.

THAT we have had a Share, by our joint Endeavours, in obtaining a Repeal of the *Jew-Bill*, affords me muckle Content, but notwithſtanding this Succeſs, there is ſtill another Matter that has purturbed my Spirits for ſome Time paſt. I believe, I need not tell one of Mr. *Ranger*'s quick Penetration, that I mean the *Marriage-Act*, which, I make no Doubt, was deſigned for very good and laudable Purpoſes, but will moſt certainly, in its Conſequences, prove of the utmoſt Detriment to this Nation

Nation, and be the final Ruin of our *British* Nobility. I already see them dwindling by Degrees into an emaciated, puny, sickly Race; and let me tell you, Mr. *Ranger*, it cannot be otherwise, if, for the future, they are only to marry among one another, without any possible Means of improving the Breed by a Mixture of wholesome Flesh and Blood. To what a wretched State *England* may be reduced, I have lately had an Opportunity of observing in some Scenes that were really very affecting. As I was sojourning upon the Height of a *Caledonian* Mountain, the Air was suddenly rarified to a greater Degree of Purity than usual, and such Openings of Futurity were disclosed to me, that I am even now shocked at the Reflection. As I was formerly taught the Rudiments of Humanity, and instructed to indite a Letter, by my Friend Mr. *M'Gregor*, a worthy *Philomath* of *Aberdeen*, I resolved to lose no Time, but to send the Particulars of my Vision to my Friend *Ranger*; and this too I have done, as I did upon the former Occasion, in the Form of a New's-Paper, which I am sure will be the Stile of the Times.

News for One Hundred Years hence in the Public Advertiser.

LONDON.

On *Wednesday* last arrived in Town, being returned from his Travels, the Right Honourable the Earl of *Pentweazle*, of rare Accomplishments, and very promising Genius. He is counted the tallest Nobleman now in *England*, being in Height very near four Feet and ten Inches, which greatly exceeds the Standard of Nobility at present.

Yesterday came on, at the Sittings in *Lincoln's-Inn Hall*, a very remarkable Hearing, in a Cause mentioned in our last, upon a Petition from *George Beverly*, Esq; a Minor who is not to be of Age until his Twenty-fifth Year,

Year, complaining, that his Guardians have hindered him from performing a Contract of Marriage with Miſs *Maria Healthy*, a beautiful young Lady of a moderate Fortune. The Council for the Guardians replied, that they have concluded a much more advantagious Match for him, with Miſs *Ricketty Barren*, an Heireſs, upon which this Cauſe, now depending almoſt two Years, was finally determined againſt the Complainant; this being the ſummary Way of proceeding in Caſes of this Nature.

By the laſt Mail from *Ireland*, we have Advice, that as ſoon as his Grace the Duke of *Slender-Shanks*, Lord Lieutenant of that Kingdom, landed on *George*'s Key, the Croud, that was gathered on the Occaſion, all burſt into a loud Fit of Laughter, crying out, "*Arrah, but* "*is that he*.

We can aſſure our Readers, that the Managers of both Play-houſes have reſolved to fit up the Boxes with Stoves, to prevent the Complaint of their being too cold for People of Quality, who have ſuffered great Inconveniencies for Want of this Accommodation of late Years.

Laſt *Tueſday* Night, as the Lords *Scrophulous* and *Spindle* were returning home from the *Burletta* in a *Vis-a-vis* Sedan-Chair, the Chair-men, walking in a violent Hurry, gave ſuch a violent Motion to the Carriage, that the two young Lords were both thrown out of their Seats, and both their Heads were unfortunately knocked together. Very happily their Lordſhips received no great Hurt, and their Nerves being now leſs convulſed after their Fright, they are in a fair Way of Recovery.

On *Sunday* laſt, an excellent Sermon was preached at the Chapel Royal, by Dr. *Rubric*, Chaplain in ordinary, upon which Occaſion the Sword of State was carried by the Earl of *Jeſſamy*, and Lord *George Frible*.

About Eleven o'Clock laſt Night, the Counteſs of *Hyſterick* was delivered of a dead Child, to the great Diſ-

Diſappointment of Lord *Hyſterick*, and all his Relations.

This Morning early, the Lady of the Right honourable Lord Viſcount *Shadow* was delivered, at her Houſe in *Palace-Yard*, *Weſtminſter*, of Twins, to the great Amazement of his Lordſhip and all the Family, as her Ladyſhip ſhewed no viſible Tokens of Pregnancy, her Shape being to the laſt remarkably delicate and fine. Whether Providence has ſent Boys or Girls as yet no Conjecture can be made.

Yeſterday at Noon died of the Gout in his Stomach, and a Complication of other Diſorders, his Grace the Duke of *High-blood*, aged nine Months. By this unlucky Event that noble Family is extinct.

We hear that ſeveral Petitions for Divorces, with Leave to marry again, have been lately preſented to the Lords; —— *All at the Suit of the Ladies.*

Laſt Week, above fifty Ladies of Quality were found in Bed with their Coach-men, their Butlers, &c.

On *Monday* laſt was reviewed npon *Putney-Common* the Firſt Regiment of Guards, by the Honourable Sir *Robert Lungs*, who, was handſomely mounted upon an eaſy Pad, ſent to him as a Preſent from the *Iſle of Man*. Sir *Robert* was in great Spirits, and wore a white Handkerchief about his Neck.

A Suit is commenced in the *Commons*, by a Perſon of Faſhion, againſt a Gentleman of *Ireland*, for criminal Converſation with his Wife, and we hear that a Law will ſhortly be enacted, to prohibit the Importation of *Iriſhmen* into this Kingdom for the Future.

A Duel was fought Yeſterday in *Mary le Bon* Fields, brtween Sir *Dilberry Diddle* and Lord *Trip*, in which the latter had his Cheek ſo violently ſcratched, that it is now feared he cannot recover.

By Letters from *Portſmouth*, we are informed, that Lord *John Fiddle-faddle*, hoiſted his Flag there on *Wed-*

neſday

nesday last, but an hard Gale coming on, his Lordship was unfortunately blown over board.

The same Advices add, that the Banns were published twice in the proper Parish-Church between Capt. *Hardy* and Miss *Wholesome*, but sailing Orders hurrying the Captain away on a Voyage round the World, the Nuptials remain unfinished.

Never did the crying Sin of Cuckoldom so much prevail in this Metropolis, as at present; on which Account, it is said, the B-sh-p of *L-nd-n* apprehends an Earthquake very shortly, and he therefore intends to publish an Exhortation to Piety, in order to suspend the Laws of Gravitation.

Births and Burials this Week.

Christened	Males	14	Buried	Males	232
	Females	11		Females	229
	In all	25		In all	461

Increased in the Burials this Week 91.

TRUE INTELLIGENCE.

Batson's Coffee-house, Cornhill, Feb. 16, 1754.

THE Company were entertained, Yesterday Evening, by a Dispute between the Doctors OPIUM and SNAKEROOT, upon the Question whether Preaching or Playing is of the greatest Service to a Christian Community. Doctor SNAKEROOT thought proper to declare that though he had not seen the Inside of a Church any Time these fifteen Years past, yet, unless the Method of exhibiting was different from what it used to be, when he was taken to those Places by his Grandmother, he could not possibly conceive what could be the Advantage of frequenting them. Doctor OPIUM, not a little picqued at this Declaration, thought proper on his Part to mention that he knew as little of what passed within the Walls of the Church as the

other;

other; but out of Reſpect to many reverend Dignitaries, who were his extreme good Patients, he could not help thinking, that thoſe Aſſemblies, under proper Management, might be rendered a tolerable inſtructive Amuſement. "I grant you, (replied *Snakeroot*) if the "Managers would pay ſome little Deference to the "public Taſte; and in theſe Caſes it ought to be "conſulted, for it appears to me that Preaching and "Playing had originally a pretty cloſe Affinity. Indeed "I know nothing that can give a better Idea of the "Simplicity of the antient Drama, which, without any "Diſtinction of Scenes was divided into *three Acts*, reci-"ted by one Perſon, and each of them cloſed by a "*Chorus*; and they were generally preſented upon "ſome Feſtival, inſtituted in Honour of the Deities; "and as a further Proof, you know, Sir, (continued he) "that in their Churches they ſtill retain the Word "*Pulpit*, which the *Greek* Writers made uſe of to "ſignify a Stage." Doctor OPIUM was going to reply when his Diſcourſe was interrupted by the Appearance of Mr. HARTSHORN, the Apothecary, who haſtily came up and for about five Minutes buried his Noſe in the Periwig of the ſaid Doctor. A Conſultation was then held by the ſaid Doctor OPIUM, the ſaid Mr. HARTSHORN, and the ſaid Doctor OPIUM's Cane; when they all three withdrew together, and left Doctor SNAKEROOT in quiet Poſſeſſion of the Argument.

NUMB.

NUMB. 71. GRAY'S-INN, *Saturday, Feb.* 23, 1754.

In nova fert Animus mutatas dicere formas
Corpora.——— ——— ——— OVID.

THE Chambers over my Apartment in *Gray's-Inn* having been unoccupied for a confiderable Time paft, I was enabled to purfue my Lucubrations with the greater Eafe and Tranquillity, being free from thofe fudden Alarms of Noife, which are otherwife inevitable in any of the Inns of Court. But my Repofe has met with an Interruption of fo pleafant a Kind, that I have determined to acquaint my Readers with all the Particulars of the Incident.

About ten Days fince, a Gentleman entered upon the Premifes, and ever fince I have been frequently difturbed, when at my Studies, by fuch quick and unexpected Shocks, that it was abfolutely impoffible for me to purfue the fame Train of Thought with any Degree of Attention. As I was Yefterday-Morning perufing Mr. *Hawkins Brown*'s excellent Poem upon the Immortality of the Soul, in which he has artfully combined in their full Force all the Arguments in Support of that important Article of our Belief, fuddenly I heard a violent Bounce over my Head; the Cieling fhook as if ready to come down, and a Convulfion fhook the whole Houfe. Deep Contemplation fometimes unbraces the Nerves to fuch a Degree, that an unexpected Noife ftartles the whole Frame of the Body, and throws the Spirits out of that placid State, which is requifite in order to think with Calmnefs and Perfpicuity. This Difcompofure I experienced upon fo many Occafions, and fometimes in

fuch

ſuch quick Succeſſion, that I judged it proper to ſtep up Stairs to the Gentleman, to inform him of the Inconveniencies, which I lay under, and to beg of him to manage his Affairs for the future with leſs Turbulence.

I knocked two or three Times at his Door, but receiving no Anſwer, and hearing him run about with great Violence of Exertion, I made bold to walk in unbid. You go into the Dining-Room through a Glaſs-Folding-Door, which was at this Time ſhut, but the Curtains undrawn. Through the Window, I ſaw the Gentleman pulling off his Cloaths with the utmoſt Vehemence, and in an Inſtant he appeared in the Habit and Air, of an old Woman delivering Doctor *Rock*'s Bills upon *Ludgate-Hill.* Surprized at this Change, I ſtept ſhort to obſerve the Actions of this extraordinary Perſonage, and very ſhortly I was entertained with another Viciſſitude of Appearance; for, quick as Lightening, he ſhifted Cloaths, and walked about the Room with a Baſket, and with an audible Voice pronounced, "Muffins for Coffee and Tea, Gentlemen and Ladies." This appeared extremely whimſical; he then varied his Dreſs, and with a Silver Pipe cried out *London-Evening Poſt:* After which he threw away his Bundle of Papers, fell down upon his Knees, laid his Hand on his Heart, looked up with a great Expreſſion of Joy, and then riſing, indulged himſelf in all the whimſical Vagaries of a Man frantic with Senſations too exquiſite to endure. In this Way he continued for ſome Time, and at length threw himſelf into an Attitude of Surprize; after which, he ran wild about the Room, like one almoſt diſtracted with Deſpair, looking up in vain to Heaven for Relief, when to my great Amazement, he unexpectedly muſtered up his Spirits, and with great Alacrity leaped through a ſmall Aperture into the Coal-Hole. After abſconding there for a ſhort Space of Time, he came forth with a Sack of Coals upon his Shoulders, which he emptied in the Middle of the Room, calling with ſome Earneſtneſs,

neſs, "*Below*." He had no ſooner done this, but he directed his Eyes ſparkling with Joy to ſome imaginary Object with which his Fancy ſeemed to be highly pleaſed; He then came forward, and knocked at the Door, where I had taken my Station, which I then took an Opportunity to open, and as I was advancing towards him, he ſeized me by the Shoulder, and twirling me round with all his Strength ſent me reeling into a Corner of his Room. Upon this, he walked into the outward Apartment, ſlapping the Door after him, and immediately opened a ſmall Caſement Window, which was over the Door of his Bed-Chamber. From thence he ſtretched out his Neck, and looking me full in the Face, burſt out into a loud Fit of Laughter; then producing a Squirt, he began to let fly at me in ſuch a Manner, that I was ſoon pretty well watered from Head to Foot. The Exclamations, which I vented upon this Occaſion, rung ſuch a Peal in the Gentleman's Ears, that he was brought to a Recollection of himſelf. He came down very leiſurely from his Poſt, and with a modeſt Air and genteel Addreſs he politely aſked my Pardon, and told me that he was ſo intent upon his Buſineſs, that he really did not perceive that he was offering Indignities to a Stranger.—

Imagining that I was in the Hands of a Madman, I was willing to acquieſce with his Apology, but to ſatisfy my Curioſity, I took the Liberty to enquire of him, the Nature of his Buſineſs and what might be his Vocation. "Sir, ſaid the Gentleman, won't you pleaſe to be ſeated, "With regard to my Buſineſs, Sir, I am a Pantomime "Poet—a Pantomime Poet!"—"Pray, Sir, what is "a Pantomime Poet?"—To this Queſtion my Friend anſwered with a Smile, "a Writer of Pantomime, Sir. "—It is a Plan which I have determined to apply my-"ſelf to, having Reaſon to think that it is the only Way "of ſucceeding in the preſent Age. I was bred at *Eton* "School, from whence at a proper Time I was re-

"moved to the Univerſity; at both which Places I laid "in a ſufficient Store of *Greek* and *Latin*, and always "feeling a particular Turn for the Drama I applied my "Genius principally to Tragedy and Comedy. In each "Species of Writing I have given the finiſhing Hand to "ſome Pieces which have received the Approbation of "a few Gentlemen of known Taſte and perfectly verſed "in critical Matters. Encouraged by their Opinion I "came to Town, and after a long tedious Application I "find it impoſſible to get any of my Performances ex-"hibited. Mr. *Garrick* has already, like a provident "General, laid his Plan of Operations, and Mr. *Rich* "is determined to bring on no new Pieces, until we "have ſuch a Genius as *Tom Durfey*" *I wiſh Mr.——, ſays he, we had ſuch another Writer now.* "On this Ac-"count I have taken a Reſolution to cultivate a Species "of the Drama, which cannot fail of being profitable to "all Parties, and, being agreeable to the public Taſte, "will be brought on without Difficulty as ſoon as "offered."—

Here I broke in upon the Thread of his Diſcourſe, by aſking if he was determined to become Harlequin himſelf? To this he anſwered me in the Negative; but as it is a Rule in Writing to place yourſelf in the Situation of the Character for which you are to find ſuitable Dialogue, he had judged it not improper to conform to this Precept, and therefore, in order the better to concert the ſudden Eſcapes and Changes of Dreſs, which have ſo pleaſing an effect in this kind of Poetry, he was practiſing over every ſtriking Attitude, and every unexpected Situation of the Harlequin, that he might be the better able to form an Opinion of the Plot and the ſeveral Incidents of the Marvellous, which he had found it neceſſary to introduce. He proceeded to inform me, that he purpoſed calling his firſt Piece HARLEQUIN TRIUMPHANT, OR POETRY IN THE SUDS. In this Performance the whole Race of Authors are to be ex-

poſed to the Deriſion of the Public, and Harlequin is to crack a very great Number of facetious Jokes upon their Shoulders with his wooden Sword. A Poet is to be placed at a Table with a Beef-ſtake laid before him, to his inexpreſſible Joy, when in an Inſtant, by ſome curious Stroke of Art, the ſolid Subſtance is to be changed into a modern Tragedy, and *Calvert's Entire Butt* wafted away from his longing Eyes. The Bard after this is to be ducked in a Well, and then toſſed dry in a Blanket, while Mother *Dulneſs* enjoys the ſprightly Vein of Mirth, happy to ſee her Orders ſo faithfully executed. In ſhort, the unhappy Poets are to undergo every Indignity that human Wit can invent; and in Contraſt to this, Harlequin is to riot in Luxury; the Spring is to pour fourth her freſheſt Verdure to charm his Eye, Summer to ripen the various Fruits upon the loaded Boughs, in order to regale his Palate; Autumn muſt adminiſter the circling Glaſs, and Winter expand the frozen Surface of the Waters for him to ſkate with all his Dignity, in Sight of the aſtoniſhed Audience.

Though this Plan appeared highly romantic to me at firſt Sight, I could not help telling the Gentleman, that I made no doubt but he would find his Account in it. I told him, that the ſureſt Way to riſe in the World was to gratify the Follies of the People, and therefore commended this Scheme, which I am convinced cannot fail of Succeſs. I juſt then hinted, that if he could contrive to be leſs violent in his Studies, I ſhould take it as a Favour, and after aſſuring him of my ſincere Wiſhes for all the Encouragement his Project deſerves, I took my leave, and am at preſent tolerably quiet in my Study, not having above two or three Alarms in a Day, which muſt be now and then expected from ſo vigorous and warm an Imagination.

TRUE

TRUE INTELLIGENCE.

Crown Coffee-houſe, Bedford-Row, Feb. 2.

IF Mr. *Ranger* would ſometimes favour us with his Company, and make a Hand at Whiſt, we ſhould take it as a particular Favour. Poſſibly he may now and then have an idle Hour on his Hands, and be at a Loſs what to do with himſelf on a rainy Evening; in that Caſe let him repair hither, and we promiſe him he will meet with very high Entertainment in this Academy. Particularly he will receive great Pleaſure from the ſuperannuated Members, who, worn out in the Service of the four Kings of thoſe mighty Empires, CLUBS, SPADES, HEARTS and DIAMONDS, and now unfit for Action, pleaſe themſelves with relating the *Battles, Sieges,* and *Fortunes they have paſſed*; and frequently draw Tears from their Auditors, when they tell us ſome *diſtreſsful Stroke their Youth hath ſuffered.*

N. B. Mr. *Shortcough* attends as uſual, and, "having "a Guinea in his Pocket which his Wife knows nothing "of," is always generous enough to offer a Bett,—when the Odds are in his Favour.

Sam's Coffee-houſe, Change-Alley.

A Gentleman mentioning the other Day, at the ſecond Table, that the Author of the *Gray*'s-*Inn Journal* comes to this Academy, a Diſpute aroſe between Mr. *Profound* and Mr. *Prettywit* concerning the ſaid Author. Mr. *Profound* inſiſted upon it, that Mr. *Vandergut*, the *Dutch* Merchant writes that Paper; but Mr. *Prettywit* aſſured him he was miſtaken, for that to his certain Knoledge, that Gentleman only furniſhed the Articles of Intelligence from *Holland*, but, ſays he, "you may depend "upon it, the real Author is the little old Man with "queer Eyes, who ſits near the Fire-Place, and never

"ſpeaks to any Body." Not agreeing in this Point they referred it to MAJOR, who anſwered "ay, Gentlemen, "I knows faſt enough; but mum for that."

ADVERTISEMENT.

Lately arrived in this Town an Animal, with an human Head, and an Horſe's Neck; likewiſe a Woman of a beatiful Frame down to her Waiſt, from whence ſhe commences another Creature, and then ends in a Fiſh; both very proper to be exhibited in the next new Pantomime Entertainment.

N. B. To recommend them the more forcibly, they are both expreſly againſt *Horace*'s Preſcription.

NUMB. 72. GRAY'S-INN, *Saturday, March* 2, 1754.

Dii, quibus imperium eſt animarum, umbræque ſilentes,
Et Chaos & Phlegeton, loca nocte ſilentia late,
Sit mihi fas audita loqui, ſit numine Veſtro
Pandere res altâ terrâ & Caligine merſas. VIRG.

THE Sixth Book of the *Æneid* has always been a Favourite with me, for the noble Sentiments of Morality, and the inimitableStrain of Poetry which run through it. I frequently read it with the moſt tranſporting Pleaſure, and, after finiſhing it, I cannot but look down very much upon the degenerate State of Poetry among the Moderns. For the ſtrong nervous Thought and natural Expreſſion, they have ſubſtituted pretty Conceit, quaint Phraſes, Turns, Strokes, and I know not what, tending to a general Depravity of Taſte among us. Filled with theſe Thoughts, I lately retired to reſt, when *Queen Mab* immediately appeared to me, and from the Mixture of Ideas fluctuating in my Mind, ſhe dreſſed up the following Scene to my Imagination.

I thought

I thought she informed me, that the intellectual Regions are divided into Districts similar to those of the Nether-world, so admirably described by the Poet; I then fansied that she commanded me to set out on a Journey through the Head of a modern Writer, which, I instantly agreed to, and the Goddess accordingly took me in her Chariot. In a short Time, we arrived at the Apartment, where the Bard sat, *sicklied o'er with the pale Cast of Thought*. At my first Approach towards the intellectual Regions, a terrible Effluvium "proceeding," as *Shakespear* has it, "from the Heat-oppressed Brain," struck my Senses; but I was soon diverted from that uneasy Sensation by a Personage, who offered to be my Guide. From a conscious Simper, a careless Disposition of his Person, and the Tenor of his Discourse, I knew him to be VANITY, and accepted the Compliment. Our Way was through a thick Skull, of which we at once took Possession, and plunged into the Abyss.

At our first Entrance, a confused Noise assailed our Ears, and we were instantly beset by a Number of Phantoms placed around the Portal. The God *Somnus* lay stretched at full Length, diffusing round him lethargic Vapours and stupid Insensibility; a Group of wild *Dreams* and *Reveries* hovered over him, and at a small Distance flowed the River of *animal Spirits*, dull, slow, and lazy. Numbers were gathered round the Banks begging a Passage into this gloomy World, but the *Charon* of the Place, a torpid, decrepid Fellow, known there by the Name of PERCEPTION, gave a few of them a tardy Admittance, and to the greater Part he was entirely deaf. Among those, whom he rejected, I perceived a Train, which I took for the nine *Muses*, but was informed they never had attempted to pass that Way, and upon a nearer View I found they were the amiable Band of *moral Virtues*, who were highly desirous of gaining Admittance, which was refused them, with the

Addition of as much Insolence in the Denial, as if they had been suing at a great Man's Door. They gave me to understand, that it is now become fashionable to discard them every where, at which I could not help expressing great Uneasiness; and I then advanced towards the Boatman, PERCEPTION, who, with the Help of his Spectacles, at Length descried me, and received me into his Care.

The River had a great many Turnings and Windings (for *ductile Dullness new Mæanders takes*) but, after some Trouble, we at Length reached the opposite Bank. An uncultivated Tract lay before us, dreary, dark and gloomy; no Ray of Light to break through the Mist; impenetrable Obscurity involved the Scene, and Vapours rolling over Vapours made every Thing an universal Blot. I pursued my Journey with all possible Expedition, and arrived at the *Repository of Ideas*, as it is here called, the Key of which was kept by MEMORY. As I supposed this to be a Store-house of universal Knowledge, I begged to be favoured with a View of the several Acquisitions he had made. I desired he would produce some *occult Qualities*, of which I had no Manner of Notion; and I called for several of the *metaphysical Train* too tedious to enumerate; in *Divinity* I remembered several Things, of which I never could attain a clear Conception, and I have not Arithmetic enough to recount the Multitude of the *Mathematical* Species which I wanted; the Debates, which I have heard in *Westminster-Hall*, gave me occasion to enquire for many of the legal Band, and I was curious after an infinite Multitude of the *Parnassian Tribe*, mentioned in a pompous Stile in several modern Poets. I longed to see an *envenomed Shaft, taking its fatal Aim, wind wafting Prayers on rosy Wings to Heaven*, &c. I begged a Sight of *Colley Cibber*'s old Friend BATTLE ARRAY, and the many other Poetic Beings, which he and others of his Brethren

Brethren of the Quill, had created; but all to no Purpose.

The next Place we came to was the *Lugentes Campi*, or the mournful Fields, sacred to *Venus*. I met with nothing here but *Cupid*'s Darts, consuming Fires, and all the modern Train of Love's Artillery. As I was sufficiently acquainted with these, from a constant and unwearied Perusal of our modern Tragedies and other poetical Productions, I hastened to the Seat, where JUDGMENT presided.

Judgment seldom made any Decisions of his own, but was biassed in all his Decrees by several that surrounded him, with so much Authority, that I supposed they were in the Commission. The Chief of these was PRIDE, with a lofty Air and supercilious Brow, which called to my Mind the excellent Remark in the Essay on Criticism;

Of all the Causes which conspire to blind
Man's erring Judgment, and misguide his Mind,
Which the weak Head with surest Biass rules,
Is Pride, *the never-failing Vice of Fools.* POPE.

Next in Place was ILL-NATURE, callous and hardened to every gentle Sensation of Humanity, and quite a Stranger to that Delicacy of elegant Minds, which beholds the Merit of another with Pleasure; but on the contrary, every Thing shining with the smallest Degree of Lustre is the Object of his Aversion, and he is never pleased but with the Misfortunes of his Neighbours. PREJUDICE also seemed to have no small Influence with the Court, and VENALITY, with itching Palm, frequently gave a new Turn to every Thing, being ready to engage on either Side in Politicks, to abuse a worthy Character in Satire, or exalt a base one in dedicatory Panegyric.

From these Principles I could easily imagine to myself what Kind of Opinions were likely to arise, and there-

fore haſtened towards *Elyſium*. In my Way, I perceived a deſolate Tract, which may be called the Region of Tortures. Here I ſaw *Grief*, *Deſpair*, *Envy*, *Revenge*, and all the agonizing Cares, that made this Place worſe, than what the Poets fable of their *Tartarus*. In one Part was to be ſeen *Ambition* falling back, like the Stone of *Siſyphus*; in another Place, *Hunger* was tantalized with the Hopes of a Supper, but the worſt of Fiends, cruel *Want* forbids the Touch. Here ſtood a Pillory, with *Defamation* nailed to it by the Ears, there a Blanket ſtretched out, and a Bard going to be toſſed in it.—— Here a tumultuous Play-houſe at the Damnation of a Virgin Muſe; the ſneering Beaux in the Boxes diſplay their falſe Teeth; the Pit riſes enraged, the Gallery opens its rude Throats, and nothing is to be heard but "throw him over——won't y' ha' ſome Orange Chips "——won't y' ha' ſome Nonpareils——off the Stage, "off," till at Length the Catcal Whizzes, and the poor Poet in the mean Time is ready to expire, and Pangs as bad as Hell torment him.

Had I all the Pens of all the Scriblers of the Age, I ſhould not be able to relate every Occurrence in my Adventures, and I was by this Time admoniſhed by my Guide, that we were arrived at the Seat of Happineſs. Here we found *Invention* happy in a Review of all his airy Beings, that were fluttering round him in a variegated Dreſs, preſſing and crowding upon each other, as if to force a Paſſage into open Day. I ſtood for a Time wondering at this mighty Buſtle, and then enquired what might be the Cauſe of it. To which INVENTION, "that bright Band which you behold ſo "eagerly gathering about the Gates of Life, are the "choſen Few, to whom *Apollo* has appointed a new Birth "into the World, and they are now impatiently waiting "till proper Bodies are prepared for them by thoſe "*poetical Midwives*, commonly called *Bookſellers*. They "were all in the Beginning wafted over by PERCEPTION, "whom

"whom you have ſeen, and were thence conveyed to "the Repoſitory of Ideas, in the Care of MEMORY, "till in the various Courſe of human Contingencies, "they are again called forth, and by my Skill, arranged "in proper Order for their Appearance among the Sons "of Men."

Thus having ſaid, he led me round the whole Extent of *Elyſium*, gave me a compleat View of all his intellectual Train, and at Length diſmiſſed me through the Ivory Gate to breath the vital Air, to which I was highly pleaſed to find myſelf reſtored, and the Joy occaſioned by this Reflection operated ſo ſtrongly on my Spirits, that I felt myſelf in ſome Agitation, and was inſtantly wakened out of my Dream.

TRUE INTELLIGENCE.

To CHARLES RANGER, *Eſq*;

SIR,

AS you are occaſionally a Critic on Theatrical Entertainments, be pleaſed in your next Paper to take Notice of a Doubt among ſome Lawyers, *viz.* Whether Mr. *Blakes* coming on the Stage, in the new Piece of *Harlequin Fortunatus*, with an Hare and a Brace of *Partridges*, and Mr. *Cook*, in one of the Dances at the other Houſe, appearing with a Gun and an Hare, are not liable to be proſecuted as unqualified Perſons by the Game-Laws, and whether they are not obnoxious to the Aſſociation for preſerving the Game.

I am, Sir,

Your moſt obedient Servant,

Lincoln's-*Inn*, *Feb*. 5. *****.

I am not ſufficiently acquainted with the Laws of Pantomime to know, whether its Deſign be to promote

Virtue or *Vice*, and therefore cannot determine, whether encouraging the Breach of the Law is just, or otherwise, in this modern *Species of the Drama*:

By Advices from several Routs in this Metropolis, we are informed, that the Beau monde has undergone within these few Years, a total Revolution, and that Love is entirely banished from every Bosom. The Men no longer mind how a Lady looks, but how she plays; instead of observing the Delicacy of her Shape, the Turn of her Face, and Elegance of her Features, they only consider how many Trumps she holds, how often she makes a Finesse, and "can ye one?" The Ladies on their Part, despise all Considerations of Health, Good Humour, and Good Sense in the Men, and their Chat has taken a different Turn. "Lard I know that "Gentleman,—saw him at Mrs. *Quadrille*'s Rout—— "bet Fifty Guineas on a Rubber, *&c*." Thus *Cupid* is grown mere Lumber, and Cards, it is to be apprehended, will thin the rising Generation, or produce a haggard, infirm, puny Race, to constitute, what is called, *People of Fashion*. The Advice of an eminent Satyrist, I think not amiss on this Occasion.

If Sin you must, take Nature for your Guide,
Love has some soft Excuse to sooth your Pride.
Ye fair Apostates from Love's antient Pow'r,
Can nothing ravish but a golden Show'r?
Can Cards alone your glowing Fancy seize?
Must Cupid *learn to* Punt, *e're he can please?*

NUMB.

NUMB. 73. GRAY'S-INN, *Saturday*, *March* 9, 1754.

——*Sub Judice lis est.* HOR.

AS the Trials, at the Court of *Censorial-Enquiry*, have been more numerous, these last Sessions, than happened to be the Case heretofore, and, as it is Matter of Moment that all the Transgressions, which are there cognizable, should, as much as possible, be obviated, I shall devote the entire Papers of this and the ensuing *Saturday* to an Account of the several Hearings, that have passed there this Week.—

The Proceedings of the Court of Censorial-Enquiry, *on the Commission of* OYER *and* TERMINER, *and general Goal Delivery, held for the Cities of* London *and* *Westminster*.

About Nine o'Clock the Judges took their Seats, and the Jury, consisting of the following Persons, were sworn and impannelled.

Thomas Thimble an EMINENT *Haberdasher of Small-ware.*
John Rhubarb, an EMINENT *Apothecary.*
William Buckram, an EMINFNT *Taylor.*
Joseph Bauble, an EMINENT *Toyman.*
Abel Drugger, an EMINENT *Tobacconist:*
John Candlewick, an EMINENT *Tallow chandler.*
Jeremiah Prim, an EMINENT *Mercer.*
Timothy Buck, an EMINENT *Breeches-maker.*
Joseph Instep, an EMINENT *Shoemaker.*
Robert Frizzle, an EMINENT *Peruke-Maker.*
David Elzevir, an EMINENT *Bookseller.*
Isaac Birmingham, an EMINENT *Hard-ware-Man.*

Jack Oakstick was indicted for that he, on *Saturday* Night the 16*th* of *February*, went into the Middle-Gallery

lery at *Drury-Lane* Play-house, and from thence one Apple, Value a Farthing, on the Stage did fling to the great Annoyance of the Actors, and Disturbance of the Company. The Fact was proved by two undeniable Evidences, who, being interrogated whether they had not the Freedom of the House, severally answered, that they had not, and added, that they did not even go in with an Order, and that their only Motive for appearing on the Occasion was, to bring to condign Punishment an Offender against the Respect and good Manners due to a public Assembly. Whereupon the Prisoner, being asked by the Court what he had to say for himself, made Answer that he was drunk, and, as he hoped to be saved, it was nothing but an innocent Frolick. GUILTY; upon which he was ordered to wait upon the Managers of the abovementioned Theatre to ask their Pardon for his Misbehaviour, and he was sentenced to drink but a Pint of Wine after his Dinner for the future.——

Sir *Peter Jessamy* was indicted for standing between the Scenes in such a Manner as to hurt the most pathetic Situations of the Drama. GUILTY; but it appearing to the Court, that it was not done with Malice prepense, but only with intent to display his Cloaths to the Ladies, he was dismissed without any other Punishment than a severe Reprimand, and an Order, that he should not be admitted behind the Scenes again without giving Security for his good Behaviour, of which Mr. *Varney* and Mr. *Crudge* are to take proper Notice.——

Elizabeth, the Wife of *John Gayless*, Esq; was indicted, for that she, not having the Love of her Husband before her Eyes, hath, for the Space of three Years past, obstinately, willfully, and urged on by the Instigation of a certain Fury called GAMING, addicted all her Attention to Cards, to the great pecuniary Detriment of her Husband, and the utter Extinction of all domestic Happiness, *&c.*

The

The Cauſe was opened by Counſellor *Manly*, who urged in a long Harangue, that it is an abſolute Apoſtacy from all that can be counted elegant in the fair Sex, to ſpend a Life over a Pack of Cards; that ſuch a Conduct can only ſerve to ſpoil their Complexions, diſturb their Tempers, ſuppreſs the natural Affections, which alone can create conjugal Felicity; that it muſt inevitably put to flight the *Loves* and *Graces*, which would otherwiſe hover round them, and in their ſtead, ſurround them with a Band of *Harpies*, ſuch as *Suſpicion*, *Miſtruſt*, *Vexation*, *Diſappointment*, &c. and that, in ſhort, it muſt at laſt bring on ſuch an Inſenſibility, as to render a Woman capable of venturing a Daughter's Portion upon the turning up of a Die, and oblige her to ſurrender her lovely Perſon, in Caſe of Non-payment, upon an *Habeas Corpus* from the Court of *Venus*.

After this, *Betty Minnikin*, Chambermaid to the Priſoner, was examined, and ſhe depoſed, as how her Miſtreſs never went to Bed till Four or Five in the Morning, and that ſhe had often heard her ſay, ſhe actually thought the King of Clubs a much handſomer Man than her Huſband.

Croſs Examined. Pray Miſtreſs—Remember you're upon your Oath——Have you no Intrigue with your Maſter?——

Betty Minnikin.—I'd have you to know Sir—that I ſcorn your Words—I've nothing to do with Fellows—— though to be ſure (in Tears) he does uſe me barbarouſly, and has taken no notice ever ſince he had his wicked Will of me.

James Ditto, *Mercer*, was ſworn and depoſed, that he had ſerved the Lady ever ſince her Marriage, and that he knew no more of the Colour of her Money, than of the real Colour of her Face, though he was informed by her Huſband, and he verily believed the ſame to be true, that ſhe had been ſupplied occaſionally with Money to diſcharge all her Bills.

The

The Defence.

The *Prisoner's Council* proved to the Court, that their Client always preserved her Virtue, and that no Instance of Infidelity to the Marriage-Bed could be charged against her, even though she had been tempted by Lord *Trumpabout*, who offered to remit a considerable gaming Debt, for so small a Consideration as cuckolding her Husband; and upon this they rested their Defence.

To this it was replied by the Council for the Prosecution, that it is not enough for a Woman to preserve her Virtue, if she is insensible to Shame in every other Point, agreeably to the *Statute 6th Young*,

Some modern Ladies think one Crime is all;
Can Women then no Way but backwards fall?

Lord *Townley*'s Case was also cited, by which it appeared a Matter of Indifference, whether a Man be cuckolded by a *black Ace*, or a powdered Beau. Whereupon the Jury, without withdrawing, brought in their Verdict, GUILTY, and the Prisoner was ordered into the close Custody of her Husband, to be by him carried into the Country for twelve Months; there to read the *Spectator*, *Tatler* and *Guardian*, and never suffered to revisit *London* without proper Security for her good Behaviour.

John Cockney was indicted at the Suit of Mrs. *Seesaw*, for that he, as a Servant to the said Mrs. *Seesaw*, behaved ill in his Place, by several Misdemeanors, such as not answering when called, nor shutting the Room-Door after him, and, when bid, doing it in such a Manner, as to shake the whole House, *&c.* The Fact being proved, the Prisoner was asked, what he had to say in Mitigation of his Offence; to which he replied, "I does "not want to live with the Lady—I have often bid "her discharge me——She keeps but seven Card-"Tables——and what can a poor Servant do, if he "gets no more Vails nor that?——It is not the Pay of "a Country Curate——Lord bless her, she may get "some

"ſome raw Boy to live with her, but it won't do for "me"—Upon this the Jury declared him GUILTY; and the Court directed Mrs. *Seeſaw* to diſcharge him without a Character, giving her at the ſame Time an Hint to keep fewer Card-Tables for the future.

William Dactyle was indicted, for that he hath frequently been, during the Winter Seaſon, at the *Bedford* Coffee-houſe, and then and there for a Diſh of Coffee did call, or for *red Tea*, or *Capillaire*, as his Fancy directed, and did afterwards ſteal out of the Back-Door, without paying for the ſame, to the Prejudice of the Houſe, *&c.*

Charles Price, ſworn.

The Priſoner at the Par was at our Houſe on *Suntay* Evening laſt, ant hur gife hurſelf fery grate Airs, as Cot is hur Shudge, as much as Mrs. *Ap Jones* of *Trinigidie*, or any *Shentleman* in the Place. "Waiter give a Tiſh "of Coffee," ſays he; and ſo hur was helping a Shentleman, and ſo te Priſoner huff hur, as if hur was no petter tan a Tog. Ecot, it mate my Plood poil in me, and ſo I was reſolfed to pe efen with hur, ant ſo I watch hur, when hur was going out, accorting to hur olt Tricks, ant ſo *Ropert* ant I detect hur in te fery Fact.

Q.——Did he make a Practice of this?——

Charles Price. I pelief hur to it ten times ſince *Nofember* laſt.—

John Hazard, ſworn.

I am Marker at the Billiard-Table, and I ſerve in the Coffee-Room on *Sundays*. *Charles Price* bid me watch the Priſoner, telling me of his Ways, and ſo he went out at the Back-Door.

Priſoner's Defence.

I have People to call to my Character.

Quinbus Fleſtrin. I know Mr. *Dactyle* perfectly well; we both lay together upon a Flock-bed in *Fleetſtreet*, when we tranſlated *Juvenal*'s Satyrs; he was always in

a ſtrong Glow when our Author declaimed againſt Vice, and I did not think him capable of ſuch an Action.—

John Rubric. I am a Bookſeller; I employed the Priſoner to write me an Account of lamentable Accidents; I advanced him the whole Money, being Fifteen Shillings and Six pence, and he behaved very honeſtly.

Court. What is his general Character?

Rubric. A very pretty Verſifyer—I never heard an ill Thing of him before this.— Guilty 10 *d.*

NUMB. 74. GRAY's-INN, *Saturday, March* 16, 1754.

Ergo exercentur Pænis, veterumque malorum
Supplicia expendunt.—————— VIRG.

Continuation of the Proceedings at the Court of Cenſorial-Enquiry.

J*Ohn Vainlove*, Eſq; was indicted, for that he, not having the Fear of this Court before his Eyes, but falſely, vainly and inconſiderately tricked, deluded, and jilted ſeveral of his Majeſty's moſt amiable Subjects, and urged on by the Inſtigation of a moſt extraordinary Self-conceit, hath continued for a long Time in this Practice, to the great Diſappointment of ſeveral young Ladies, &c.

Clerk of the Arraigns.

John Vainlove hold up your Hand.—How will you be tried?—

Priſoner. By this Court and my Country.

Upon which the *Attorney-General* of the Court opened the Cauſe in a long Speech, ſetting forth, that ſuch Behaviour argues a depraved Mind, inſenſible to Truth, and wantonly delighting in giving Uneaſineſs to the Fair-

Fair Sex, by making many of them imagine he had honourable Intentions, when, at the ſame Time, he only meant, in the End, to break off to their Diſappointment and Confuſion.

Miſs *Saffron*, ſworn on her Pocket Looking-Glaſs.

I met the Priſoner at the Bar at *Enfield* Aſſembly, where I danced with him till Two in the Morning; he ſqueezed my Hand ſeveral Times, called me his Angel, and "I proteſt, Miſs *Saffron*," ſays he, "you "have the fineſt Neck in the World." I was ſo far miſled by this Speech, that I have ever ſince gone without an Handkerchief; he viſited me next Morning, and gave me ſtrong Reaſons to expect Propoſals for Marriage. But inſtead of that, I have been the *Laughing-ſtock* of all my Acquaintances ever ſince, for ſhewing the Yellowneſs of my Skin, and I never ſaw the Priſoner ſince till now.

Miſs Threadneedle, *ſworn on a Billedoux.*

I danced with the Priſoner at *Hamſtead* Aſſembly; I was at that Time upon a Treaty of Marriage with my Father's 'Prentice, which I broke off on his Account; and I have ſince rejected many very eligible Offers, encouraged by the Priſoner's Promiſes, in Conſequence of which I bought me a new Gown at *Carr*, *Ibſon*'s and *Bigg*'s, and now I find I'm not likely to be a bit the better for it.

Widow Liquoriſh, *ſworn on a ſmall Box of Carmine.*

I had not been ſpoke to for ſeveral Years, till I met the Priſoner at a Rout; we played in the ſame Sett, and he paid me ſo many Compliments, and loſt his Money with ſo much good Humour, that I was ſure he was in Love with me. I had five Card-Tables at my Lodging ſince, when the Priſoner promiſed to be one of our Party, but I never ſaw him ſince, till I heard he was taken up; I am ſure that is he; I can ſwear to the Man.

Pri-

Prisoner's Defence.

May it please this Honourable Court, I am a Beau, and in order to support that Character, I thought it would not be amiss to have a few Treaties of Marriage depending, though, at the same Time, I protest, I have no Attachment to any one breathing except myself.

Upon this the Prisoner rested his Cause, and the Jury, without retiring, brought in their *Verdict*, a *Male Jilt*, and the Court adjudged, upon the Statute of *Isaac Bickerstaff*, that no Lady whatever should admit the Addresses of *John Vainlove*, Esq; unless he could produce a Character from the Lady he last served, testifying that, *he behaved well in her Service.*

Lady *Tittle-Tattle* was indicted, for that she went frequently to one or other of the two Theatres, and there, placing herself in a Side-Box as near the Stage as possible, talked louder than the Actors, even though a *Garrick*, or a *Barry*, a *Cibber* or a *Pritchard* were Principal in the Scene. The Prisoner, instead of denying the Fact, insisted upon her Right to behave in that Manner, alledging it was what she always did at Church, and truly she could never be made to hold her Tongue in her Life. Verdict, GUILTY; upon which the Court was going to pass Sentence that she should lose her Tongue, but one of the Judges recollecting an Instance in *Ovid*, where the remaining Roots and Fibres retain their Activity, *Radix micat ultima linguæ*, objected to the Punishment, insisting upon it, that it would not cure the Disease, and though no articulate Accents could be produced, *nec vox nec verba sequuntur*, yet such Sounds might issue, as would still continue to annoy the Company; she was therefore required to give Bail for her good Behaviour for the future, which she found difficult to do, as her Husband, for Reasons best known to himself, refused to be one; at length Mr. *Hoyle* became her Security, he being in Possession of the only Charm which can for a while stop the female Tongue.

Bob

Bob Riot was indicted, for that he, in a full Gallery at *Drury-Lane* Play-house, cried out Fire. The Fact being incontestibly proved, but no one being able positively to swear to the Man, the strongest Evidence amounting to no more than I believe it is he, and I think it is the same Voice, he was acquitted.

William Quibble was indicted for picking a Gentleman's Pocket of a Silk Handkerchief, Value Three Shillings. The Prosecutor deposed, that he went into the *Bedford* Coffee-House, and stood for some Time next to the Prisoner at the Bar, and when he wanted his Pocket Handkerchief could not find it.

Crose Examined. Pray, Sir, was you at the Play that Night?

Answer. I was.

Q. And did not you pass through the Mob that is generally gathered in the Piazza?

Answer. I did.

Q. Then might you not lose your Handkerchief there? — What Reason have you for charging the Prisoner at the Bar?

Answer. Because he made a Pun, and every Body knows that a Man that will pun, will also pick a Pocket.

Acquitted of the *Hankerchief*, but detained upon an Indictment for the *Pun*.

Joseph Indolent was indicted, for that he murdered all his Time every Evening at the *Bedford* Coffee-House. It was plainly proved to the Court, that the Prisoner generally took his Seat among the rest of the *Loungers* at the Middle Fire, and there past all his Hours in dozing, yawning, telling long Stories, listening to long Stories, enquiring of every one that comes in, have you been at *Drury-Lane* to Night?—" Yes"—Great House I suppose—" very great House"—ay, as usual—have you been at *Covent Garden?* " I looked in"——very thin I hear—" about five People in the Boxes, and " half

"half a Pit"—ay, as uſual, *&c.* Upon which the Jury, without going out of Court, brought in their Verdict, WILFUL MURDER; but the Priſoner ſeeming to have a very ſenſible Feeling of his Condition, the Court, in hopes he might by this be awakened into Reflection, allowed him *Benefit of Clergy*, which they aſſured him was the only Thing that could redeem him from Deſtruction, and therefore they recommended to him to read four Hours every Day for the future.

William Clumſy was indicted, for that he walked about the Room at the *Bedford* Coffee-Houſe, for near half an Hour every Evening, and trod frequently upon Peoples Toes to the great Annoyance of Mrs. *Michell*'s Cuſtomers. GUILTY; upon which the Court ordered him to Mr. *Hart*'s Dancing Academy for grown Perſons, until the ſaid Mr. *Hart* ſhall think proper to truſt him with the Uſe of his Limbs abroad.

John Sceptic was indicted for that he, after reading the poſthumous Works of the late Lord *Bolingbroke*, did embrace the abſurd Doctrine of *Scepticiſm*, and is now an abſolute Unbeliever in the moſt obvious Truths.

Miſs *Sweetlips*, *ſworn.*

I was going through *Taviſtock-Street*—this was about Seven o'Clock at Night—and I met the Priſoner at the Bar, who led me to a Lamp, and after looking me full in the Face, kiſſed me with great Eagerneſs. He then told me that I was a pretty Apparition——upon which I could not help ſaying I was as good Fleſh and Blood as himſelf——he then repeated the Word Apparition, and bruſhed away.

Abraham Buckram.

I made Cloaths for the Priſoner at the Bar, for many Years paſt, and he never diſputed Payment, till I carried in my Bill the other Morning,——being obliged to make up a Sum;——and he told me, they were only ima-

imaginary Cloaths, and that I must prove the Reality of Matter, of which, he said, he doubted the Existence.

Mary Spinster.

I am a maiden Lady; I let Lodgings in St. *Martin's Lane*—the Prisoner has had an Apartment in my House for nine Months, and when I ask him for some Money, he says he owes for no Lodging, and that all is *Elysium* round him.

Prisoner's Defence.

I doubt the real Existence of every Thing I meet. As for Instance; I have often heard of *Honour*, and *Honesty*, and *Patriotism*, and *Friendship*, and I am sure there is no such Thing in Reality. I therefore demur to the Jurisdiction of the Court, because I doubt the Reality of it, and of all these Appearances about me. Verdict; *guilty of wilful Scepticism*; whereupon the Court adjudged the said posthumous Works of *Lord Bolingbroke* to be forfeited as a *Deodand*, and allowed him *Benefit of Clergy*.

Copia Vera,

CHARLES RANGER.

The Court broke up till next Sessions.

NUMB. 75. GRAY's-INN, *Saturday, March* 23, 1754.

——— ——— ——— ——— ———Ut omnis
Votivâ veluti pateat descripta Tabellâ
Vita ——— ——— ——— ——— HOR.

Tecum habita, & noris quam sit tibi curta supellex. PER.

TO endeavour at some Degree of Self-Knowledge, was the constant Advice of the ethic Writers among the *Greeks* and *Romans*; and this Precept we find inculcated by each of them in Terms that come home to every Man's Breast Among the Moderns, my Lord *Shaftsbury*, has more particularly enforced the Doctrine to the Race of Writers, and has recommended this intuitive Intercourse to every Author, by desiring him frequently to enter into a *Soliloquy* with himself; by which Means he will probably stand informed, whether he can boast that intellectual Harmony, which is requisite for the Formation of a tasteful Mind; whether he is sufficiently acquainted with the Progress of the human Understanding, the secret Movements of the Heart, the Grace of Character, the Beauty of Virtue, and all those elegant Refinements of Thinking, without which it is impossible to reach any Degree of Excellence in a Composition. We likewise find that *Boileau*, the famous *French* Satyrist, was aware of the Necessity of this spiritual Retreat (if I may be allowed to call it so) and accordingly he has entered into a Review of himself in his ninth Satire, which is certainly as pleasant a Piece of Humour and Raillery, as ever was produced by any Writer antient or modern. The Poet addresses himself to his own Mind, by saying, that

that he wants to hold a little private Converſation with that internal Agent, whom he had too long encouraged in Whims and Frolicks, by an indolent Indulgence; and, now that his Patience is provoked to the utmoſt, he will, once for all, tell him his own.

C'eſt à vous, mon Eſprit, à qui je veux parler;
Vous avez des defauts, que je ne puis celer.
Aſſez & trop long-temps ma lache complaiſance
De vos jeux criminels a nourri l'inſolence.
Mais puiſque vous pouſſez ma patience à bout,
Une fois en ma vie, il fant vous dire tout.

In Conformity to the Injunction of the noble Writer, and in Imitation of the ſenſible and polite Satyriſt, juſt quoted, I have lately divided myſelf into two Perſons, in order to examine my inward Frame, the Motives of my Actions, the ſecret Spring of my Writings, and to attain a more intimate Knowledge of my ſeveral Foibles, my various Humours, and the whimſical Viciſſitudes of my Paſſions. The Dialogue was carried on with great Warmth on both Sides, as if there was really an inteſtine War within me. As I am willing to diſcloſe myſelf, as well as to diſſect any other Character, that occurs to me in my Rambles, for the more effectual Improvement or Entertainment of my Readers, I ſhall lay the whole *Drama*, before them this Day. The candid, I am convinced, will pardon all ſuch Errors, as ariſe from the Imbecillity of human Nature, and the Enemies of the Author (if he has any) will abate from their Inveteracy, when they perceive that timorous Self-love cannot prevail upon him to conceal his own Infirmities.

SCENE, *the Author's Study; he ſits down to his Writing-Table, rubs his Forehead, bites his Nails, pauſes for ſome Time in Reflection, and then the Dialogue begins,*

Ranger.—Come, my Soul, or whatever you are, that actuate this Machine; you and I have long been wrangling,

wrangling, and I desire now to have a private Conference with you, Pray, what could put it into your Head to make me turn Writer?

Soul. How can you ask me such a Question? You know my original Motive was to make as much waste Paper, as the Rest of the Scribblers of the Age. The Town began early to take Notice of my Undertaking, and so the Amusement of it, and a Principle of Gratitude induced me to persevere.

Ranger. Let me tell you, that you are a busy, pragmatical, intermeddling, foolish Kind of a Being, and when once you take a Fancy into your Head, there is no such Thing as reasoning with you. Did not I represent to you that Writing is a State of Warfare upon Earth, and that the most candid and unassuming Expression will not secure a Man from secret poisoned Arrows while Malice and Envy, and Ill-nature are such predominant Vices in Mankind?

Soul. True; but did not I always answer you, that the wise and good will not become Tools to a Party, and that they will never condescend to do the dirty Work of Calumny and Detraction? A public Writer, who is attended with a Degree of Success, must expect to be attacked by Scribblers, and let me tell you, Mr. *Ranger*, you are an errant Blockhead, if you ever suffer any of them to ruffle your Temper. Take my Advice, and laugh at the Impotence of Malice; and whenever any one attempts to wound you with the Weapons of Falsehood, smile at the Dart, which, short of its Aim, falls harmless at your Feet, and repeat with me from my favourite *Virgil*,

——*Telumque imbelle sine Ictu*
Conjecit——

Ranger. This is all fine Talking! But am not I pointed at in the mean Time? Don't I perceive the con-

contracted Brow, the inflamed Eye, the Look that denounces Vengeance?

Soul. Not so fast in your Career; Pray, Sir, have not you brought all this upon yourself? what Business had you to discover the Author? Prejudices will unavoidably arise against a known Writer. But you must go and consult with a few of your Friends, before the Work was commenced; and what was the Consequence? Did they assist you? They only whispered it about, and in a Month's Time, you were known every where. I often told you, you are of too open a Temper. Observe how some People lock up their Minds in Company; Snug's the Word; not a Syllable from their Lips, and they make Use of all they can extract from your communicative Disposition. Look ye, if you would but keep my Secrets a little closer, I don't in the least doubt but we should succeed much better. Don't be quite so precipitate, and let us take Time to plan, to alter, to touch, and retouch, and I'll stake my Immortality, that we go on with more Safety and Ease. Or, if you must take the Opinion of People, ask it of those only who have both Inclination and Capacity to serve you. Learn to distinguish between Men.

Ranger. I have no sinister Intentions myself, and I never suspect any Body else of harbouring ill Designs. But do you intend to persevere in this Task?

Soul. Most certainly, while the Public continues favourable.

Ranger. 'Gad, its pleasant enough to see you assume the Air of a Dictator, and take upon you to reform Men and Manners, to correct vitiated Taste, to offer your Criticisms on fine Writings, give Rules for Style, reprobate a Profusion of Metaphors and flowery Epithets, and ridicule the Foibles of Mankind. I tell you, we are too young for the Task; do you feel within you the Emotions of a sublime Spirit? Have your pervading Eyes searched every Subject to the Bottom? Had not

you better employ yourſelf in reading the beſt Authors, ancient and modern, than ſpinning out from yourſelf? Has *Apollo* opened to you the Secrets of *Parnaſſus?* And then don't I know your Method of Proceeding? Don't you ſome Times defer Things to the laſt Day, and don't you let Inaccuracies eſcape from you, which a little Time would inform you want Correction?

Soul. There I allow you hit me; but the Nature of periodical Writings muſt admit ſome ſlight Inadvertencies. The Diſſipations of Pleaſure, and a thouſand other Avocations muſt inevitably diſconcert a Perſon at Times; and then one is not always in the ſame Humour. But why don't you take care to correct the Preſs? When you ſhould be attending to that neceſſary Trouble, you are often running about the Town, which is no Excuſe to the Reader. For my Part, I flatter myſelf that the beſt Judges will allow for an youthful Enterprize, and in a more advanced Period, and at more Leiſure, I poſſibly may repay them for their preſent Indulgence.

Ranger. I ſee you will have your own Way. However, I muſt tell you what I hear of you; It is remarked, that you are too fond of mentioning Players. 'Sdeath, if you pretend to any Genius, can't you have more Pleaſure in reading *Shakeſpear*, than in hearing any of them repeat from him?

Soul. Why, you are ſenſible, that my Paper is calculated for a Multiplicity of Readers; ſome like one Thing, ſome another; there is no pleaſing all at once, Beſides, there is a Performer on the Stage, who has, upon many Occaſions, ſurprized me with new Lights in Paſſages that were before obſcure, and who has often had an irreſiſtible Power over my Paſſions.

Ranger. Still harping on your favourite *Garrick*—but what Occaſion is there for it? Every Body knows he is an univerſal Genius.

Soul. Would you have me change my Style, and ſay that there are others equal to him?

Ranger.

Ranger. No, that would be taken for Raillery; they'd think you were laughing at them. But to cut the Matter short, this Itch of Scribbling is a dangerous Thing. You'll never be cured of it, till the Critics effectually damn you, which between you and I——

Soul. Hush! blabbing again? Hold your Peace, Man.

Ranger. Well! well! I will; for Faith I am heartily tired of the Controversy; and so, since we are tied together like Man and Wife, without any Possibility of a Divorce, until Death us do part, I think we had better jog on as well as we can, with the Civility of People of Fashion.

Hereupon the Debate was broke up, and other Thoughts breaking in, these two *Shaftsburian* Persons were both united into one, like two different Liquids in a Glass, which by the Infusion of a single Drop, change their Appearance, and both become one clear and transparent Fluid.

TRUE INTELLIGENCE.

Bedford Coffee-house, Feb. 23.

THE Board of Criticism met here last Night, when Mr. *Town* laid before them, the following Lines, which he said were the late Mr. *Pope*'s, and desired the Sentiments of the House concerning the same.

What are the falling Rills, and pendant Shades,
The Morning Bow'rs, and Ev'ning Colonades;
But soft Recesses of th' uneasy Mind,
To sigh unheard into the passing Wind?

So the struck Deer, in some sequester'd Part,
Lies down to die, the Arrow in his Heart.
There hid in Shades, and pining Day by Day,
Inly he bleeds, and melts his Soul away.

The Court of Criticiſm brought in their Verdict, *Ignoramus*; however, it is ſaid they really are Mr. *Pope*'s, and were written on reading a Poem, Intitled, A FIT OF THE SPLEEN, in Imitation of *Shakeſpear*.

Batſon's *in Cornhill*.

The Doctors *Ennema*, *Catarrh*, *Anodyne*, *Capivi*, &c. meet here every Evening in the Nature of a Coroners's Inqueſt, to enquire into the Cauſes, that occaſions the Deaths of their Patients. Yeſterday they ſat upon the Body of *John Hypocondriac*, who from a very robuſt Conſtitution, reduced himſelf to a Skeleton, by taking no other Suſtenance for three Years together, than Febrifuge Draughts; in which emaciated State he dragged on Life till the 30*th* of *January* laſt, when he at length died of the Doctor; Verdict, *Felo de ſe*. After this, the Caſe of an eminent Tobacconiſt, who was lately buried in *Little St. Helen*'s, though the Doctor the Evening before left him in a *fine Way*, came under their Conſideration, when a certain Wag interpoſed, "Damn it, "Gentlemen, why do ye puzzle yourſelves about the "poor Devil's Caſe, when all the World knows his "Caſe is a Coffin?"

ADVERTISEMENT.

The Lovers of Theatrical Entertainments are deſired to take notice, that the Benefit of Mr. *Croſs*, Prompter, is fixed for this Day Month at *Drury-Lane*, when they will have an Opportunity of rewarding a Perſon, who, though unſeen, bears a very conſiderable Share in the Trouble of rendering the Buſineſs of the Stage ſo regular as it now is; and therefore 'tis hoped the Public will *know their Cue to go* on the above Night, *without a Prompter*.

NUMB.

NUMB. 76. GRAY'S-INN, *Saturday, March* 30, 1754.

Illum non Populi Fasces, non purpura Regum
Flexit, & infidos agitans Discordia Fratres,
Aut conjurato descendens Dacus ab Istro;
Non res Romanæ perituraque Regna, nec ille
Aut doluit miserans inopem, aut invidit habenti.

VIRG.

THE Stoic Philosophy was by many of the Antients esteemed the Height of human Wisdom, the sure Road to Happiness, and the last Finishing and Apotheosis of an exalted Character. Its Excellence consisted, not in the due Government of the Passions, but in extirpating them totally from the human Heart; by which means the Seat of feeling, and Source of every exquisite Pleasure, as well as tender Pain, was rendered quite callous and insensible, and suffered to move only with the Flux and Reflux of the Blood, without being agitated with any Kind of Sensation whatever. Our excellent Poet has given us a very picturesque Description of this notable System of Philosophy.

In lazy Apathy let Stoics boast
Their Virtue fix'd; 'tis fix'd as in a Frost,
Contracted all retiring to the Breast;
But Strength of Mind is Exercise, not Rest.

How an absolute Repugnance to the Laws of Nature, and the Want of those Feelings, which are the best Ingredients in our Composition, can in any Way constitute an exalted Character I am at a loss to determine. *Vita secundum Naturam,* a Life conformable to the Laws of Nature, is *Tully*'s Definition of a moral, as well as an happy State. Certain it is, all Elegance of Mind,

and Relish for Virtue, must arise from those Sensations, which Nature has implanted in us, as Excitements to Action, and Inlets for due Degrees of Pleasure and Pain. Without these, our most refined Gratifications must suffer a considerable Abatement; the pleasing Anxieties of virtuous Friendship, the grateful Solicitude of Love, the melancholy Luxury of tender Compassion, and the Delights which we derive from a well-wrought Scene of Distress in an affecting Tragedy, must all lose their Influence, and the Mind sink into a dull State of Insensibility. For my Part, I have always had a sovereign Contempt for the unfeeling, pedantic Wisdom of those unnatural Followers of a brutal Philosophy; nor could I ever admire their ridiculous Ostentation of a towering Superiority of Soul. That this is also the Sense of the greater Part of Mankind, is very visible from that soporific Awe, with which they behold Personages of this Cast, when interwoven into the Drama; while Characters of a mixed Nature, in whom the Passions are in a beautiful Struggle between Virtue and Vice, are always sure to seize the Affections of an Audience, and interest every Heart in the Fortunes of the Hero thus represented.

Virgil has transmitted to us a Picture of the Completion of that Happiness, which was the exalted Boast of the Stoics: In the Words of my Motto, he tells us, that the Person, whom he describes in the Possession of true Felicity, is never touched with popular Esteem, or the dazling Splendor of the regal State; that Difference between Brothers, Conspiracies against his Country, or the Decline of the Constitution, never disturb his Breast; nor is he ever made uneasy by Compassion for the Indigent, or Envy towards the great. This is a Character totally different from the amiable Sketch, by his Brother Poet, of the Man who considers the Relations in which he stands to Society, and feels for all Mankind. The negative Enjoyments above described can result

from

from nothing but an absolute Indifference to our Fellow-Creatures, and is so far from being commendable, that, in my Opinion, it is equalled by every Debauchee in Town. I was lately in Company with one of this Class, who appeared to me to be a very great Proficient in the Stoic Philosophy, and to have carried into his Practice, every Branch of the foregoing System, and as a further Instance of the Excellence of the Stoic School, I shall here present my Readers with a Character of a modern Stoic Philosopher.

Jack Wildair is possessed of a Fortune, which might enable him to live with Splendor, or to prosecute any Enterprize in the Service of his Country; he has also the Advantages of Birth, to render him reputable in the Eye of the World; but like a true Philosopher he never placed any Value upon these happy Circumstances. With a noble Contempt for Riches, he squanders away his Substance in a Manner which shews him to be above the mean Ambition of popular Applause; and, instead of being arrogantly elated with the Thoughts of his high Birth, he has been known to associate with the lowest of Mankind, so superior is he to those little Sensations of Pride which might be apt to play about the Heart of a Man of worldly Vanity. Contented in his own Mind, he never condescended to court the Favour of his Countrymen at an Election for Member of Parliament. The *populi Fasces* have never had any Attraction for *Jack Wildair*, and so little is he touched with the Splendor of Majesty, that he does not care for any King in *Europe*. While all our Politicians have made the two *Brothers* the constant Object of their Attention, he is little sollicitous whether there be a Difference between them or not. The Fortifications of *Dunkirk*, the Depredations of the *Spaniards* in the *West-Indies* upon our Merchantmen, the Election of the King of the *Romans*, the Equipment of *French* Fleets, and all the other Points of Moment, which engross the Thoughts

of our present Race of Patriots, never once discomposed the Serenity of his Mind. Liberty and Property are to him unideal Sounds, and if *Magna Charta* were burned by the common Hangman, it would not occasion the least Gloom in our Hero's Soul. He can also behold the Distresses of the Indigent, the corroding Anxieties of Poverty, most Stoic like, without a single Sigh. *Nec doluit miserans inopem*; and so far from being envious of another's Superiority in Life, while he is easy himself, he never was yet known to compare his own Situation with any Man above him, though he has now and then condescended to cast a Look beneath him, with no small Degree of Satisfaction.

Nor does the Firmness of *Wildair*'s Mind rest here. He can visit all the Brothels in this Metropolis, without feeling the least Degree of Uneasiness. He can behold, undisturbed by any of those tender Touches, which might agitate weaker Breasts, an elegant Form, and the most beautiful Set of Features falling a Prey to *Infamy*, *Diseases*, and *Prostitution*; and as the antient Worthies thought it a noble Atchievement totally to forget the Man, in order to raise their philosophic Fame to an higher Degree of Eminence, so our modern Stoic can suppress the natural Affections, and in the Rake he can also forget the Man. *Jack Wildair* is a very *Roman* in that Point; he is an excellent Practitioner of *Horace*'s golden Rule, to admire nothing; and, if confined to the Bed of Sickness, to repair the Waste made by Folly and Intemperance, he is sure to spend his Time in a Series of moral Reflections. He wisely observes, that all Pleasure is fugitive; that the Reversion of Pain falls to every Man's Lot; and that the Condition of human Life is frail and uncertain. When his Health returns, he indulges in all the Sallies of his wild Imagination, to shew, that, like *Aristippus*, he can adapt himself to every Situation. In short, *Jack Wildair* has upon all Occasions a true Philosophical Turn; and indeed in all Oc-

currences of Life every Thing is ſure to ſuggeſt to him thoſe Reflections, which are moſt conducive to ſecure his own Happineſs, to prevent the ruffled State ariſing from conflicting Paſſions, to preſerve the even Tenor of his Thoughts, to reconcile him to himſelf, and enable him to poſſeſs his Soul in Eaſe, Tranquility, and Chearfulneſs.

This Character of a modern Town Philoſopher contains, in my Opinion, all the Branches of the much boaſted ſtoic Syſtem, and all the leading Principles of Happineſs, which it inculcates, are carried by our modern Academic to a much greater Height of Wiſdom and Felicity, than they ever were by the moſt rigid Follower of the ſtoic Academy, in ſo much as the modern Hero grafts his Happineſs on the Paſſions, which he plays againſt one another, and in that Senſe may be ſaid to live *ſecundum naturam*; whereas the antient Stoic endeavoured to ſubvert the very Elements of our being, and among that Sect, he was the moſt exalted Worthy, who was the moſt diveſted of Humanity.

TRUE INTELLIGENCE.

Bedford Coffee-houſe, March 2.

SINCE the Profeſſion of *Buckiſm* is grown into ſuch Repute, a Bard, who boaſts himſelf a Deſcendant of the ſame facetious *Wagſtaffe*, that in the *Tatler* opened a new Vein of Poetry, by his admirable Verſes *on a Shower in Town*, and a Deſcription *of a City Morning*, has attempted an Ode in Honour of every honeſt Fellow, who bears a laudable Attachment to the ſaid Profeſſion. The Piece, which I now preſent is an Imitation of that celebrated *Ode of Horace*, which begins with *Integer vitæ*, &c. and is the Twenty ſecond of his firſt Book.

I.

A Buck secure the Streets may pass,
Nor, fear the burnish'd Front of Brass,
At *George*'s often seen;
He, though with Oaths equipt from *Tom*'s,
And blust'ring Airs Dare-Devil comes,
Shall ask no shelt'ring Skreen.

II.

Me once at *Jonathan*'s a *Jew*
Approach'd in Ire, bnt streight withdrew,
And grinn'd with ghastly Grace;
No tawny Surface of a Phiz,
No Horrors, or a Brow like his,
Are found in all *Duke*'s *Place*.

III.

Place him where *Fleet-Ditch* Torrent rolls,
Amidst a Crew of captive Souls,
No Ills can there approach him;
Insidious Catchpoles, base and sly,
At Distance wait with cautious Eye,
And fear to seize and coach him.

IV.

Or where, with busy curious Hum,
Wits and grim-visag'd Critics come,
To blast a Stripling's Bays;
The *Bedford* he nor fears to trace,
But walks the Room with measured Pace,
Nor censure Fears, nor Praise.

V.

When in full House, with dreadful Ire,
Pit, Box, and Gallery conspire
To doom the Poet's Fate;
Amidst the Storm he sits serene,
Pleas'd to behold his *Paphian* Queen,
Sweetly smile, sweetly prate.

NUMB. 77. GRAY'S-INN, *Saturday, April* 6, 1754.

——————Migravit ab Aure Voluptas
Omnis ad incertos Oculos & Gaudia vana. HOR.

THE pantomime Poet, from whom I some Time ago felt a little Interruption in my Studies, has remained in the Chambers over my Head ever since; but, the Fervour of his Enthusiasm being a good deal abated, he has proved a very peaceable and quiet Neighbour. For though he cannot entirely refrain from his peripatetic Lucubrations, he is, however, careful to conduct them with a Degree of Temperance, and he now proves a Companion of very singular and entertaining Oddities. The other Morning he paid me a Visit, and was contented in the Beginning to converse with me upon common and ordinary Topics, upon which he discoursed with sufficient Sedateness. At length he took occasion to introduce the Subject which was the Cause of his Visit, and I observed, that the Moment he touched upon his favourite Scheme of Thinking, he betrayed several whimsical Gestures, and an extraordinary Manner of Address. "Sir, says he, I have taken the Liberty "to intrude upon you this Morning, in order to consult "you in Relation to a Work, which I have had in "Hand for some Time past, and which I think cannot "fail to be of public Utility, as it is one of the Desiderata in Literature, and a Species of Criticism "likely to be productive of singular Advantages to the "learned World. The Thing I mean, Sir, is THE ART "OF PANTOMIME, which I propose to publish by Subscription, not noubting but I shall meet with suitable "En-

"Encouragement to profecute fo arduous a Tafk, and "if Mr. *Ranger* will be kind enough to favour me "with his Recommendation, I fhall for the future e-"fteem him, as a generous Promoter of the polite "Arts."

In order to be able to comply with my Friend's Requeft, and to ferve him as effectually as my fmall Abilities will permit me, I defired him to explain to me at large the Plan of his Undertaking, and the whole Method, which he had chalked out to himfelf for fo noble a Work. Upon which I was informed, that he intends to execute his Defign, in Imitation of *Ariftotle*'s *Art of Poetry*, divided into as many Sections, and, as near as the Nature of the Subject will admit, comprized under the fame Heads. His firft Chapter is to fet out with an Account of the imitative Arts, in which Pantomime will be proved to be fuperior to all the Reft, having the greateft Variety of Gefticulation, and the moft expreffive Significance in all its Attitudes and Actions. In the next Section, it will appear what Sort of Perfons and Things are proper for Imitation, and that the Pantomime Poet muft either attach himfelf to the Reprefentation of Perfonages above the ordinary Race of human Nature, fuch as Magicians, Enchanters, Genii, Gods, Imps, and Monfters, Devils, Furies, *&c.* or to the Exhibition of Characters to be met with in the ordinary Occurrences of Life, fuch as we find introduced in *Harlequin Ranger*. Then follows a Differtation upon the proper Manner of imitating, and Enquiry into the Origin of Pantomime, tracing it from the Time of *Horace* down to the glorious Time of Mahomet *Carathra*.

After this, our Author proceeds to examine into the Nature of *Farces*, and fhows how they differ from the *Pantomime*. He then enters more minutely into the Laws of *Pantomime*, and gives an Account of it's feveral Parts. Among thefe the Fable is firft confidered, and it is allowed, it may be either fimple or implex. He does

not

not totally reject the former, but insists principally upon the Beauties of the complicated Plot, such as *Harlequin Sorcerer*, or the Loves of *Pluto* and *Proserpine*; *Harlequin Fortunatus* being of the simple Kind, consisting of one Action only, impeded or accelerated by several Incidents, all tending in a direct Line to the Completion of the Whole.

The refined Beauties of the Art offer themselves next, and our Author exhausts all his Erudition, all his Rhetoric, and all his whole Stock of Criticism, to point out the Advantages arising to a Piece from a well conducted *Peripetia*, which he defines in these Words. "The pantomimical *Peripetia* consists in sudden Changes of Fortune, arising from a Concatenation of Incidents highly improbable in their Nature." Then the *Agnitio* is displayed at large, and proved to be the liveliest Beauty in this Species of the Drama, it being a sudden Recollection in the Personages of the Piece, when, after a long Absence, they recognize, and know each other again. As when *Harlequin* finds Access to his *Colombine* in a disguised Appearance, she by some Token discovers her Lover, and is happy in his Embrace.

After having enforced these striking Particulars, he delivers Rules for the Excitement of Terror, Pity, and the Marvellous. The two former he mentions but slightly, not thinking them essential in these Compositions, but in the Marvellous, he observes, consists the utmost Effort of human Genius, and then enumerates the various Means by which it is excited, such as flying Mercurys, Rope-Dancers, Kicking Straws, Children playing on the Flute, Storms of Rain, Thunder and Lightening, &c.

The next Division of the Work, relates to the Manners of each Personage of the Drama, in which he recommends a serious Attention to Character, in order the more forcibly to unfold Men and Manners, and the Customs, the Intrigues, the Flights and Descents of the Gods,

Gods, with the whole Hiſtory of the Heathen Mythology. In this Part of the Work he expatiates at large upon the Uſe of Machinery, and I make no Doubt, will greatly excel the celebrated *Boſſu* in this Part of the Performance. Having the Intereſts of the Theatre greatly at Heart, our Author proves, that no Play-houſe can long ſubſiſt without a good Set of Carpenters, an expeditious Band of Scene-Drawers, excellent Candle-Snuffers, Fire-Eaters, Trap-Door-Men, Oſtriches, Monkeys, Serpents, and the whole animal World, beſides a Race of Beings never ſeen upon the Face of the Earth.

The Sentiment comes into Conſideration in the following Chapter. The ſeveral Modes of the Mind are explained in an ample Manner, and Directions given to the Performer to render himſelf perfectly acquainted with the Operation of all the Paſſions on the whole Frame of the Body, and it is laid down as a Rule that he muſt be careful to mark the different Actions of Begging Commanding, Threatning, Interrogating, Anſwering, that he may be able to impreſs a lively Idea of each upon the Minds of his Spectators.

The Sentiment being eſtabliſhed, the Diction claims our next Regard. Under this Head the ſeveral pretty Pieces of Poetry introduced into *Pantomimes* are criticiſed, and proper Rules preſcribed for Writing theſe Kind of Nonſenſe—Verſes. To the whole Work is annexed a particular Examen of *Harlequin Fortunatus*, in order to give a Specimen of the great Utility and Truth of the foregoing Rules. I ſhall therefore conclude this Paper with an Abſtract from this Part of the Work.

There cannot, ſays my Author, be found in any Pantomime Writer a better imagined Opening for the Drama, than the firſt Incident in this Piece. The Scene diſcovers a large Wood, in which the poor, forlorn Harlequin is wandering, in a violent Storm of Rain, Thunder and Lightening. In a Fit of Deſperation he throws

himſelf

himſelf on the Ground, and to heighten our Compaſſion poor Madam *Fortune* is introduced bemoaning her Condition in a very pathetic Strain of Poetry. The amiable Character of *Fortunatus* is ſeen in his Readineſs to aſſiſt the diſtreſſed, and the Sequel conveys a fine Moral, *viz.* that Riches, Riot, and Debauchery are the moſt deſirable Things in this World, as the Piece ends with Harlequin's being in the full Enjoyment of all his Wiſhes. The Farmer's Yard affords a pleaſing Image of rural Happineſs, and the beautiful Incident of the Dog's biting the Clown conveys this Incident, that a Dog's obeyed in Office, and it ſerves further to enforce the Neceſſity of an Act of Parliament to leſſen the Number of Dogs, which over-run the Kingdom, to the great Annoyance of his Majeſty's loyal Subjects. The frequent Remembrances between *Columbine* and her *Harlequin* make upon all Occaſions an admirable *Agnitio*, and the ſudden Changes of their Fortunes form a very beautiful *Peripetia*. Harlequin's Eſcape into the Oven, his running up the Chimney, and his Leap over the Gateway, when his Enemies are in cloſe Purſuit of him, are all Touches of the higheſt Elevation and Genius, and upon the whole, we may ſay with Mr. *Dennis*, that this Piece is admirable for its fine Moralities, its Univerſality, and its Integrity.

TRUE INTELLIGENCE.

Theatre-Royal Covent-Garden, April 6.

ON *Monday* Evening laſt, the Tragedy of *Othello* was performed here for the Benefit of Mr. *Ryan*; *Othello* by Mr. *Barry*, and *Iago* by Mr. *Ryan*. After the Play, Mr. *Foote*, who came from *Bath* on purpoſe, performed his laſt new Farce, called the *Knights*, which he introduced with the following occaſional Prologue, writ by Mr. *Ranger*.

PRO-

P R O L O G U E.

WHILST one brave Vet'ran † quits the Tragic Lore,
And Dear *Jack Falstaff* charms the Age no more;
His firm *Achates*, to the Drama's Laws
Attentive still, serves in the good Old Cause.
Bless'd in the Greeness of a cheerful Age,
But somewhat stiff—* *with Buckram of the Stage.*
Urg'd by your Candor to my short Essay,
A Whim he takes to add it to his Play.
A Visit pays me;—compliments ensued;——
" Welcome from *Bath*—I hope I don't intrude—
" You look extremely healthy in the Face—
" And my old Friend—you left him in good Case"—
Then with a Smile and Looks of soft Condition
Comes to the Point—" I've, Sir, a small Petition."
Proud of the Word, erect I sit in State;
" Petitions numberless are sent of late."—
Your Farce—I mean your last new Comedy—
" I'm ever bad at Phraseology——
" Exactly pleas'd the Palate of each Wit——
" I'd take it kind, Sir, at my Benefit."
For former Freedoms willing to attone,
" I'll play once more, Sir—and for you alone."
Pleas'd he retir'd—and pleas'd I now appear,
To serve known Worth a cheerful Voluntier.
If feigning well be our consummate Art,
How great his Praise, who, in the Villain's Part,
Has UTTER'D THOUGHTS—so foreign from his Heart?
Oft in this House your sympathetic Sires
Wept at his Woes, and kindled at his Fires.
Over their Offspring still he boasts his Sway;—
Witness that Circle of the Fair and Gay,
Who gild with gen'rous Beams his Ev'ning Hour,
And pleas'd adorn the Sunset of his Pow'r.

† Mr. *Quin*, who has retreated from the Stage, to enjoy *otium cum dignitate* at *Bath*.

* *Vide* the Prologue to the new Tragedy of *Virginia*.

NUMB.

NUMB. 78. GRAY'S-INN, *Saturday, April* 13, 1754.

——*Inter Sylvas Academi quærere Verum.* HOR.

I Had the Honour, in one of my former Papers, of introducing my Readers into that celebrated Academy of Arts and Sciences, THE ROBIN HOOD SOCIETY, which continues in as flouriſhing a Condition as ever. Laſt *Monday* I was ſo happy as to attend the Debates of this learned Body, and with Pleaſure I reflected, that the Seat of Inveſtigation, Knowledge, and Senſe is now likely to be fixed in BUTCHER-ROW. In Imitation of *Spratt*'s Hiſtory of the Royal Society, I have ſome Thoughts of collecting together the Annals of this reſpectable Aſſembly, the Members of which have nothing ſo much at Heart, as the Diſcovery of Truth, inſomuch that it is common to hear a bare-footed Shoemaker ſettle a Point in Philoſophy; a Taylor in Rags prove, that a *Remnant of all ſhall be ſaved*; an Attorney bring his Writ of Error againſt Revelation; a *Philomath* from *Aberdeen* confute the eſtabliſhed Religion and an inſolvent Tradeſman, chiefly ſollicitous about the national Debt. In ſhort, ſuch a Spirit of Free Enquiry reigns in this Seminary, that you may ſee Journeymen-Barbers, Hackney-Clerks, Porters, Chairmen, Hackney-Coachmen, *&c. &c. &c.* all actuated with a noble Enthuſiaſm, and by Turns pleading for Rewards and Puniſhments, the Exiſtence or Non-Exiſtence of a Deity, the moral Fitneſs of Things, the eternal Rule of Right, and in half an Hour they are *Shaftſburians, Hutchenſonians, Mandevillians, Muggletonians, Theiſts, Atheiſts*, &c. During the Courſe of their Reſearches the

Students

Students are frequently obſerved to make ſuch vigorous Application to certain Pewter Pots lying before them, and to draw from thence ſuch copious Draughts, that it is by many imagined the Academy has found out, that the Ancients were miſtaken, when they ſuppoſed TRUTH to be in the Bottom of a Well; this coy and retired Goddeſs, in the Opinion of the *Robin Hood* Society, being to be found at preſent in the Bottom of a *Pot of Porter.* Be that as it may, certain it is, the noble Syſtem of Free-thinking is here diſplayed in it's genuine Luſtre, as, I fancy, will appear from the following Debate, with which I ſhall fill up the Remainder of this Day's Paper.

Robin Hood Society, April 8, 1754.

At Six o'Clock this Evening the Members began to aſſemble, and ſpent their Time in various Modes of Contemplation; ſuch as ſleeping, dozing, ſnoreing, whiſtling, drinking, yawning, *&c.* until Seven, when the Preſident made his public Entry, through a Lane of bowing Coblers, Barbers, *&c.* Having taken Poſſeſſion of his Chair, he began *ex Cathedrâ* with a clear and audible Voice—" Silence Gentlemen—Pray Gentlemen " be ſilent—Gentlemen, here are two Queſtions to be " read to you for your Approbation, before they can " be inſerted in our Book of *Free-Enquiry.*"

Whether Engliſh Quartern Loaves are not better than French Bread? Signed, *Antigallicus.*

" You that are for its being a Queſtion, hold up your " Hands—*(Hands up)*—You that are againſt it, hold up " yours *(Hands up.)* The Majority is for it. The other " Queſtion is,

Whether Religion is conſiſtent with the Genius of a trading Nation? Signed, *Lovegold.*

" You that are for it, hold up your Hands *(all up)* it " muſt be a Queſtion."

Firſt

First Member. 'Sdeath, Sir, what do you throw down the *Porter* for?

Second Mebmer. A mere Accident.——

First Member. An Accident!—Pox take it,—I have it all in my Shoes.

President. Pray Gentlemen be silent—pray Gentlemen don't laugh——are all the Gentlemen served with *Porter*?——Gentlemen, the first Question is, *Whether* Italian *Operas are a rational Entertainment for an* English *Audience.* Signed, *Manly.*

Is Mr. *Manly* here?—If he is, I wish he would answer—

Manly, Sir, the Question is mine, and my Reason for proposing it is, because, I think, we have Composers of our own, who deserve the Encouragement of the Public.

President. Do you chuse to speak, Sir?—You Sir?—You?—Does any Gentleman on this Row chuse to speak?——Do you, Sir?——

William Crosslegs (a Taylor without Buttons to his Coat.) Mr. *President*, I is for demolishing Operas, because I be against all modern Harmony; I believes in a *pre-established Harmony*, and also that there was *Præ-Adimites*, and as I heard the Gentleman who preached the last Time at the Tabernacle in *Moorfields.*——

President. Time, Sir.—Do you chuse to speak, Sir?—

Monsieur *D'onion*, (a *French* Refugee) I am incline to tink, Mr. *President*, dat de Opera is not at all fit for his Country, because Mr *President* de are all *Papis*, and,—Parblieu,--fy should de *Papis* come among free-born People, to eat de Bread of us Protestant?—We are all here for Liberty and Property, and no *Pope*, no *Devil*, no *Pretender*; and while de Persecution last against de *Huguenots*, I am,——parblieu,——for no *papis* Singer.——

President. Time, Sir——

Timothy Meek (a Journeyman Barber, with a Wife and seven Children starving.) When I thinks, Mr. *President*, on those horrible Times, when a Persecution was

car-

carried on in the very Bowels of this Land, and a worſe Perſecution than what the Gentleman mentions, who ſpoke laſt,—though he be, methinks, a *Frenchman* himſelf, notwithſtanding his Violence againſt *Frenchmen*, and perhaps he is only come over for our Beef and Pudding; but that's neither here nor there—I ſays, Mr. *Preſident*, when I think of Fires being lighted up in *Smithfield*, and Men, Women, and Children conſumed in the Flames, when I think on this, I can't ſleep in my Bed. I knew'd of this Queſtion a Week ago, and I have ſpent all my Time in thinking of it, and when I read in *Eachard*'s *Hiſtory* of the Cruelties of the *Papiſts*, I am ready to go diſtracted.——

Iſaac Inſtep (a Shoemaker, whoſe Cuſtomers are all leaving him, becauſe they can get no Work out of his Hands.) I have conſidered the Queſtion, Mr. *Preſident*, for this Week paſt, as well as my Friend who ſpoke laſt, and I fanſy's I have come at the very *Soal* of it, and I'll now lay my *All* before ye, and, as a Body may ſay, you'll find I have taken right Meaſure of the Subject.——

Preſident. Time, Sir—Mr. *Profound*, do you chuſe to ſpeak?——

Mr. *Profound*. Sir, I have a Motion to make——

Mr. *Witwould*. Sir, you muſt at preſent ſpeak to the Queſtion——

Mr. *Profound*. Sir, do you know what I am going to ſay?——

Mr. *Witwould*. No Sir, do you?——

Preſident. Pray, Gentlemen, don't laugh——the preſent Queſtion muſt be militated before any other Queſtion can be received——

Mr. *Profound*. Mr. *Preſident*,—a—I think,—I think,——a—Mr. *Preſident*,——that you have all been wrong-headed in this Debate;—I believe they have not read *Quintilian*, and of Courſe have not correct Minds—a—Mr. *Preſident*,—I never, for my own Part,——looked into the *Vitals* of the *dead* Languages, but there is a Gen-

Gentleman, who tells me what *Quintilian* ſays in the Beginning of a Chapter, and then I can think with the Author, if I hear but one Sentiment, for I'll be d—ned, if I have not more Imagination than I can diſpoſe off——In the preſent Debate there is a *Trinity* of Circumſtances, that—a——a— make up a *Veſuvius*——or a—a—a Mount *Ætna*, as I may ſay, in the Mind——

Preſident. Time, Sir.——

Mr. *Profound*. Pray, Sir, why are you to lay an *Embargo* on my Thoughts?

Preſident. Sir, the Rules——

Mr. *Profound*. But Sir, every Diſcourſe ſhould have a *Beginning*, a *Middle*, and an *End*——I have got but to the Middle, and ſo I move for five Minutes more.

Mr. *Wit-would*. It is with Difficulty I ſurvived the laſt five Minutes, and ſo Mr. *Preſident*, we'll do with him, as he does with *Quintilian*, when once he has told us a Sentiment for the future,—we'll *think* with the *Author*.

Mr. *Mackflummery*. Be pleaſed to read the Queſtion (*Queſtion read.*) As to Operas, Mr. *Preſident*, I never was but at two, in my born Days, and the firſt of them, I liked it as if Heaven and Earth was coming together; but at the ſecond, I no more cared for it, no, no more nor an Oyſter is like an Egg-ſhell. For my own Share on't, I had rather hear *Ellin-a-roen* than all their Quivers, and *Carolun* was a better Compoſer than any *Italian* of them all.

Preſident. Time, Sir.

Mr. *Macflummery*. What is it?

Preſident. Time, Sir.

Mr. *Macſtummery*. Time? What would you have one ſpeak in *Time*, like thoſe ſhe Fellows of Singers there?

Preſident Pray, Gentlemen, don't laugh——pray be ſilent, Gentlemen——your five Minutes are out, Sir.

Macfluummery. Is that all? Give me that *Porter* there ——here's my Service to you, and I'll tack a Sentiment to it—Here's all honeſt Hearts and ſound Bottoms.

Pre-

President. Pray, Gentlemen, don't laugh, do—be silent, Gentlemen—Does any Gentleman there chuse to speak?——Mr. *Macpherson*, it's with you.

Mr. *Macpherson*. I do not know whether the Gentleman's rasoning be *reet*, about Mr. *Carolun*, but this I cun say, that one of *Ramsay*'s Compositions set by the *Philharmonic* Society at *Dumferlin* would make muckle Entertainment, and by fare exceed the squeaking of those Eunuchs, who are, in my Opinion, a Disgrace to Society. I remember Master *Deenis*, in his Book, has many Ideas on this Subject, deleevered with muckle Oratory; and I would rather, at any Time, see the Exhebeetion of the Dramatic Piece of the *Scotch* Ballad, given in the *Hay-market*, two Years elapsed since, than have a dozen Operas exhebeeted for nothing.

President. Time, Sir.

(*Mr.* Macpherson *sits down, and speaks the Highland Language, which Mr.* Macflummery *answers in* Irish.)

President. Pray, Gentlemen, be silent. Gentlemen, as to my Opinion on this Subject, I has but little to offer, and I hope that the Proposer of the Question will give us some Arguments against the Operas, which will militate stronger, than those which has been already offered. Mr. *Manly*, it is now with you, Sir.

Mr. *Manly*. Sir, I am against Operas, for this capital Reason; *viz.* because most of them are composed by People ignorant of the first Principle of Composition, which is *Counterpoint*, or the Art of placing different Notes, sounding together in true harmonic Order. Musick, Sir, consists of *Melody* and *Harmony*. *Melody* is the regular Progression of a single Part; and *Harmony*, of different Parts united. Now the *Melody* of all the Songs in our late *Italian* Operas is extravagant and unnatural, consequently unpleasing, and fitter for Instruments than Voices. Their Singers are constantly endeavouring to surprize, by which Means, their Songs are all Quirks and Divisions, and the Performers are sometimes

ſometimes ſqueaking like Cats at the Top of a Houſe, and ſometimes growling like Dogs in a Cellar. The Energy of the Words is totally neglected, and the Paſſion is entirely loſt; and therefore I cannot help wondering, that, while we have *Handel, Arne, Boyce*, and *Smith*, &c. the *Engliſh* will laviſh Sums upon a falſe and depraved Taſte, merely to be thought Judges of what they do not underſtand. I ſhall finiſh, Sir, with aſſerting, that an elegant *Drama*, by a good Author, and the Muſic compoſed by either of the Maſters mentioned already, might be a high and rational Entertainment; it would certainly ſave an immenſe Sum to the Nation, and would excite ſome new Genius's to ſtudy, and excel all other Nations, in manly, ſenſible Compoſitions, where the Sound would be an Echo to the Senſe, and the Paſſions would be agitated by the joint Power of Poetry and Harmony.

Preſident. Gentlemen, it is now too late, and ſo I wiſh you all a Good-night. *Adjourned.*

NUMB. 79. GRAY'S-INN, *Saturday, April* 20, 1754.

Mendici, Mimi, Balatrones, hoc Genus omne.

HOR.

THERE is not a Word, in the whole Compaſs of the *Engliſh* Language, more groſly abuſed than the Term *Friendſhip*, which, at preſent, means no more than that Men eat together, walk together, game together, and are grave and merry, drunk and ſober together, without ever conceiving any real Regard for each others Happineſs and Intereſt. I believe every Day's Experience will point out many, who are Dupes to this florid Out-

ſide

ſide of Friendſhip. In the Courſe of my Obſervation I have marked out a particular Character that falls more egregiouſly into this Error, than the reſt of Mankind. The Character I mean is that of THE COMICAL FELLOW, or THE AGREEABLE DEVIL, or THE CURSED HIGH FELLOW, or THE MAN OF INFINITE HUMOUR, or THE GENIUS, or by whatever Name (for many Names will ſuit him) you may pleaſe to diſtinguiſh the Perſon, whom a cheerful Flow of Spirits, and a quick Circulation of the Ideas, that fall to his Share, conſpire to render an entertaining Companion.

The COMICAL FELLOW, is in high Requeſt among all his Acquaintance; and different Parties at the *Shakeſpear*, the *Bedford-Arms*, the *King's-Arms*, &c. are vying with each other to have him the Maſter of the Joke in their convivial Parties, becauſe he is without Doubt the fineſt Creature in the World to kill an Hour with, the merry Droll has ſuch Variety of Chat, and ſuch a deal of Humour in telling a Story. But while this Son of Gaiety and Wit is thus happy in the Careſſes of all the Lovers of Mirth, this ſecret Misfortune attends him, that he has not any where procured himſelf the leaſt Degree of Eſteem, becauſe it is too well known, that he has not a ſingle Virtue under the Sun, that he would at any Time, according to the common Saying, rather loſe his Friend than his Joke, that no Obligation can bind him, but that indiſcriminately he laſhes all alike, and is conſtantly upon the look out for ſome Incident, which by a Perverſion of Circumſtances, or by a few Touches of Mimickry, or ſome other adventitious Aid, may be worked up into a Story for the Entertainment of the next Company he goes into. On this Account THE AGREEABLE DEVIL is held in utter Contempt; but the Vivacity of his Imagination will not afford him Leiſure to attend to this; his Vanity is fully gratified by the general Applauſe he meets with, and he is conſtantly

ſtantly exhauſting his ſcanty Finances in keeping Company with a Set of People, who are good humoured enough to be perpetually entertained with his Jokes.—

I will venture to affirm, that few Evils are more epidemic, than this Rage of being an HIGH-FELLOW, and I am apt to think, that many of thoſe Bankruptcies, which fill the Columns of the *Gazette*, are not entirely owing to Loſſes in Trade, but to the pitiful Ambition of diſcovering a fine Vein of Humour. When once the ſober Cit becomes the Ringleader in Wit and frolick Feſtivity, when once he has learned to *elevate and ſurprize*, his Shop aſſumes a gloomy Aſpect; Book-keeping is but a dull Employment, unfit for Men of finer Senſations, and inſtantly his fervid Imagination conveys him to the *Gentleman and Porter*; then he cracks each Joke over again, and thrice he enjoys the Laugh, and thrice repeats the Pun. But in a little Time, his Name is inſerted in the *Gazette* with a WHEREAS; his former Companions ſhake their Heads, and are very ſorry for it; "he was a Wag, a merry Man; a Co-"MICAL FELLOW,—but Buſineſs is a ſerious Thing."

Poor *Jack Spatter*!——He is at preſent the moſt remarkable of all THE AGREEABLE DEVILS I have ever known. *Jack* does not want a Share of native Humour, and he dreſſes up a Story at ſecond hand with ſuch additional Touches, that a Man is frequently as much entertained as if he had never heard it before, or if he himſelf had not told it to him the very Day before. For it is often the diverting Rogues Way unwittingly to faſten with *ſomething curſed High* upon the very Perſon, who at firſt ſupplied him with the Subject. And then THE GENIUS is ſuch a Mimick!——Well to be ſure nothing can eſcape him. A Cat, a Dog, a Monkey, a Manager, a *Burletta-Girl*, a *Woodward*, a *Garrick*, all muſt undergo the Touches of his humourous Imitation, and mean while, the Company, Whores, Waiters and all, do ſo laugh, and ſo ſhake their Sides,

that Life is quite flat and insipid without *Jack Spatter*. But in this World, where, as *Moliere* says, *on donne rien pour rien*, where every Thing must be paid for, it cannot but prove very expensive to be thus aspiring in Company. But *Jack*'s Vanity extends to Expence, as well as Wit and Humour. How many Shifts have I known him to make, that he might display his Vivacity at the Tavern!—A Turtle-Feast was sometime since fixed at the *King*'s-*Arms* in *Cornhill*, and *Spatter* was invited to make one. "A Turtle Feast," says *Jack*, "very well!—it can't be better—Citizens laugh heartily when their Bellies are full — I'll certainly go—" but how to pay my Reckoning!——There's *Title-page*, the Bookseller;— he likes a Touch of my "Humour —he'll tip me two Guineas for an Epilogue——I'll write him one —let me see what's "here?——*Dryden*'s *Miscellany!* —— I'll transcribe one "from this."—No sooner said than done, for *Jack* has quick Parts, and away he sets out towards *Fleetstreet*, meets his Friend *Humdrum* at *Temple-Bar*, reads the Piece to him, to shew what a Comical Devil he is; *Humdrum* admires it; *Jack* forgets that he stole it, and admires it more, touches Two Guineas from *Title-page*, and who but he at the Turtle-Feast? A *Masquerade* requires somewhat a larger Capital. "Egad," say *Jack*, "I'll write a Pamphlet for that, and touch Five Guineas"—To work he falls, and finishes his Piece in the Space of one Morning, though it cost the Original Authors from whom he compiled it, many nocturnal Vigils. A Jant to *Tunbridge*, in the Summer Season, with some Lovers of Wit and Humour could not but be agreeable to Mr. *Spatter*; and so instantly he sets down and writes a Farce; and because *Fielding*'s *Coffee-house Politician* is not very likely to be acted again on either of our Stages, what does the merry Wag do, but he takes the Character, gives it a new Name, makes a little Alteration in the Scene, where the

Po-

Politician reads the News-Papers, and inſtantly *Genial Jacob, and a warm third Day*, as the Poet has it, equips the GENIUS for *Tunbridge*. Thus is the CURSED HIGH FELLOW, the AMIABLE FRIPON, perpetually ſpending the Income of his Brain, and torturing his Invention in Endeavours to live with thoſe, who have Fortunes to ſupply their Expences, and who do not entertain the leaſt Symptom of Friendſhip towards their merry Companion. What will become of him, when he has played all his Tricks, I tremble to think, and, as if his Misfortunes were now preſent, I cannot help crying out, "Alas, poor *Yorick!* —— I knew him, a Fellow of "infinite Jeſt—— where be your Gibes now? Your "Flaſhes of Merriment, that were wont to ſet the Table "on a roar?—Quite Chop-fallen!"

But my Fancy has pictured this Scene of Diſtreſs ſo ſtrongly to me, that I could wiſh ſome Means could be deviſed to avert the impending Evil. An Ingenious Gentleman, whom I have the Pleaſure of knowing, propoſed ſome Time ſince a Scheme for an HOSPITAL FOR DECAYED POETS. Suppoſe, in Imitation of this laudable Deſign, an Hoſpital were to be raiſed for DECAYED COMICAL FELLOWS. For my Part, I cannot but think the Plan ſhould meet with general Encouragement, and I will willingly give the Profits of this Paper, N°. 79, towards carrying it into Execution. Mr. *Garrick* and Mr. *Rich* will, I dare ſay, contribute on their Parts an annual Benefit towards this Charity, the Objects of which may be admitted, as follows.

"It being certified to us, that the Bearer—*A. B:* "was an AGREEABLE DEVIL, and entirely ruined him-"ſelf by endeavouring to keep Company with Men of "Fortune, who countenanced him merely as their Jeſter, "you are hereby directed to admit the ſaid unhappy "pleaſant Creature into the Hoſpital for DECAYED "COMICAL FELLOWS, *London*——

Signed by Two Directors.

Should this Proposal take Effect, I shall rejoice at being instrumental in the Redemption of so many diverting Creatures from utter Misery; for surely it would be melancholy to reflect that he, who often enlivened even the sprightly *Champain*, might become miserably witty in an Ale-house, or be a joking *Boot-catcher* at an Inn, and tell your Honour a Story, while he is divesting your Legs of their leathern Incumbrance. I shall therefore hope that all true Lovers of Humour will promote the Scheme, just hinted, for the sake of those, who ruin themselves for their Pleasure; and I shall be highly pleased that there will be a Receptacle for poor *Jack Spatter*, and that the AGREEABLE DEVIL may, in his old Days, find Repose in the HOSPITAL FOR DECAYED COMICAL FELLOWS.

TRUE INTELLIGENCE.

Court of Censorial Enquiry, April 19.

THIS Day came on a remarkable Trial in this Court, in which the *Muffin-Man*, the *Watchmen*, &c &c. &c. were *Plaintiffs*, and—— *Shuter*, Comedian at the Theatre-Royal in *Covent-Garden*, *Defendant*, upon an Action brought against the said *Shuter* for Damages suffered by the *Plantiffs* at a public Exhibition on *Wednesday* Evening last, when they were all taken off, as it is called, with such lively Touches of Mimickery, that the Audience was kept in a constant Burst of Laughter, to the very great Uneasiness of the said *Plaintiffs*. The Jury being impanelled, Counseller *Blunderbuss* opened the Cause in a very vehement Speech. He inveighed severely against *Stage-Players*, and urged, it was a very great Hardship, that honest and worthy Characters should be converted into Ridicule by the Buffoonery of an impertinent Player. For his Part, he would take upon him to say, that his Clients were Persons of known Integrity, Probity, and Honour, and he thought

thought them more valuable Characters in Life than any Set of Comedians whatever.

The *Muffin-Man*, he insisted, was so reputable and worthy a Personage, that nothing but the Height of Insolence could induce a Mimic on the Stage to attempt to hurt him in his Reputation. If these Things are permitted, he could not determine where the Thing would end, and he himself, he added, might be treated in the same Sort; he therefore prayed, that the Gentlemen of the Jury would take the Premises into Consideration, and award suitable Damages. He then proceeded to call his Witnesses.

William Topewell, sworn.

I live near *Temple-Bar*. I saw the Prisoner at *Comus*'s Court, and he was so diverting, that I took two Tickets for myself and my Wife. I could have swore as how it was our Watchman that was speaking, and I also heard the *Muffin-Man* very distinctly, and my Wife did the same; and I thought it very misbecoming that honest Folks should be brought to Shame in that public Manner.

Elizabeth Sugarkey.

I was sent with a good Character from the Register-Office, to live in a sober quiet Family, and with much ado—Lord bless me! I never had so much trouble in my Life about any Thing—Mrs. *Molly* was waiting for me till almost one o'Clock before we could set out—and so at last we went, and we got Places near the Door in the *Piazza*, and there we waited till the House was opened. And then there came such a Crowd of Fellows that it was with much ado we got in at all—and when we did get in, they placed us on the Stage—Well! sure I never was so ashamed in all my born Days—I thought I looked as impudent as any Actress among them,—and at last the Prisoner came on the Stage, and as he was passing by, he said to me, "you had better take off your Pat-"tin's Miss" Saucy-Fellow!—and so he began to mimic

the *Muffin-Man*, and it was the very ſame Perſon that ſerves my Miſtreſs with *Muffins*.

The Defence.

Mr. *Shuter*'s Council owned the Fact, but offered many Arguments in Mitigation. They inſiſted, it could not be of any material Detriment to the Plaintiffs, even allowing that they were mimicked. Why, therefore, then, continued the Council, "I cannot perceive, Gentlemen of the Jury "that my Client—a—has—incurred "ſo ſevere a Penalty; becauſe why—it was not done "with an evil Intent—and—a—my Client has but followed the Example of Mr. *Garrick*, who formerly "availed himſelf of his Talents for this Species of acting, and took very pleaſant Liberties with all the "Actors on the Stage. As did likewiſe—a—Mr. — "*Foote*, who called it, if I remember right, *giving* "*Chocolate*. Why therefore then, all that is to be ſaid "in the preſent Caſe, is—a—that—my Client, Gentlemen of the Jury, has given Chocolate to the *Muffin-* "*Man*."

Upon this the Jury withdrew, and in a few Minutes brought in their Verdict Not-Guilty; whereupon the Court diſmiſſed Mr. *Shuter* with Honour, and told him if he does but endeavour ſtrenuouſly to exert his comic Powers, with a cloſe Eye to Nature, he cannot fail to be an excellent Comedian. *Adjourn'd.*

NUMB.

NUMB. 80. GRAY'S-INN, *Saturday, April* 27, 1754.

Studia Adoleſcentiam alunt, Senectutem oblectant, ſecundas res ornant, adverſis perfugium & ſolatium præbent, Delectant domi, non impediunt foris, pernoctant nobiſcum, peregrinantur, ruſticantur.

TULLY.

THE Application of Part of our Time to Letters is recommended by the Author of my Motto in ſuch glowing Colourings, as ſerve at once elegantly to diſplay the manifold Advantages reſulting from Study, and at the ſame Time prove an Incentive to every Mind to enlarge its Views, and encreaſe its Store of Ideas, by a due Attention to the Labours of the Learned. "Letters," ſays the *Roman* Orator, "cheriſh and invigorate the Mind "in its greener Years, amuſe it in the more advanced "Periods of Life, beam a Luſtre on Proſperity, and "ſoften the Shocks of Adverſity; they yield Delight in "our domeſtic Hours, and are no Incumbrance abroad; "they protract the Midnight-hour, are our Fellow-"Travellers in foreign Parts, and make the beſt Part of "Equipage in all our rural Excurſions."

I am aware, that the Tranſlation, which I have here offered, falls many Degrees ſhort of the Purity and graceful Strength of the Original; but ſuch as it is, it may, in ſome Sort, ſerve to inculcate the real Utility of a very pleaſurable Occupation, which is at preſent too much neglected by People of Condition of both Sexes. Mr. *Addiſon* wonders how Men of Senſe can ſpend ſo many Hours together, without receiving any other Ideas than what are ſuggeſted, by an Arrangement of black

and red Spots. But ſuch is the prevailing Faſhion of the Times, that the *Book of Four Kings* is the only *Volume* at preſent peruſed with any Degree of Attention, and, I will venture to affirm, the *Four motley Monarchs*, are better beloved by ſeveral Perſons of Condition than any *real King* in *Europe*. A Friend of mine, who has a Knack in conforming all his Compoſitions to the prevailing Taſte of the Town, tells me very ſeriouſly, that he has often wondered how Men of Diſcernment can ſit down to Performances, which a little Experience might inform them will never be read; ſuch as, the *Hiſtory of England*, the *Life of Harry the Seventh*, the *Hiſtory of Charles the Firſt*, the *Hiſtory of Lewis the Fourteenth*, &c. For his Part, he is determined to avail himſelf of the favourite Paſſions of his Readers, and is now actually employed in *compiling Memoirs* of the KING OF SPADES, the Annals of the KING OF CLUBS, Anecdotes relating to the KING OF HEARTS, Remarks on the KING OF DIAMONDS, including Battles more memorable than thoſe of *Creſſi* and *Poitiers*, fought in the verdant Plains of *Picquet*, *Cribbidge*, *Quadrille*, *Whiſt*, &c. in which will be interwoven the private Characters of the *Knaves*, with the ſecret Hiſtory of the *Queens*, their Intrigues, *&c.* The Work to be publiſhed in Numbers, Price One Guinea each Weekly Number; in proper Places will be inſerted a beautiful Copper Plate of the *Crowned Heads and eminent Perſonages*, taken from the original Drawings now in the Poſſeſſion of the *Club at White*'s; at the particular Deſire of ſeveral Perſons of Quality, five Thouſand Copies will be printed upon Royal Paper; the Subſcribers Names to be annexed with their Places of Abode, and how many Card-Tables each Perſon keeps, which may ſerve to give Poſterity ſome Idea of the Grandeur of the preſent Age.

I make no Doubt but this Work, if carried into Execution, will be in great Demand, and, I am ſenſible, that a Diſſuaſive from Purſuits of this Nature will be the

Jeſt of every tittering Card-Table in Town. I muſt, however, beg Leave to inform my pretty Readers, that they are highly miſtaken, if they imagine, that, by dedicating a few Hours to litterary Amuſements, they endanger their lovely Features, and run a Riſque of dimming the ſparkling Luſtre of the Eye. On the contrary, a Page or two in a Morning may ſerve to adjuſt the Countenance, and the Acquiſition of a new Idea may give a more engaging Ornament to the Head, than a new *Paris* Cap, and the Eye will certainly beam with more Attention, when directed by an active Principle within, than when it ſwims round the Room in pretty, giddy, vain, ſenſeleſs Affectations? How finely has Mr. *Pope* deſcribed the Conſequences attending a Life ſpent thus in a Circle of Follies!

See how the World its Veterans rewards!
A Youth of Frolicks, an old Age of Cards;
Fair to no Purpoſe, artful to no End,
Young without Lovers, old without a Friend;
A Fop their Paſſion, but their Prize a Sot,
Alive, ridiculous!—— and dead, forgot.——

How much more eligible therefore is it to employ ſome Portions of our Time in a Way, that will furniſh the Mind with Ideas fit to be communicated to rational Creatures, and give an Embelliſhment to the higheſt Sphere of Life. Add to this, that ſoftening Quality, which Letters have in all Caſes of Adverſity. In the Day of Affliction, the ſureſt and moſt certain Relief the Mind can receive, will be derived from the Habit of being converſant with Books. If I remember right, it is Mr. *Locke* that obſerves, in his *Conduct of the Underſtanding*, that a Power of transferring our Thoughts from one Object to another, is an Eſſential requiſite in a well-formed Underſtanding. And ſurely nothing can better help to prevent the Mind from dwelling too long upon any habitual Set of Ideas, which may induce a ſettled

Form of Melancholy, than an Attention to the Performances, which Men of learned Leiſure have ſent into the World. Inſtead of urging any Thing further on this Subject, I ſhall conclude this Paper with a *Journal for one Week* of an Acquaintance of mine who never reads at all, and a *Journal* of another who devotes Part of his Time to Letters.

Journal of William Taſteleſs.

Monday. Dozed away five Hours after natural Reſt ——Roſe at One o'Clock, pulled on one Stocking, then yawned for a Quarter of an Hour by the Bedſide, and pulled on the other——Journeyed into the next Room to Breakfaſt——looked out of the Window——every Thing appeared the ſame——no Variety in Life—— lounged at the Coffee houſe——looked over the Papers ——Paragraphs all the ſame—Deaths, Births, Burials and Marriages—played Cards at *Tom*'s in the Evening ——went to Bed fatigued.——

Tueſday. Got up fatigued——the ſame Thing over again—the Park—the Play—the tall Woman at *Charing-Croſs*—Cards at Night.———

Wedneſday. Nothing done.

Thurſday. Nothing again.

Friday. Horrors all Day—weary of my Life—ready to hang myſelf.

Saturday. Waked in bad Spirits—wiſhed myſelf dead ——went to the Play at Night—ſlept during three Acts—loſt my Pocket Handkerchief as uſual—weary of the World.

Sunday. Weather gloomy——Horrors——*Sunday* the moſt muzzy Day in the Year——went to ten different Routs——came home tired——ready to hang myſelf again.———

Journal of Alexander Taſteful.

Monday. Waked at Eight o'Clock out of a pleaſant Dream of being in Company with *Horace*, *Virgil*, &c. ——went

—went to Breakfaſt, read a Paper in the *Adventurer* —opened my Book-Caſe --went back three thouſand Years with Mr. *Pope* to converſe with *Homer*'s Heroes- -looked over *Spence*'s *Polymetis*---went to my Bookſeller's --adjourned from thence with two Men of Genius to Dinner, and afterwards to ſee Mr. *Garrick* in the Character of *Hamlet*---ſupped at the *Roſe*, and admired the *Poet* and the *Player*—went home, and read the three firſt Acts of *Hamlet* ———

Tueſday. A rainy dull Morning---had recourſe to *Virgil*, who diſpenſed blue Skies, Lakes, Caverns, lowing Herds, &c.---turned to *Warton*'s elegant Criticiſms on ſeveral Paſſages, and went through the Diſſertation on the *Eleuſinian Myſteries*---went in the Evening to a Rout--tired of the Company---retired home, and ſpent the Evening with *Locke*, Sir *William Temple*, and Lord *Bacon*.

Wedneſday. Met with an unexpected Misfortune; ſoothed my Uneaſineſs by reading *Fielding*'s *Joſeph Andrews*.

Thurſday. Read the *World* at Breakfaſt, alſo the *Connoiſſeur*---opened my Book-Caſe, and took in Hand *Brown* againſt *Shaftſbury*—highly pleaſed with the Author's Account of Ridicule--turned to *Akinſide*'s *Pleaſures of Imagination*, to ſee what he has on the Subject---carried away by the Enthuſiaſm of his Poetry, and could not lay down the Book till I went through it.

Friday. Roſe ſomewhat feveriſh—my Mind unſettled ---had recourſe to the Letters between *Pope*, *Swift*, *Bolingbroke*, *Gay*, &c.---walked in the Park---The Softneſs of the Seaſon, and glad Beauty of the Hemiſphere, called to my Mind ſeveral elegant Paſſages in Poetry-----went home in the Evening, and read *Addiſon*'s *Pleaſures of Imagination*.

Saturday. Walked in the Fields early in the Morning ---turned over *Dodſley*'s Collection-- breakfaſted at the Coffee houſe—overheard a Debate between two Poli-

ticians

ticians --went home and read *Swift*'s Dissentions in *Athens* and *Rome*---went to the Opera---best Singers had sore Throats--tired---went to *Drury-Lane* Play house, to see Mr. *Garrick* and Mrs. *Cibber* in the last Act of *Tancred* and *Sigismunda*.

Sunday. *Brown* against *Shaftsbury* again---read one of the Bishop of *Lond n*'s Sermons---dined with two Men of Genius---went home at Six o'Clock, and read the Tragedy of *Cato*---concluded the Evening with *Pope*'s *Essay on Man*.

TRUE INTELLIGENCE.

From my Register-Office, April 27.

I Have received three extraordinary Letters, and shall present them to my Readers without Addition or Dimunition.

To CHARLES RANGER, *Esq*;

SIR,

I Have read your's of the 23*d* of *March*, and damn your SOUL.

John Blunt.

Mr. *Ranger*,

YOU are a QUEER SOUL, that's certain.

Tom Buck.

Dear Rattle,

I Will call you Dear, because I like you. A Gentleman and I have been reading your Dialogue between YOU and YOURSELF, and he admires your SOUL, but I could not help repeating with your Name-sake in the Play,

I take the BODY, *you the* MIND;
Which has the better Bargain?

Harriet Lively.

Bed-

Bedford Coffee-house, April 27.

The Tragedy of *Creusa*, Queen of *Athens*, written by Mr. *William Whitehead*, Author of the *Roman Father*, and acted at *Drury-Lane* for the first Time on *Saturday* last, has been the Subject of Enquiry here for some Evenings past; and it is agreed, even by the *Malevoli*, that the Story is interesting and well conducted, the fourth Act particularly fine, and the Whole put out of Hand with those neat Finishings, which appear all through this Author's elegant Performances.

Sam's *Change-Alley.*

Yesterday at Noon it was currently reported, that Doctor *Hill* had got ONE Subscriber to his Book on *God* and *Nature*; But we can now assure the Public, that the said Report is without Foundation.—

NUMB. 81. GRAY's-INN, *Saturday, May* 4, 1754.

Prorsus jucundè Cænam produximus illam. HOR.

Nil admirari propè res est sola, Namuci,
Solaque quæ possit facere & servare beatum. HOR.

NOT to admire, is the golden Rule, established by *Horace*, for the Acquirement of inward Peace and Happiness, and also for securing the Tenure of them, when once obtained. The same Precept may also be enforced as the surest Method to form a sound Understanding, and to preserve the Judgment free and undistempered. Mr. *Pope*, in his *Essay on Criticism*, a Poem, in which good Sense and Poetry are beautifully combined, has given this Observation the Sanction of a Maxim;

For Fools ADMIRE, but Men of Sense APPROVE.

In

In our greener Years indeed, when the young Affections are, to use the Poet's Phrase, *tremblingly alive all o'er*, when every Object presents itself in some new and striking Attitude, fond ADIMRATION may be then allowed to gaze, and each Incident in the Scene of Life may call forth the juvenile Expressions of Wonder and Astonishment. But surely, when we become somewhat hackneyed in the Ways of Men, when Habit has coated over that Quickness of Sensation, which attends the raw and inexperienced Mind, the elevated Brow of Amazement may be expected to subside to the sober Cast of Reflection and Knowledge. I am at present acquainted with a Gentleman, who has made so many sensible Animadversions on the various Occurrences of Life, that, I am convinced, nothing can arrive to excite in his Breast any Emotions of Surprize, and I have often heard him say very humorously, "Lord! I have already "known so many unexpected Turns and Revolutions "of Things, that were I to see the MONUMENT walk "down *Cheapside*, and take out St. *Paul*'s Church to "dance a Minuet, it would make no Manner of Im-"pression on my Spirits, no more than when I read that "it will be High-Water at *London-Bridge*, at half past "Ten."

But in the general Mass of Life, there is such a lamentable Inanity in the Minds of most People, and the Gross of Mankind are so scantily furnished with Ideas, that there are but few, who, when taken from their manual Occupations, or their other Business, do not fall into a sluggish Oscitancy, for want of a Sufficiency of Matter to employ their intellectual Faculties. Thus by an habitual Remissness in reviewing the ordinary Notices of Things, the Power of arranging and comparing our Ideas in their manifold Relations to each other, which we commonly call JUDGMENT, lies indolently dormant, and the Consequence is, that, upon every Emergence, the idle Passions of Astonishment take Pos-

Poſſeſſion of the Soul. It is obſervable, that, this Diſeaſe is not always confined to the unenlightened Part of Mankind, but we may ſometimes perceive this mental Debility among thoſe, who, from their Education, and from their Intercourſe with the World, might be expected to be ſomewhat more ſolid. There are, perhaps, in the Circle of my own Acquaintance, at leaſt half a ſcore Perſons, poſſeſſed of Talents capable of extenſive Diſcernment, and of thinking very juſtly upon any ordinary Topics of Converſation, and yet, through an Habit of Inattention, ſuch a total Relaxation unſtrings their intellectual Powers, that they in Fact appear to have impotently pinned their Faith on other Mens Sleeves, and to have loſt all Kind of Capacity of judging for themſelves. It is among ſuch People, and ſuch only, that THE COMICAL FELLOW, or THE AGREEABLE DEVIL, whom I have deſcribed in a former Paper, acquires his prodigious Reputation for Wit and Humour. Sir *Andrew Wonderful* has for ſome Time paſt been eſteemed a knowing one by his Neighbours in the Ward of *Farringdon without*, and in his Buſineſs, he is accounted a Man of very notable Dexterity; but ſpend the Evening with Sir *Andrew* at any Tavern on the St. *James*'s Side of *Temple-Bar*, and he is all Amazement from the Time he enters the Room, until his old, rumbling Coach conveys him back to the City. If you mention to him the Lie of the Day, that the Lady of a certain noble Lord was caught in Bed with a Lieutenant of the Guards, "Good Law! ſays Sir *Andrew*, you "dont ſay ſo!"---It's very true though, and this Morning early a well-dreſſed Man walking acroſs *Lincoln*'s-*Inn Fields* fell down dead---"Dear Heart, ſays the Knight, "you ſurprize me!"---Late laſt Night a Game at *Whiſt* was played at *White*'s Chocolate-houſe, on which upwards of three thouſand Pounds depended--"Three "thouſand Pounds! I never heard of ſuch a Thing in

"my

"my born Days --three thousand Pounds!----Good "Law!---Three thousand Pounds!"---

Every Man, who is actuated with the laudable Ambition of being a rational Creature, should endeavour to fix within himself such Habits of thinking, as will keep him collected, and prevent his Thoughts from being scattered into wild Surprize upon every little Emergence that offers. There should certainly be cherished in every Breast an honest Pride in preserving its own free Agency, and maintaining an Independency of Understanding, self-impelled, and self directed; awakened into thinking by the Impressions of its own Ideas, and adopting all its Principles and Maxims from the Suggestions of its own Judgment. For surely there can not be any Thing more unmanly, than leaving either the Faculties of the Soul, or the Muscles of the Face to be played upon by the Will and Pleasure of another. To have a Titter ready whenever the COMICAL FELLOW chuses to be facetious, and to hold a Man's Belief at another's Disposal, according as he chuses to decide upon any Subject, most incontestibly indicates a weak and frivolous Understanding.

I was led into this Tract of Thought by a Reflection on the Manner, in which I spent an Evening, this Week, with three Gentlemen, who had sollicited the Meeting with earnest Importunity. During the last six Weeks, I never met any one of them, but he instantly began, "Well! my dear Boy, when shall we have an "Evening---you know it is what we have long wished "for?"--At length the *Rendezvous* was fixed, and at the appointed Hour I met my Friends, not without very high Expectations of a pleasant Evening. A Bottle of *Allen*'s in an Instant appeared on the Table, and circulated with uncommon Celerity. I then expected my Friends to open some Vein of Discourse, but all continuing in determined Silence, in order to break the Ice, I began with an ordinary Topic, and enquired about

Elizabeth

Elizabeth Canning. "I suppose, said I, the Govern-"ment is resolved to let her see foreign Parts."---That's *Humour*, said one of the Gentleman to his next Neighbour, and then they all burst into a loud Laugh. I did not perceive the Joke, but, continued I. "whe-"ther she is guilty or not, it will do her no Prejudice "to see the World."---"*Humour* again," says the Gentleman who sat opposite to me; "You're a fine young "Fellow," says a second; "This is high," says the third, and then all three formed a Chorus of Laughter. "The Captain, who carries her abroad," added I, "will have a good Contract of it; for he need give her "nothing but Crusts and Water for six and twenty "Days, and she'll subsist upon that." *Another Touch*, says my Friend over the Way. *Admirable!* cries his Neighbour, and the Gentleman next to me, alarming me with a Slap on the Shoulder, roars out--"Odzouns," and then *Laughter, holding both his Sides*, took possession of them for the Space of ten Minutes.

Upon this, I perceived that my Company held more of ADMIRATION, than of JUDGMENT, and I became heartily tired of the Party; though, were I inclined to Self-Approbation, they omitted nothing that could administer to my Vanity; the Gentleman opposite to me frequently testifying his Approbation with that's *Humour!* the second, repeating, *you're a fine young Fellow!* and my next Neighbour thundering in my Ear his rapturous *Odzouns!* which extraordinary Interjections were absolutely the Sum total of all the Conversation, that I heard from these three notable Blanks in the Creation. I accordingly took occasion to break up the Meeting as soon as possible, and upon retiring home to my Chambers could not help drawing up this loose Essay, which I have ordered my Publisher to send to each of the Gentlemen, in order, if possible, to cure them of their servile Admiration, and inform them, if they desire to be ranked

among

among Free-Agents, that their only Title to it consists in thinking and judging for themselves.

TRUE INTELLIGENCE.

Bedford Coffee-house, May 4.

THE Board of Criticism sat late last Night upon the following Copy of Verses, and by the Fretfulness of some of the *Malevoli*, who are never so unhappy, as when they have Reason to be pleased, it is imagined that the Lines are elegant, and deserve to be inserted in this Paper.

On Travelling with a LADY.

AS at my pretty Pilgrim's Side,
A long the sultry Day;
A timorous, but a faithful Guide,
I chose the dubious Way:

With anxious Care, and watchful Pace,
The smoothest Paths I trod;
Contriving pleasing Tales to ease
The tedious, irksome Road.

I told of gallant Knights, who fir'd
By gentle Ladies Eyes,
To more than mortal Feats aspir'd,
Their Love the precious Prize.

I watch'd from far the black'ning Storm,
And wafted off the Air,
That press'd with rude Assault to harm
My fearful Traveller.

Now, stopping with unheeded Stealth,
I catch'd her wand'ring Eyes,
Whilst the dear Question of her Health,
A kind Pretence supplies.

To

To Proſpects that from far invite,
I teach her Eyes to roam,
While raviſh'd with no other Sight,
I feaſt my own at Home.

If chance ſome lonely Cot I ſpy;
Retreat of happy Pair;
I ſigh, and ſay, how bleſt, were I,
Was *Cælia* Miſtreſs there!

When thro' ſome ſtraggling Town we go,
Their honeſt Joy I ſhare;
As round the gaping Ruſtics bow,
In Homage to my Fair.

Thus, for ſo dear a Partner's ſake,
Might I for ever rove,
And Life's long tedious Journey make
A Pilgrimage of Love!

NUMB. 82. GRAY's-INN, *Saturday, May* 11, 1754.

Hic ſecura Quies & neſcia fallere Vita,
Dives opum variarum; hic latet otia fundis,
Speluncæ, vivique Lacus, hic frigida tempe,
Muſituſquè Boum, molleſquè ſub arbore Somni.

VIRG.

THE following Letter contains ſo many Touches of rural Imagery, and ſo ſeaſonable an Invitation to viſit the Country, in this ſoft Period of the Year, that I ſhall make it ſerve to furniſh out the Entertainment of this Day.

To

To CHARLES RANGER, *Esq;*

Dear CHARLES, *Richmond, May* 10, 1754.

WERE I not to inform you, you would certainly never be able to guess at what Hour I have now set down to write to you, It is now almost Six in the Morning, and I have already spent half an Hour in an agreeable Attention to some certain domestic Cares, which have taken possession of me since my Retreat to the Country. I am here a Kind of *Pater-familias* with all my little Brood of Hens and Chickens around me. I look upon myself to be greatly interested in their Welfare; their Wants, and their Inconveniencies it is my earnest Care to remove. I am entirely conversant with their different Tempers, and can tell you the ruling Passions of each of them. I can here shew a *Bantham* Coquette, and a Prude from the other Side of the Line; among the Males I have a Coxcomb, a Bully, a Coward, and, in short, almost all the Characters that offer in human Life.

Since my rising from my Pillow, I have interposed in two violent Feuds, and in this Manner am I entertaining myself, while my Friend *Ranger* is, perhaps, reeling home from some Tavern; or, it may be, like your admired *Horace*, tumbling and tossing in restless Impatience for the Arrival of some delusive Fair, whose Perfidy has carried her to a Rival's Arms.

——— ——— ——— *Mendacem stultissimus usque Puellam*
Ad mediam expectans noctem. ——— ——— ———

If this is not the Case, you lie in enervating Repose, and slumber away the Prime of Life, in a few Hours more to wake from a distempered Dream, with a troubled Spirit, a throbbing Pulse, and with Nerves enfeebled and relaxed. Give me leave here to address you in the Words of the excellent Author of the Seasons.

Falsly

Falsly luxurious, will you not awake,
And rising from the Bed of Sloth, enjoy,
The cool, the fragrant, and the silent Hour,
To Meditation due and sacred Song.

Believe me, Dear *Charles*, the most jovial Three in the Morning at the *Shakespear*, never can afford such home-felt Delight, as plays around the Heart-strings in this calm Period of the Morning. The Mind is then cheerful and serene; Fancy is light and airy, and seems to threaten I know not what prodigious Things; every Object excites finer Feelings and more delicate Perceptions, than can be suggested to the *heat-oppressed Brain*, as *Shakespear* phrases it.

Prithee, honest *Ranger*, how long is it since you saw the Sun rise? I dare believe not since we were together at *Eaton*. But surely, if this Phænomenon had not very expansive Beauties, the Poets would never have been so fond of seizing every Opportunity to describe it. Since I have mentioned this Circumstance among the Poets, I must observe, that our great Dramatic Bard has in two Passages excelled all the Writers from the Days of *Homer*, down to the present State of modern Poetry, in their favourite Openings of the Morn. The Saffron-tinctured Fingers of *Aurora*, the Sun rising from *Thetis*'s Lap, the Daughter of the Dawn coming from the Bed of *Tithonus*, are, in my Opinion, all poor and ineffectual, when compared with the more natural Description in *Romeo* and *Juliet*;

——————————*Jocund Day*
Stands tiptoe on the misty Mountain's Top.

I have compared this admirable Piece of Imagery, for several successive Mornings, with the real Object in Nature, and I really am at a Loss which to admire most; like the travelling *Persian*, who, when the Reflection of the solar Rays (as happens sometimes in those Countries) have

have formed in a Cloud another imaginary Sun, gazes at both with reverential Eyes, in doubt with himſelf to which he ſhall offer his Morning Adoration. The ſecond Paſſage I mean, is, in the Tragedy of *Hamlet*, where after ſeeing the Ghoſt of the deceaſed King, *Horatio* breaks off with,

But ſee the Morn in Ruſſet-mantle clad.
Walks o'er the Dews of yon high eaſtern Hill.

You know the Poets are fond of perſonalizing both phyſical and moral Qualities, in order to give Animation to their Poetry, and to throw Things as much as poſſible into Action; and here, ſurely, we have that creative Figure in its high Perfection; the whole Picture could not receive finer Colourings from the Hand of *Titian*; the Drapery is beautiful, and the Action in which this poetical Being is repreſented, is admirably deſcriptive of the firſt Dawnings of the Day.——

My, Dear *Ranger*, come, and let us criticiſe upon this Phenomenon; let us enjoy that Delight, which the Mind takes in comparing the Objects of Imitation, with the Finiſhings of mimic Art. Let me aſſure you, that to ſee this gradual Expanſion of the ſolar Influence on the Face of Nature, will give ſuch a calm Flow of Spirits for the enſuing Vocations of the Day, as cannot be experienced in a City Life. You will poſſibly ſay, you had rather loiter in your Chambers, than endure the intolerable Rage of the Sun tending to his meridian Height. In this Caſe, *Richmond-Park* affords its umbrageous Walks, where the Noontide Ray has no Acceſs. How ſweet here to loſe oneſelf in pleaſing Error, to recline under an impervious Shade! and there in lettered Indolence converſe with *Maro*, *Tully*, *Pope*, *Shakeſpear*, *Milton*, *Spencer*; or with *Waller* cry out,

O! how I long my careleſs Limbs to lay
Under a plantane Shade, and all the Day
With am'rous Airs my Fancy entertain! &c.

Or,

Or, if inclined to diverſify the Scene, and ramble about in gentle Exerciſe, what Place ſo fit as theſe very Gardens, which afford all the Variety in Nature? Do you delight in trim Hedges, uniform Viſtas, ſmooth Paſtures, and ſtudied Regularity? Your Taſte may here find enough to gratify it. Or are you rather like the Perſon of a truer Senſe of Things deſcribed by *Martial*, *Rure vero barbaroque lætatur*, one who likes true Country, rude, barbarous, and unſpoiled by the Elegancies of Art? Here you are ſuddenly ſurprized to find yourſelf upon a barren Heath, loſt to the World, and nothing preſents itſelf to View, but the withered Shrub, and the blaſted Clump of Trees, and Hares and Rabbits running athwart the dreary Scene. From hence, it may be, you wander into ſome Foreſt, and hear the Woodman at his Labour; then iſſue out upon the ploughed Land, and behold around you nothing but buſy Tokens of rural Induſtry; then, led by the Hand of Contemplation, loſe yourſelf in the Solitude of the Hermitage, or wander into

The Thruſh-haunted Coppice, where lightly leaps
The fearful Fawn the ruſtling Leaves along.

If, at length, you are ſatisfied with this Retreat, *Richmond-Hill* invites your Steps, from whence you may command a boundleſs Proſpect of all the Country round. There Villas, ſtately Buildings, Groves, Meadows, the Woodland, fertile Paſtures, Hills and Vales offer themſelves to the Sight in mixed Variety. The barren Heath, and the Sun-burnt craggy Soil appear with all thoſe Softenings to the Eye, which Diſtance throws upon a Landſcape; and Nature all around appears with all her ſtriking Majeſty and all her ſofter Graces.

To crown the Whole, at the Bottom of the Hill *Thames* expands his rural Stream. To purſue it in its ſeveral Windings, fertilizing the Country round, is at once a Refreſhment to the Eye, and the conſtant Suc-

ceſſion

ceſſion of new Objects, takes off from that Stillneſs, which would otherwiſe overſpread the Whole. Here, my Dear *Charles*, we enjoy that Tranquillity of which *Virgil* ſpeaks ſo feelingly; here we have Innocence, living Lakes, embowering Shades, indolent Repoſe beneath an Arbour, and the Mowing of the Cows; Muſick, believe me, far preferable to the *Savoyard*, or a City Concert. Beſides this, let me aſſure you, you will find the Muſes more coming Girls here, than in the Noiſe, and Smoke of *London*. But, I fear I have lengthened this Letter beyond all Bounds; I can only tell you after an eminent *French* Writer, had I Time enough, I would make it ſhorter; but take it as it is, looſe, rambling, and deſultory, and believe me to be,

Dear RANGER,

Your ſincere Friend,

and humble Servant,

*****.

TRUE INTELLIGENCE.

From the Court of Cenſorial-Enquiry, May 11, 1754.

IT being repreſented to this Court, that the preſent ſoft Seaſon of the Year gives every Mind, more or leſs, a Biaſs to Poetry,' and an Affidavit being made by a Gentleman of undoubted Veracity, that his Barber, while he was ſhaving him, ſaid, with a peculiar Air of Enthuſiaſm, " Now the genial Spring is opened, " the pretty Choiriſters of the Wood begin to pour " forth their little Notes,"—and this being thought by no means ſuitable Language for a Barber, and it being apprehended that the Diſtemper may become epedemic, it is ordered by this Court, that no Man, who has ſomething elſe to do, ſhall verſify until the Dog-days are over,

and

and of this all Paſtoral Poets, and all amorous Sonneteers are to take proper Notice, upon pain of the higheſt Diſpleaſure of this Court.

Copia vera. Charles Ranger.

ADVERTISEMENT.

To all Gardeners, and others whom this may concern.

If any Perſon wants a large Number of Tin-Caſcades, imaginary Fountains, or unreal Water-Works of any Sort, very proper for all Gardens during the Summer-Seaſon, they may be ſupplied at reaſonable Rates, by *John Burleſque*, who is at preſent engaged in Preparations to throw the whole Stage under Water next Winter, in order to give ſome Idea of *Enfield-Waſh*, in a new Scene to be added to *Harlequin Fortunatus*.

NUMB. 83. GRAY'S-INN, *Saturday*, *May* 18, 1754.

Miſce Stultitiam conſiliis brevem
Dulce eſt deſipere in Loco. HOR.

AFTER having peruſed the new Tragedy of *Creuſa*, with all that Pleaſure which reſults from a well-conducted Story, and intereſting Situations of the *Dramatis Perſonæ*, I was at length ſtruck in a very particular Manner with the ſecond Epilogue, which the Author has annexed to it. A Parliament of Women ſuggeſts many Ideas of a pleaſant Nature to the Fancy, and there is a Variety in the Turn of Expreſſion, for which this little

Piece may very justly be called a pretty Composition. Having laid aside the Book, I found that the female House of Commons had taken entire Possession of my Imagination; I fancied to myself, to see my amiable Countrywomen engaged in a deep Debate; the lovely *Whigs* and *Tories* carried on their Party-Divisions with great Warmth and vehement Elocution; the Words *Court* and *Country* Interest, *British Constitution*, *Patriotism*, *Virtue*, *Bribery* and *Corruption*, *Liberty* and *Property*, *free uninfluenced Election*, *arbitrary Power*, with a long *Et cætera* of Phrases, were methought banded about by these beautiful Representatives, with as much Zeal and Impetuosity, as ever they could possibly have been from the Days of *Hampden* down to the present happy Period. Their Fans, I imagined, prettily diversified with various emblematical Figures; and, instead of love-sick Virgins, Jessamine Bowers, Rural Swains playing on the Flute, they displayed to View nothing but Scaffoldings, Executions, Scenes of Broils and Battles, Sea-pieces, embattled Squadrons, the Spirit-stirring Drum, as *Shakespear* has it, the *Ear-piercing Fife*, the *Royal-Banner*, and *every Circumstance of glorious War*. The Patch no longer served as a mere Embellishment of Beauty, but carried with it a very expressive Energy, and denoted the Attachments of the Ladies to the Court or Country-Party. *Blue* and *Yellow* Ribbons adorned the Head-Dress, and hung out a Kind of Flag of Defiance to the opposite Party. Elections were strongly contested all over the Kingdom: The *Old* and *New Interest* clashed in *Oxfordshire*, and ended at last in a double Return. In *Kent* a Lady of antient and honourable Family was thrown out. The People of *Bristol* paid a voluntary Compliment to a Lady of distinguished Genius, who had been instrumental in bringinging *Bristol* Stone-Buckles into Fashion. After a very

warm

warm Contest for the City of *London*, upon finally closing the Poll the Numbers stood thus;

Lady *Betty Alworthy*, She-Knight, and *Milliner*	3650
Mrs. *Mary Meanwell*, *Haberdasher*	3570
Lady *Fanny Comely*, She-Knight, and *Perfumer*	3125
Mrs. *Elizabeth Sugarcane*, of *Billinsgate-Ward*	2950
Lady *Harriet Lutestring*, She-Knight, and *Mercer*	2603
Lady *Deborah Gideonite*, She-Knight and *Malt-Distiller*.	2521

Whereupon the four first were declared duly elected, and the last mention'd Lady, it was said, would be brought in for some other Place at the Recommendation of an old Dutchess at Court. The Writs being all returned, I supposed the Parliament assembled, the Ladies in the Upper-House, and the Commoners in the Lower. The Female Commons immediately proceeded to chuse a Speaker, which was a Point of great Difficulty, every one being eager for that Office, upon a Supposition, that the Speaker was to have the largest Share of the Debate; but being undeceived in this Point, the Matter was at length adjusted, and they then went upon Business. As several Occurrences offered themselves to my Thoughts on this Occasion, I shall throw the Business of this Part of my waking Dream, into the Form made Use of on these Occasions.

Numb. 27.

VOTES of the FEMALE HOUSE of COMMONS.

Veneris, 17 *Die* Maij, 1754.

AN ingrossed Bill from the Ladies, intitled, *An Act, for repealing an Act, made in the last Sessions to prohibit short Aprons, and bring the same into Fashion again,* was read a second Time, and committed.

An ingrossed Bill from the Ladies, intitled, *An Act for repealing another Act, made in the last Sessions for preventing clandestine Marriages, and other Purposes therein mentioned*, it being the Sense of all Ladies of Condition, that they should have a discretionary Power to marry Mr. *Thomas* the Butler, or *John* the Coachman, or 'Squire *Hazard* the Gamester, or *Bob* the Footman, or any other Person according to their own Whim and Fancy, was read a second Time and committed.

Ordered,

That Leave be given to bring in a Bill to amend several Laws relating to the paying and returning Visits in the Cities of *London* and *Westminster*, and that Mrs. *Letitia Loveit* do prepare and bring in the same.

A Message from the Ladies, by Mrs. *Tattle* and Mrs. *Gobetween*, that the Ladies have passed a Bill, intitled, *An Act for Sale of a Capital Messuage in* Grosvenor-Square, *in the County of* Middlesex, *and the Gardens, and Outhouses thereunto belonging (Part of the Estate of the present Lord* Townly) *and vesting the same in* William Pounce *of* Lombard-Street, *Banker, and for laying out the Purchase-Money in Discharge of Lady* Townly's *gaming Debts, and for other Purposes therein mentioned*; to which the Ladies desire the Concurrence of this House; and also,

That the Ladies have passed a Bill, intitled, *An Act for vesting Part of the Estate of* George Fiddlesaddle, *Esq*; *in the County of* Suffolk, *and Part of his Estate in the* Isle of Wight, *in Trustees, to receive the Rents of the same, and apply the Issues in Payment of Mrs.* Fiddlefaddle's *Pin-Money, to defray the necessary Expences attending Routs and Drums, the keeping of a Faro-bank, and other Purposes therein mentioned*, to which the Ladies desire the Concurrence of this House;

And then the Messengers withdrew.

An ingrossed Bill from the Ladies, intitled, *An Act to dissolve the Marriage of Lady* Betty Witless, *with Lord Viscount*

Viscount Manly, *on Account of his insolent Presumption in controlling his said Wife, and to enable her to marry again, and for other Purposes therein mentioned*; was read a second time, and committed to a Committee of the whole House.

Resolved,

That this House will, upon this Day sevennight, resolve itself into a Committee of the whole House upon the said Bill.

Mrs. *Gadabout* moved for Leave to bring in a Bill to enable Mrs. *Tarbarrel* to keep a Dozen Card-Tables, in Spight of her unruly Husband, Captain *Tarbarrel*, just returned from the *East Indies*, who is Brute enough to say, he'll have no such Doings in his House.

Ordered,

That Mrs. *Gadabout* do prepare and bring in the same.

Mrs. *Bizarre* (according to Order) reported from the Committee of the whole House, to whom the Bill to repeal several Laws to prohibit the Importation of *French Laces* and *Cambricks*, and for an Act to suppress the *Spittle-Field* Weavers; and relating to Paint, Washes, Fans, Gloves, &c. and for the better Encouragement of *French* Hair-cutters, and to authorise the Payment of the Bounty to *John Exotic*, and others, upon a Ship fitted out for *China*, in order to import Teas, and China-Figures of all Sorts, and lost near *Madagascar*, was committed; and she read the Report, and afterwards delivered the Bill, with the Amendments, in at the *Tea-Table*, where the Amendments were read, and agreed to by the House.

Ordered,

That the Bill, with the Amendments, be ingrossed.

Ordered,

That Mrs. *Trifle* have leave to make a Motion:

And she moved the House accordingly.

An ingrossed Bill from the Ladies, intituled, *An Act to enable* Pompey the little, *Lap-Dog to Lady* Mary Creature, *to relinquish the said Name of* Pompey the little, *and assume for the future to him and his Heirs the Stile and Name of* MARQUIS, was read the first Time.

Ordered,

That the said Bill do lie upon the *Tea-Table.*

Ordered,

That Mrs. *Bragwell* have Leave to make a Motion.

And she moved the House accordingly.

And an ingrossed Bill from the Ladies, intituled, *An Act for changing the present current Stile in this Kingdom, and to convert Night into Day,* was read the first Time, and ordered to be read a second Time.

An ingrossed Bill, intituled, *An Act for impowering Lady* Stakeall *to cut down and sell Timber standing and growing upon the Estate of Lord* Stakeall, *her Husband, in order to enable the said Lady* Stakehall *to purchase Monkeys, Parrots, and other Necessaries, and also to make a very large Bet at the next Masquerade, aud for other Purposes therein mentioned*; was read the third Time.

Resolved,

That the Bill do pass.

An ingrossed Bill, called by the Vulgar, *the Stark-naked Bill,* but more properly intituled, *An Act for abolishing the present Form of Dress among Ladies of Fashion, and reducing it as near, as modern Manners will permit, to the primitive Custom of our first Mother* Eve, *by shortening the Petticoat, and lowering the Stays, against the approaching* Vaux-hall *Season*; was read a third Time.

Resolved,

That the Bill do pass.

Ordered,

That Mrs. *Fetch* do carry the Bill to the Ladies, and desire their Concurrence.

And then the House adjourned till To-morrow Morning Nine of the Clock.

By

By Virtue of an Order of the Female House of Commons, I do appoint William Faden *to print, and* Paul Valliant *to publish these Votes; and that no other Person do presume to print the same.*

Elizabeth Graveair, Speaker.

TRUE INTELLIGENCE.

Bedford Coffee-house, May 18.

THE Board of Criticism came to a Resolution last Night, not to adjourn until Mr. *Garrick* closes the Theatrical Season. The Commanding Officer of the *Covent Garden* Forces, has dismissed the *Subalterns* to their Country Quarters. They have carried with them a Store of Thunder and Lightning, very proper for the Summer-Season, a Flying *Mercury* troubled with a Rupture, the Straw being ready to fall out of his Abdomen; a Bowl of Poison *(wants new gilding)* several cast off Dominos for *Romeo* and *Juliet*, a well toned Bell, *&c.* so that it is not doubted, but the Country People will have as much *start, strut* and *roar*, for their Money, as ever was exhibited at the Theatre-Royal.

Since our last arrived a Mail from *Vaux-hall*, which brings Advice, among other Particulars, that Miss *Burchell*'s Voice charms every Hearer with its Melody, and there are great Crowds every Evening to refresh themselves with the *Tin Cascade*. It is further suggested, that there is a great Struggle among the minor Poets, which shall be elected *Vaux-hall* Poet for the ensuing Season. Mr. *Lyrick* and Mr. *Spondee*, have each of them given in Specimens of their Talents, in those little Designs, that are amorous, and yet innocent, as Mr. *Bayes* says; but, the Waiters are of Opinion, that it will be decided in Favour of *Quinbus Flestrin*, the unborn Poet, whom we have already mentioned, he being a Person of undoubted Appetite, and passionately fond of the Amusements of this Place, both in eating and drinking.

An ingroſſed Bill from the Ladies, intituled, *An Act to enable* Pompey the little, *Lap-Dog to Lady* Mary Creature, *to relinquiſh the ſaid Name of* Pompey the little, *and aſſume for the future to him and his Heirs the Stile and Name of* MARQUIS, was read the firſt Time.

Ordered,

That the ſaid Bill do lie upon the *Tea-Table.*

Ordered,

That Mrs. *Bragwell* have Leave to make a Motion.

And ſhe moved the Houſe accordingly.

And an ingroſſed Bill from the Ladies, intituled, *An Act for changing the preſent current Stile in this Kingdom, and to convert Night into Day,* was read the firſt Time, and ordered to be read a ſecond Time.

An ingroſſed Bill, intituled, *An Act for impowering Lady* Stakeall *to cut down and ſell Timber ſtanding and growing upon the Eſtate of Lord* Stakeall, *her Huſband, in order to enable the ſaid Lady* Stakehall *to purchaſe Monkeys, Parrots, and other Neceſſaries, and alſo to make a very large Bet at the next Maſquerade, aud for other Purpoſes therein mentioned*; was read the third Time.

Reſolved,

That the Bill do paſs.

An ingroſſed Bill, called by the Vulgar, *the Stark-naked Bill,* but more properly intituled, *An Act for aboliſhing the preſent Form of Dreſs among Ladies of Faſhion, and reducing it as near, as modern Manners will permit, to the primitive Cuſtom of our firſt Mother* Eve, *by ſhortening the Petticoat, and lowering the Stays, againſt the approaching* Vaux-hall *Seaſon*; was read a third Time.

Reſolved,

That the Bill do paſs.

Ordered,

That Mrs. *Fetch* do carry the Bill to the Ladies, and deſire their Concurrence.

And then the Houſe adjourned till To-morrow Morning Nine of the Clock.

By

By Virtue of an Order of the Female House of Commons, I do appoint William Faden *to print, and* Paul Valliant *to publish these Votes; and that no other Person do presume to print the same.*

ELIZABETH GRAVEAIR, Speaker.

TRUE INTELLIGENCE.

Bedford Coffee-house, May 18.

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NUMB. 84. GRAY's-INN, *Saturday, May* 25, 1754.

Contemptor Divûm Mezentius —— VIRG.

AT the laſt Meeting of our Club, of which I muſt conſider myſelf an unworthy Member, as I have not of late attended them with proper Punctuality, my Friend Captain *Gulliver*, whom I formerly introduced to the Acquaintance of my Readers, produced a Paper, which he ſaid, he had brought with him from *Cairo*, amongſt ſeveral other Manuſcripts of the ſame Nature. After peruſing it, I judged it would make no improper Entertainment for my Readers, and I therefore have ordered it a Place in this Day's Paper.

In the Days when the Empire of *Bagdad* ſpread Terror round the Nations, and their conquering Arms added a conſtant Acceſſion of Honour and Wealth to the Califfs, *Aboulcaſem*, a Youth of extenſive Parts and boundleſs Ambition, had the Addreſs to raiſe himſelf to the firſt Honours of the State, and in Proceſs of Time, he arrived to the Dignity of Vizier. In this Office his Conduct was ſuch as might be expected from a Perſon of his exalted Parts. His Renown for Genius and a bright Underſtanding diſtinguiſhed him above the Reſt of the Miniſters, and the Name of *Aboulcaſem* was wafted on the Wings of Fame through all the Regions of the Eaſt.

But amidſt all the Effulgence of his Glory, *Aboulcaſem* was hurried away by the Violence of his Paſſions, which were rapid as the Cataracts of the *Nile*, and violent as the Whirlwinds in the Deſart. His Soul was apt to kindle into a Blaze at the Sight of Beauty, and in the Height of his national Buſineſs he would fre-

frequently ſport away his Hours in wanton Dalliance with a *Circaſſian* Beauty, with whom he would often betake himſelf to the Baths, and there, in amorous Diſſipation, write Letters upon Matters of the utmoſt Conſequence to the *Califf*, and the whole Empire of *Bagdad*, and diſpatch them to his Agents, whom he had ſent to other neighbouring Courts. At length, he was ſuſpected to favour the Cauſe of the baniſhed Prince *Abdallah*, who was then wandering about the Deſarts of *Arabia*; and though no convincing Proofs could be alledged againſt him, yet not being able to vindicate himſelf from the Imputation, he was obliged to fly his Country.

Aboulcaſem immediately betook himſelf to the Prince *Abdallah*, and finding his Cauſe totally ruined, without any Poſſibility of re-inſtating him, he then exerted all his Induſtry to obtain Leave to return home. As Things of this Nature cannot be compaſſed in a ſhort Time, in order to hinder his Mind in the mean Time from falling a Prey to Melancholy, and all the Horrors of diſappointed Ambition, he applied himſelf to the Labours of the wiſe Men in order to relieve his Mind. Here he penned his Thoughts upon Exile, and many other important Points of ſpeculative Morality. He lived like an Hermit in the Deſarts of *Arabia*, and there, illuſtriouſly hid, he carried on his Reſearches into the Study of Nature, Hiſtory, and all the Branches of human Learning which could adorn and enrich ſo accompliſhed a Mind.

Thus fnrniſhed with all mental Embelliſhments, *Aboulcaſem* was in Time permitted to return, but he was not reſtored to his Honours. As Ambition is ever unrelenting, he was no ſooner fixed in his own Abode, than he inſtantly became an implacable Enemy to the Vizier, who had conſented to recal him. He drew from the Stores of Knowledge, which he had formerly treaſured up, ſome of the ſevereſt Reflections, which could be made upon the Miniſter's Adminiſtrations, and

K 5 this

this in ſuch a powerful Strain of nervous Eloquence, that he may very juſtly be ſaid to have had a great Share in his Downfal. *Aboulcaſem* was ſo happy as to have accompliſhed this Buſineſs, which was for a long Time the grand Object of his Intentions; but it was no ſooner done, than he perceived himſelf as diſtant as ever from re-gaining his Prince's Ear. He therefore betook himſelf to his Country-Houſe at a ſmall Diſtance from *Bagdad*, where he employed himſelf in reading all the Moraliſts of *Arabia*, and in ſhort, all the fine Eaſtern Writers. In this Receſs he cultivated an Acquaintance with two of the firſt Geniuſes of his Time, *Selim* and *Mirza*; the former was remarkable among the Eaſtern Sages for elevated Strains of Poetry, and the latter for thoſe Oriental Tales, which are generally called the *Tale of a Tub*, and the Adventures of *Gulliver*, the Merchant of *Bagdad*. Theſe two undertook the Defence of *Aboulcaſem*'s Character, and ſpared no Pains to blazon his Fame to the World.

Mean Time *Aboulcaſem* purſued his Reſearches into all the Branches of human Wiſdom; the civil Polity of States was to him a Store-houſe, which diſcloſed a conſtant Fund of Supply; he then turned his Eye inwards upon the Texture and Make of his own Mind; he uſed to ſay, that the Mind was a concealed Repoſitory of Riches, and that it behoved every Man to find out the Secrets of it; this accordingly he did; but he did not enjoy the ſecret, ſelfiſh Gratification of many, who, when in Poſſeſſion of a Treaſure will never let it be ſeen by human Eyes; on the contrary, he was glad to have every Opportunity of diſplaying himſelf, and this rather to a Degree of Oſtentation; from this Branch of Study *Aboulcaſem* proceeded to examine into Matters of Religion; the various Syſtems of the Eaſtern Sages were all to him perfectly well known; he laughed at the *Koran*; the Syſtem of Morality which *Confucius* taught, *Aboulcaſem* held in Contempt; *Mahomet*'s Paradiſe was

to

to him a mere *Chimæra*, and he declaimed with a pompous Flow of ſounding Eloquence againſt all theſe various Opinions; the *Bramins* were always the Objects of his ſevereſt Contempt; in the Dictates of natural Religion, he would ſay, we have no Occaſion for ſuch Guides, and in the Explanation of eſtabliſhed Forms, they are highly dangerous; he was an Enemy to all Forms of Worſhip offered in the Temple of the Prophet; he endeavoured to ſubvert the Principles upon which this Worſhip was founded, and to introduce a new Form of Thinking of his own. Since *Aboulcaſem* could have no Share in the Direction of State-Affairs, he was determined to ſoar above ſublunary Things, and to have the Lead in Matters of higher Importance. He was highly dogmatical in his Aſſertions, and he carried his Extravagance ſo far, as to advance, that there was no Difference between the human Species and Brutes; and that it was highly probable that Dogs and the reſt of the animal Creation were endued with Souls as well as Mankind; and in the general he aſſerted that all Souls were material.

In the midſt of theſe Diſquiſitions, *Aboulcaſem* was ſitting one Night in his Study, his Lamp burning before him, when of a ſudden, Thunders rolled deep and awful over his Head; the Mountains were ſhaken and they groaned; keen Lightenings flaſhed athwart the Hemiſphere; the third Heaven was opened, and a Flood of Radiance deſcended upon the Earth. The Solemnity of the Scene appalled the Heart of *Aboulcaſem*; Trembling ſeized his Limbs; he fell proſtrate and adored the Meſſenger from God, who now ſtood before him, and ſpoke in Accents, which chilled the Blood within him, and made him ſtand convinced of his vain Philoſophy.

" *Aboulcaſem*, ſaid he, receive my Sayings with an Ear
" of Attention. Know then, that the Eye of him, who
" is in the third Heaven hath beheld thee; he hath

viewed

"viewed thy Ways with Compassion, and he hath "made this Vision a Vehicle of Instruction unto thy "Soul, which is at present lost and bewildered in a "Maze of idle and foolish Philosophy; for thy Philo-"sophy is not calculated to advance true Knowledge, "Virtue, and Wisdom, but has its Source in Osten-"tation. Ostentation and Vain-glory have induced thee "to display thy imagined Superiority of Parts which "pretends to pervade all Systems of Religion, and thy "Heart's Conceit will approve of none. Thy Studies "are ill directed, and their Drift is only to alienate the "Minds of Men from any settled Form of Worship, "which you are in the Wrong to disturb, as your own "Insufficiency cannot substitute a better than what is "designed to keep Society in a due Sense of Resigna-"tion to a Supreme Being, and to preserve the Bands "of civil Compact religiously unbroken. Cast but "thine Eye upon yonder Vale; behold what is there "transacted. There thou may'st see Men divested of "all Forms of Worship, and rendered perfectly con-"formable to thy vain Notions of Religion. There "thou may'st see what is the State of Man ungoverned "by settled Forms of Devotion; they have shaken off "all Regard to the Prophet, and behold them immersed "in all Manner of vicious Practices. Uncontrouled "they invade each other's Rights; they make War to "gratify their Ambition; freely without Restraint they "proscribe whom they please; the Bonds of Society "are broken, and the Contempt of divine Laws has "introduced a Contempt for all human Institutions. "To promote this Scene of Confusion are thy Writings "calculated, but know, and dread the Truth I am "now to utter, that it will better behove thee to pay "Submission to the established Forms of Worship of thy "Country, than to disturb the Peace of the Faithful, and "thereby fill their Minds with Doubt, with Jealousy,

"Mistrust,

"Mistrust, Suspicion, and all the Horrors of an over-"weening Imagination."

At these Words the Radiance, which spoke, withdrew from his Eyes, and left *Aboulcasem* in the utmost Consternation; the Impression was, however, very soon effaced; for notwithstanding this Admonition, he persevered in his ill Designs; but the Thread of his Days was cut short before he could vent them abroad into the World. However, his Intentions were not totally frustrated, for the Hand of Death had no sooner smote him, than his Compositions fell into the Hands of *Namahran*, another Eastern Writer, who sold them for a certain Number of Sequins of Gold, and by those Means the Writings of *Aboulcasem* came into every Body's Hands, and spread their baneful Influence on the Minds of all the Inhabitants of *Bagdad*.

TRUE INTELLIGENCE.

Hay-market, May 25, 1754.

Last Night the new *English* Opera of *Eliza*, set by Mr. *Arne*, and performed here last Week with universal Applause, was suppressed by an Order from a superior Power, by which many Persons of Taste were deprived of a very elegant Entertainment; and it is now said, that Mr. *Arne*, instigated by this Disappointment, will apply for a private Bill to *unnaturalize* him, that he may then enjoy the *Privileges of an Englishman*,——as well as any *Foreigner* of them all.

Bedford Coffee-house, May 25.

The Parliament of Criticism will be prorogued on *Friday* next —— —— Last Night they broke up early, after returning Thanks to an ingenious Gentleman for his new-invented *poetical Quadrant*, by which a Critic may take an Observation of the *Altitude* of

of modern Wit. The ſame Perſon has alſo a *Microſcope*, to diſcover the Faults of the *Ancients*, and Merit of the *Moderns*, very proper to be had in all Coffee-houſes, and fit for all Critics, Templers, *&c.*

N. B. The Caravan is not to come here any more this Seaſon; the *Loungers* begin to baſk, like *Chelſea* Penſioners in the Sun-Beams, and Wit and Humour have bid us farewel, till the Middle of *September* next.

NUMB. 85. GRAY'S-INN, *Saturday, June* 1, 1754.

Vere magis, quia Vere calor redit oſſibus—— VIRG.

THE gloomy Month of *November* is diſtinguiſhed by Foreigners, as the Heighth of the Seaſon for *Engliſhmen* to hang and drown themſelves; but from a diligent Obſervation I can venture to affirm, that the Month of *May* is always attended with a larger Bill of Mortality than any other Part of the Year. It is the Spring-Time of Love, when the Blood has received a Renovation of Warmth, and young Minds are then more eaſily melted down in the amorous Fire. A Bookſeller, whom I now and then chat with at his *Circulating Library*, informs me, that he can tell when the Poiſon of Love begins to rankle in the Breaſt, that he can trace it in its Progreſs, and knows exactly when it is become quite general in its Influence. Romances, he ſays, in the Beginning are more and more call'd for; as it encreaſes, Lord *Grey*'s Love Letters, the Loves of *Octavia* and *Philander*, *Abelard* and *Eloiſe*, Letters from a *Nun to a Cavalier*, &c. come into Play; and when the Infection is grown Epidemic, then the Tragedies of *Romeo and Juliet*, *All for Love, or the World well loſt*, *Theo-*

Theodosius or the Force of Love, &c, cannot be supplied quick enough to answer the wonderful Demand for them. My ingenious Friend will sometimes take me into his back Room, and "Friend *Ranger*," says he, "can't "you touch us up some secret Memoirs, or a Love-Tale, "or something by Way of Novel—If green Peas come "in fast—the Season for Peas is always favourable to "love-sick Minds——I can manage to put you off—"let me see——ay, about a couple of thousand by Mid-"summer—yes, thereabouts—I could get—if you will "put your Name to it,—a matter of fifteen hundred "subscribed among the Trade——how will you make "it end?—happy or unhappy?——for there will be a "Difference in that—but, that must be determined by "the Chapter of Accidents——a North-East Wind "chills the amorous Heat—in that Case, you had bet-"ter make them die—but, if the southern Gale con-"tinues, they may in the Conclusion be *conducted by the* "*laughing Loves to the nuptial Bower*—the Book will "soon be in every Body's Hands, at *Tunbridge*, *Bath*, "*Scarborough*, *&c*."

Thus is this skilful Person in his Trade for taking Advantage of that Succession of Foibles, which are constantly rising and falling in the most whimsical Vicissitude in this Metropolis. The Truth of it is the Play-houses, the Circulating Libraries, the public Gardens about Town owe very much of their Success to the love-sick Minds of Boys and Girls. It is this universal Passion which rolls so many of the Youth of both Sexes down the soft Declivity in *Greenwich-Park*; it is this which is so fond of taking cold at the Tin-Cascade in *Vaux-hall* Gardens, and it is this which pours forth so many Groupes of Enamoratos along the Fields and Meadows about *London* every *Sunday* Evening.

Notwithstanding the extensive Influence of this soft Infection, it is somewhat surprizing that among all the Writers, who have endeavoured to describe it, very few of

of them have ſucceeded in any tolerable Degree. What Numbers of *Engliſh* Tragedies have been ſunk into an inſipid Languor by the ineffectual Whim of Epiſodic Love? The Tragedy of *Romeo* and *Juliet*, excepting now and then ſome glittering Conceits, which we may ſuppoſe to be Transfuſions from the *Italian Novelliſt*, who furniſhed *Shakeſpear* with the Story, affords a beautiful Repreſentation of two young Minds touched with this tender Sympathy. Many of the Tragedies of *Beaumont* and *Fletcher*, though they are now too much neglected, diſplay the delicate Senſations of Love, in all their native genuine Simplicity. I am not clear whether the fine Interchange of Sentiments between *Jaffier* and *Belvidera* ſhould come within the Precincts of Love; becauſe the Deſire of Poſſeſſion, which fires the tender Imagination into a gentle Enthuſiaſm, has then ſubſided into a ſympathetic Friendſhip between Man and Wife; and accordingly the moſt pathetic Touches are derived, not from the Lover's fond Hope of mutual Bliſs to come, but from a Retroſpect to thoſe vaniſhed Hours, when *Jaffier* lay for three whole happy Years in his *Belvidera*'s Arms; and thus the Tranſition from their former Endearments to their preſent Miſery, excites thoſe intenſe Emotions of Pity for their Fate. Perhaps, after the Writers juſt mentioned, the Tragedy of *Tancred* and *Sigiſmunda*, has the faireſt Claim to any Degree of Reputation; in this Piece the Love of the young Prince is manly, and never dwindles into childiſh Conceit; the Feelings of *Sigiſmunda* are delicate and ſenſible, and through all the Scenes the Softneſs of their Paſſion is ennobled by Sentiments of Honour and moral Dignity. But, among all the Books, which the enamoured of both Sexes are apt to call for at this Seaſon of the Year, there is none which can exhibit ſo lively a Picture of Love, as the Fourth Book of *Dryden*'s *Virgil*, which I would recommend to my young Readers, not by Way of adding Fuel to the Fire, but to warn them

of

of the Dangers of the growing Flame; as they will here perceive all the Viciſſitudes of the Paſſion, till at length it terminates in a melancholy Cataſtrophe.

I ſhall conclude this Paper with an Extract from an unpubliſhed Pamphlet, written by an ingenious Gentleman, who has given me Leave to make my own uſe of it. It is called the Hiſtory of *Roſamond*'s *Pond for the Month of May*, and, though ſome of the Incidents are not the Effects of Love, it will, however, ſhew many of the Diſaſters that attend that ſweet, but dangerous Senſation.

The Hiſtory of Roſamond's Pond for the Month of May.

A young Lady of Faſhion, whoſe Name it is thought proper to ſuppreſs, flung herſelf into the Pond, becauſe ſhe had an Amour with *Thomas* the Footman; ſhe was taken up by the Centinel, and only damaged a Gauze Capuchin.

Miſs *Betty Threadneedle*, Milliner, in the *New-Exchange*, threw herſelf in, on account of Ill-uſage from Monſieur *Capriole*, a *French* Figure-Dancer at *Drury-Lane* Play-houſe; the Coroner's Inqueſt ſat upon her Body, and brought in their *Verdict*, *Lunacy*.

William Ponderwell, was in Love with a celebrated Coquette, and after paying an Attendance of ſeveral Months, he was at length quite tired out, and walked very demurely to the Brink of the Pond, where he ſtood for ſome Time fixed in Thought, then changed his Mind and walked home very cooly.

Bob Dare Devil, having very paſſively received a Kicking from an Officer, threw himſelf in the oblivious Lake, that he might not ſurvive the Loſs of his Honour; he was taken up, and now lights your Honour acroſs the Way about *Drury-Lane* Play-houſe.

John Henpeck, drowned himſelf, after walking very ſoberly with a Friend in the *Bird-Cage* Walk. There were found in his Pocket, a Cork-Skrew, a Tobacco-

Stop-

Stopper, *Passeran* upon Self-murder, and a Piece of Paper, on which were written the following Lines,

A frowning World, and a scolding Wife,
Is the Cause of my putting an end to my Life.

Dick Nimblewrist, alias *Crook-fingered Jack*, fell in Love with a Gentleman's Handkerchief, but being discovered in the Attempt to steal it, he was ducked by the Mob, in order to cool his unruly Passion.

Dick Wildfire threw himself in about Six in the Evening, which drew together a large Concourse of People; but it being only a Frolick for a Wager, he swam across and got out again.

N. B. He took cold, and died in a few Days of a raging Fever.

Sappho, the famous Poetess, fell in, while she was resounding aloft an Ode of her own composing, upon the new Building at the *Horse-Guards*.

Fresh-coloured Moll, was tired of the World, and went to fling herself into the Pond, but meeting a young *Templer* at the fatal Brink, she adjourned with him to the little Island, and instead of sending a Person out of the World, it is confidently said, that in nine Months, she ushered a Foundling into it.

N. B. She now sells Apples and picks Pockets in the Piazza of *Covent Garden*.

Monsieur *Languedoc*, a *French* Gentleman, who came over here for his Religion, was challenged to box by a Pick-pocket in the *Mall*, whereupon he drew his Sword, which so enraged the Populace, that they took him to the Pond and ducked him three Times.

Mrs. *Fretful*, Wife of *John Fretful*, threw herself in, because her Sister was better married, and kept more Card Tables than herself—Upon being taken out she said, "There was no such Thing as bearing it, and that "she was the most unhappiest Woman in the World."

TRUE

TRUE INTELLIGENCE.

Bedford Coffee-house, June 1, 1754.

LAST Night the Parliament of Criticiſm met here, when Mr. *Town* came with his uſual *Apparatus*, and gave his Aſſent to the following Bills.

An Act to prevent a conſtant Repetition of the ſame worn-out Tragedies throughout every Seaſon.

An Act to oblige every capital Actor to bring at leaſt TWO new Parts into the Stock every Winter, by Way of ſhewing how he paſſed his Time, in his Receſs from Buſineſs during the Summer, and to ſeveral public and private Bills. After which Mr. *Town* made the following moſt gracious Speech.

My Friends and Critics,

As we are now come to the Concluſion of the critical Seſſions, I cannot diſmiſs you, without returning you Thanks for that Peeviſhneſs and Petulance, which you have manifeſted during this laſt Seaſon. It is with the utmoſt Pleaſure I now let you know, that ſeveral Pretenders to Poetry have wrote new Tragedies and Comedies, and in ſuch a Manner as will afford the higheſt Joy, as they will all moſt infallibly be damned, whenever they appear.

Gentlemen of the City,

Your clapping and hiſſing, with implicit Deference to my Judgement, at both Play-houſes, during this laſt Winter, ſhews your Affection for me and my Cauſe.

My Friends and Critics,

It is with an unſpeakable Regret I am now to tell you, that Criticiſm does not agree with my Conſtitution, and therefore I muſt retire from thoſe weighty Cares, until Providence ſhall pleaſe to reſtore my hiſſing Powers, which are now ſomewhat impaired. On this Account I muſt now diſſolve the Parliament of Criticiſm, and, whenever you are ſummoned together again, I hope

you

will adhere to the noble Principles of *Malevolism*, which it has ever been my Study to inculcate.

And the Parliament of Criticism was dissolved accordingly.

NUMB. 86. GRAY'S-INN, *Saturday, June* 8, 1754.

——*Veteres ita moratur laudatque Poetas.*
Indignor quidquam reprehendi non quia crasse
Scriptum, ille pideve putetur, sed quia nuper. HOR.

To CHARLES RANGER, *Esq;*

SIR,

I Know the Importance of an Author to himself is so very great, that he looks upon it as absolutely necessary, that the Public should be informed of every particular Circumstance relating to his Body or Mind; as for Instance, at what Hour he goes to Bed, on which Side he composed himself to Sleep; whether his Slumbers were interrupted, and above all, the Purport of his Dreams, *for Dreams descend from Jove.* This Practice I believe, is perfectly just; but I hope Mr. *Ranger* will not monopolize Dreaming, and that he will give an occasional Writer the Liberty of communicating to the Public, how he passed the Night. My Hopes of succeeding in this Request are the more sanguine, as the intellectual Scene, of which I mean here to give some Account, was occasioned by a Perusal of a Vision of your own, in which you describe a *Sacrifice to the Graces.*

The Images, which that Piece excited in my Fancy, incorporated, if I may so call it, with the Ideas, that have been uppermost in my waking Thoughts for some Time past, and I imagined in my Sleep that there was a general Election in *Parnassus* for proper Members to represent

present the Republic of Letters. It seems, *Apollo* was induced by frequent Murmurs and Complaints to dissolve his Parliament; some Malcontents among the Moderns, being of Opinion, that the Antients had arbitrarily voted themselves perpetual Dictators in Wit; whereas, upon a free uninfluenced, Election, they believed themselves capable of returning a larger Number than the said Antients. The Party for the Moderns was led on by Monsieur *De la Motte*, *Perrault* and *Wotton*; the two former were vigorously opposed by *Boileau*, Madam *Dacier*, and the latter by Mr. *Pope* and Doctor *Swift*. *Swift* ordered a new Edition of his Battle of the Books to be published forthwith, and *Pope* took occasion to reprint his Essays, and Criticisms upon *Homer*. The *Old* and *New Interest* were the Words by which each Party signified their Attachments, and Reams of *Lampoons*, *Acrostics*, and *Rebusses* were issued out by the Moderns, which were all answered by Epigrams, Fables, and Burlesque Pieces written by the Friends of the Antients.

At length the Writs were issued out to the proper Officers to chuse Representatives for the several Counties and Borough-Towns in *Parnassus*, some Places, by poetic Licence, having Leave to return as many Members, as could fairly prove a Qualification. *Homer* and *Virgil* were declared for epic Poetry; *Milton* was set up by the Encouragement of several Friends, and they were all three accordingly chosen. *Homer* had four and twenty upon the Poll, and *Virgil* twelve; *Milton*, by an Assessment a little before the Election, created two new Votes, by which he also reached the Number twelve, and *Virgil* was so modest that he made no Objection to it. *Tasso*, and Sir *Richard Blackmore*, were declared Candidates, but the former was proved to have bribed with *clinquant*, and the latter could not make out a Qualification.

In

In the Regions of Tragedy, *Sophocles* and *Euripides* joined Interests, and *Aristotle* undertook to canvass for them; but *Shakespear* carried it by a great Majority; *Corneille* and *Racine* stood next upon the List, but a Scrutiny was demanded in Favour of the *Old Interest*, upon a Suspicion that several *Copy-holders* had polled for the Moderns, and the *New-Interest* employed some *French* Critics to go through their Answer; it was thought it will at last end in a double Return; and it was further said, that *Otway* and *Rowe* would be declared duly elected. *Dryden* and *Lee* joined Interests, and though many gay and flighty Persons were very warm in their Cause, their Schemes were looked upon by the cool and judicious, as rather too wild and romantic. The *French* Critics threatened, that at some future Election, they should be able to make more Members, being resolved to put up *Crebillon* and *Voltaire* even against *Shakespear*, to which end, several Libels against the last mentioned Genius were already drawn up by *Voltaire*.

In the comic Territories the Antients lost their Election by a very great Majority; *Moliere*, *Ben Johnson*, *Congreve* and *Vanburgh*, being declared duly elected. *Shakespear* was made an honourary Member for this Quarter, and was universally allowed to be a Representative of both Places. *Dryden* found Means, by the Assistance of a *Spanish* Friar, to insinuate himself into this Place, and it was given out, that when *Colley Cibber* arrives here, he will be put up as a Person duly qualified, though it is apprehended that his Quarrel with *Pope* has deprived him of several Votes.

The *New Interest* exulted greatly upon their Conquest in the last Election, and in order to compleat their Triumph, proceed further into the Regions of *Humour* and *Ridicule*. *Homer* was here again put up by *Aristotle* who urged the *Margites* as a sufficient Claim; but the Writings of that Estate being lost, he was obliged to decline

decline the Poll. After this, an Advertiſement was publiſhed, deſiring the Votes and Intereſt of all the true Sons of Merriment for *Ariſtophanes*, *Menander*, *Plautus*, and *Terence*, who had juſt loſt their Election in another Place; *Lucian* ſet up upon his own Intereſt. The *Moderns* declared *Cervantes*, *Rablais*, *Swift* and *Butler* joint Candidates, being all Gentlemen heartily attached to true Wit and Humour. Votes were alſo ſollicited for ſeveral other Perſonages; Monſieur *la Sage*, *Scarroon*, *Marivaux*, and *Addiſon* were ſtrongly recommended; but the latter being returned in Conjunction with *Terence* and *la Sage* for the Borough of POLITE-MIRTH, Sir *Richard Steel* appeared on the Huſtings, and withdrew his Friend's Name. *Swift* mixed with the lower Sort of People; joked with the Women about their Dreſſing-rooms, and republiſhed his Account of the ſtrange Man juſt arrived in Town. *Rablais* contributed a good deal to the general Mirth; *Cervantes* occaſionally gave vent to a Vein of low Humour, but *Lucian* could not make himſelf univerſally underſtood, and many of his Turns did not allude to modern-practiſed Life. *Scarroon* got together a Company of Strollers, and exhibited Entertainments in Booths with great Succeſs. *Ward*, *Concanon*, and *Tom Brown* offered themſelves on this Occaſion, but were rejected with Contempt. At length the Books were cloſed, and *Lucian* *Cervantes*, *Butler*, and *Swift* were declared duly elected. At which the Managers for the *New Intereſt* were highly inflamed; they lodged a Petition in Favour of *Rablais*, but ſuch a Vein of Extravagance run through the Whole, and ſome Paſſages were worked up into ſuch a Strain of unintelligible Frolic, that it was generally ſuppoſed it would be given againſt him. However, his Friends were determined to bring him in for an inferior Borough, and *Scarron* and *Marivaux* were alſo aſſured of their Election. Whenever *Fielding* ſhall arrive to his

Eſtate

Estate in this Part of *Parnassus*, there is a Borough ready to elect him.

To have so many Moderns chosen for the last Division was highly agreeable to the *New Interest*; they were however a good Deal dejected at the Election for *History*, for which the Contest was ineffectual. *Thycidides, Sallust, Livy*, and *Tacitus* being chosen by a great Majority. *Faminianus Strada* endeavoured to hurt the Election of the last mentioned Writer, in order, as it was thought, to substitute himself; but *Peers* being allowed to appear at Elections in *Parnassus*, Lord *Bolingbroke* gave all his Interest to *Tacitus*, and assured him that his Works were of infinite Use in all his political Tracts. *Sallust* recommended St. *Real*, an approved *French* Historian, to a Borough. *Julius Cæsar* was put up without his Consent, a literary Fame not being the Object of his Ambition; Lord *Clarendon* was for a long Time decried by a Party, but was at last declared duly elected.

Demosthenes and *Cicero* harangued from the Hustings, and were unanimously chosen for *Oratory*; and it was thought that some who have made a conspicuous Figure in the *British* Parliaments, would be admitted to the Honour of a Seat with those immortal Geniusses. A Party of *Frenchmen* endeavoured to make a Stand, upon the Strength of some certain Funeral Orations, but in a few Hours they found themselves greatly out-polled.

Horace, Boileau, Dryden, and Mr. *Pope* were made the Representatives of *Satyr*; *Juvenal* and *Perseus* having set up for Places upon their own separate Interests; as soon as the Election was over Mr. *Pope* thanked the Constituents for the Honour conferred upon him, and signified his Inclination to take his Seat for *Ethics*, to which he was reeommended by the Lord Viscount *Bolingbroke*, and the Voters came to a Resolution to fill up the Vacancy by putting up the famous Doctor *Young*, though in his Absence.

Lord

Lord *Bacon* and Mr. *Locke*, were returned for real and useful Philosophy, at which *Aristotle* was violently enraged. He was, however, somewhat comforted to find himself the first on the Poll for *Criticism*; *Longinus*, *Quintilian*, and *Bohours* were also declared duly elected. There was a great Number of Boroughs in this County, most of which were represented by *Frenchmen*, the Chief of whom was the *Abbé du Bos*, Author of the Reflections upon Poesy and Painting. Mr. *Addison* was also returned in this District, but being previously chosen, he thanked the Voters in general, and told them they would not be at a Loss for a proper Representative for that Place, whenever the Author of the *Polymetis* should be willing to stand the Poll.

In the Regions of miscellaneous Poetry *Dryden* had an Offer from almost every Place; *Spencer* was elected for a Borough, said to be over-run with Witches and Fairies; in *Pastoral*, *Ambrose Phillips* exerted his utmost Interest; but it was said that Mr. *Pope*, though he did not chuse to be the Representative himself, had resolved to hinder *Philips* from coming in. *Virgil* thanked the Country People for the Offers made to himself, expatiated on rural Happiness, and said he should always be a Lover of *Woods* and *Rivers*; but begged Leave to recommend in his room *Vaniere*, Writer of the *Prædium Rusticum*, and the late Mr. *James Thompson* Author of the Seasons.

Æsop, *Phædrus*, *la Fontaine* and *Gay*, were chosen for the fabulous Country, where a new Party was springing up for the Author of the Fables for the *female Sex*, and, also for the Fables lately addressed to the Prince of *Wales*. With these Proceedings the *New Interest* had no Reason to be dissatisfied, though they were highly disappointed in several Places. However, they were determined to keep up their Spirits with a Shew of a general Victory. I fansied their Acclama-

tions of Joy were so loud on the Occasion, that I was awaked from my Dream. *I am, SIR,*

Your most obedient Servant,

Oxford, June 7, 1754. J. NIGHTMARE.

TRUE INTELLIGENCE.

Sam's *Coffee-house, Exchange-Alley.*

VArious are the Sentiments which the Frequenters of this Place have formed to themselves of the Articles of Intelligence, collected by Mr. *Ranger* in the *Gray*'s-*Inn Journal.* After half an Hour's close Study, a Gentleman of profound Penetration called upon *Major* for farther Information. What, says he, "is all this "true?" No, Sir, replied *Major*, "it's only his comi-"cal Way." Mr. *Vandergut* seems highly pleased with the Scheme, and observes, that the *Gray*'s-*Inn Journal* is very humoursome, and on every *Saturday* his first Question is, what, is *Ranger* punny to Day? But after perusing it he generally shakes his Head, and laments that the Author never entertains his Readers with a Letter from the *Hague*.

Rainbow Coffee-house, June. 8.

Yesterday at a Board of PRIGGISM held here, it was pretty warmly debated between *Jemmy Spindle* and *Jack Dupe*, *whether a Gentleman acquires more Honour by whoring than by gaming?* When Mr. *Spindle* begg'd Leave to say, that the little Reputation he held in the World was entirely owing to his appearing every Night, during the Winter Season, between two Girls in the Balcony —— here Mr. *Dupe* interrupted him, and observed, that undoubtedly whoring was essentially necessary towards establishing the Character of a Man of Spirit; but that in his Opinion, gaming shewed more the Man of

of Consequence; for, says he, the first Men in the Kingdom are Gamesters, and—here *Harry Edging* cried out, *d—n me, there's a pretty Girl going by*, upon which the Board was broke up, and the Point left undecided, to the great Disappointment of *Jerry*, who was all Attention, and waited the Event of the Dispute, with open Mouth, which plainly shews an eager Appetite for Knowledge.

NUMB. 87. GRAY'S-INN, *Saturday, June* 15, 1754.

Ire iterum in lacrymas, iterum tentare precando
Cogitur, & supplex animos submittere amori. VIRG.

MY Friend, Mr. *Candid*, desires that he may discharge his Promise to give some further Animadversions on the Tragedy of King *Lear*; as he has run into a long Essay, I shall resign to him the entire Paper of this Day.

Notwithstanding what is ingeniously urged by the Gentleman, who obliged me with a Letter upon my former Criticism of King *Lear*, I cannot, after a Review of that Tragedy, find any Reason to retract my Assertion, that the aged Monarch's Madness is occasioned by the Ingratitude of his Daughters. The Folly of a Parents putting himself in the Power of his Children, must incidentally appear in a Play, founded on such a Story as that of *Lear*; but, had those Children not proved ungrateful, I apprehend there is no Reason to imagine, the King's Mind would have taken the fatal Turn it did. But the best Way of knowing, with any Degree of Certainty, the secret Causes of those Effects, which disclose themselves in sundry Appearances in human Life, is

by gaining an Insight into the private Tempers of Men. *Lear*, considered in this Manner, soon discovers to us the latent Seeds, which are likely to kindle into a Blaze, upon the Revolt of his Daughters. The Impression which *Cordelia*'s artless Answer had upon him is described by himself.

——— ——— ——— ———O most small Fault,
How ugly didst thou in Cordelia *shew,*
Which, like an Engine, wrench'd my Frame of Nature
From the fix'd Place; drew from my Heart all Love,
And added to the Gall——

This plainly evinces where the old Man's Passions were most accessible, and how strong the Workings of them were likely to be, when he should find a total Disaffection: No wonder if then his Frame of Nature is wrench'd from the fix'd Place, and indeed, his Tendency that Way soon discovers itself, when he breaks out into these Words.

I will forget my Nature;—so KIND *a Father!—*

Were the Loss of Royalty uppermost in his Thoughts, his Remarks would most assuredly take their Tincture from thence, and he would rather blame himself as a WEAK *Father*, who had given all to his Children. But the Circumstance of his having given all, is never mentioned; unless it is to aggravate the Ill-usage he has met with, and when he says to himself, *To take't again perforce*, it is plain, that it is not merely for the sake of regaining lost Grandeur, but to avenge his Wrongs; and he immediately subjoins, *Monster Ingratitude!*——and a little after, *let me not be mad; not mad, sweet Heaven!*—The Fool, indeed, taunts him with the Folly of his having divested himself of his Power, and put the Rod, as he calls it, in his Childrens Hand. These Ideas are so obvious, that *Shakespear* knew they would strike even the most superficial Mind; but we find it is no Consi-

 deration

deration with the Father, who never dwells upon it, though it is ſuggeſted to him ſo frequently. On the other Hand, how acute are his Feelings, whenever he recurs to his Daughter's want of filial Piety! He that can read the following Lines, without being ſoftened into Tears, muſt, as Mr. *Addiſon* has ſaid upon another Occaſion, have either a very good, or a very bad Head.

> ———————*Oh!* Regan, *ſhe has tied*
> *Sharp-tooth'd* UNKINDNESS *like a* VULTURE *here—*
> *—I ſcarce can ſpeak to thee—thou'lt not believe*
> *With how depraved a Quality—Oh!* Regan!—

What a Picture of a Mind have we here?——The Strugglings with his Sorrows, the Breaks of Paſſion, the Attempt to ſpeak, and the inſtant Suppreſſion of his Powers, are the moſt natural and pathetic Touches. Can the human Imagination, in all her Treaſury of Language, find Words to expreſs at once the deteſtable Crime of Diſobedience to our Parents, and the exquiſite Feelings of an injured Father, like the following Paſſage?

> ————*She has ſtruck me with her Tongue*
> *Moſt Serpent-like upon the very Heart!*

Who is there, that does not inſtantaneouſly find himſelf in a Guſh of Tears on reading theſe Lines? And more particularly, when, a little afterwards, he comes to the Speech which cloſes with,

> ———————*You think I'll weep;—*
> *No, I'll not weep—tho' I have full Cauſe of weeping—*
> *—This Heart ſhall break into a thouſand Flaws*
> *Or e'er I'll weep—O Fool, I ſhall go mad——*

The laſt Touch in this Speech, is the fineſt cloſe of a Climax of Paſſion that can be conceived; and even then the old Monarch feels that his *Wits begin to turn*, for which melancholy Situation, *Shakeſpear* all along

finely prepares us, by skilfully marking each Step the Mind takes, in all its Workings, towards that settled State of Grief.

I have dwell'd thus long on the Cause of *Lear*'s Distraction, because the Arguments, offered by my ingenious Correspondent in the Essay of the 19th of *January*, carry some Degree of Plausibility; but from what has been premised, together with what I have urged in my former Paper, there cannot, I think, remain any Doubt about it. Those that are not satisfied with this reasoning are referred to the noblest Commentary this, or any Poet ever had; I mean Mr. *Garrick*'s Performance of *Lear*, in which there is displayed so just a Knowledge of the human Mind under a State of Madness, together with such exquisite Feelings of the various Shiftings of the Passions, so finely at the same Time enfeebled with the Debility of Age, that I believe, whenever this admirable Actor ceases to play this Part, the unhappy Monarch will lose more than *fifty of his Followers at a Clap*.—

Though our great Poet pays us very amply for all his Transgressions against the Laws of *Aristotle*; yet, I have frequently wished, that the noble Wildness of his Genius had not rendered him so unbounded in his Fables. Had this Tragedy been planned with more Art, without an underplot to draw off our Affections from the principal Object, it had been a Piece for all the united Efforts of *Greece* to envy. However, the Episode, in which the *Bastard* is acting the same unnatural Part as *Lear*'s legitimate Daughters, is not entirely detached from the main Subject; the Misfortunes of the good old *Glo'ster*, who endeavours to assist the forlorn King, must touch every Breast, and the Character of *Edgar* must appear amiable in every Eye.

The close of this Tragedy is full of Terror and Commiseration, and our great Poet has here given us a Death, which is not often to be found in the Playhouse

houſe Bill of Mortality, *viz.* the Death of *Lear* without the Dagger, or the Bowl. But, perhaps, after all the Heart-piercing Senſations, which we have before endured through the whole Piece, it would be too much to ſee this actually performed on the Stage; from the Actor whom I have already named, I am ſure it would; though, I ſhould be glad to ſee the Experiment made, convinced at the ſame Time that the Play, as it is altered, will always be moſt agreeable to an Audience, as the Circumſtances of *Lear*'s Reſtoration, and the virtuous *Edgar*'s Alliance with the amiable *Cordelia*, muſt always call forth thoſe guſhing Tears, which are ſwelled and enobled by a virtuous Joy. The Alteration is juſtified by another Reaſon, which is, that *Lear* was really reſtored to his Crown, if we may believe *Spencer*, who gives the following remarkable Narrative, with which I ſhall cloſe this Paper, making no Doubt, but it will afford great Entertainment to the Reader who has not before amuſed himſelf with the Compariſon, to ſee *Shakeſpear*'s Story related by ſo great a Poet as *Spencer*, in his tenth Canto of the *Fairy-Queen*.

27.

NEXT him King *Lear* in happy Peace long reign'd,
But had no Iſſue male him to ſucceed,
But three fair Daughters, which were well uptrain'd,
In all that ſeemed fit for kingly Seed:
'Mong whom his Realm he equally decreed
To have divided. Tho', when feeble Age
Nigh to his utmoſt Date he ſaw proceed,
He call'd his Daughters, and with Speeches ſage
Inquir'd, which of them moſt did love her Parentage.

28.

The eldeſt *Gonoril*, 'gan to proteſt,
That ſhe much more than her own Life him lov'd;
And *Regan* greater Love to him profeſs'd,

Than all the World, whenever it were prov'd.
But *Cordeil* ſaid, ſhe lov'd him, as behov'd;
Whoſe ſimple Anſwer, wanting Colours fair
To paint it forth, him to Diſpleaſance mov'd,
That in his Crown he counted her no Heir,
But 'twixt the other twain his Kingdom whole did
ſhare.

29.

So wedded one to *Maglan* King of *Scots*,
And th' other to the King of *Cambria*,
And 'twixt them ſhar'd his Realm by equal Lots:
But without Dower the wiſe *Cordelia*
Was ſent to *Aganip* of *Celtica*.
Their aged Sire, thus eaſed of his Crown,
A private Life led in *Albania*,
With *Gonoril*, long had in great Renown,
That naught him griev'd to been from Rule depoſed
down.

30.

But true it is, that, when the Cil is ſpent,
The Light goes out, and Wike is thrown away;
So when he had reſign'd his Regiment,
His Daughters 'gan deſpiſe his drooping Day,
And weary wox of his continual Stay.
Tho' to his Daughter *Regan* he repair'd,
Who him at firſt well-uſed every Way;
But when of his Departure ſhe deſpair'd,
Her Bounty ſhe abated, and his Chear empair'd.

31.

The wretched Man 'gan then aviſe too late,
That Love is not where moſt it is profeſs'd,
Too truly try'd in his extreameſt State.
At laſt, reſolv'd likewiſe to prove the Reſt,
He to *Cordelia* himſelf addreſs'd,
Who with entire Affection him receiv'd,
As for her Sire and King her ſeemed beſt;

And

And after all an Army ſtrong ſhe leav'd
To war on thoſe, which him had of his Realm bereav'd.

37.

So to his Crown ſhe him reſtor'd again,
In which he dy'd, made ripe for Death by Eld,
And after will'd it ſhould to her remain;
Who peaceably the ſame long Time did weld,
And all Mens Hearts in due Obedience held;
Till that her Siſter's Children, woxen ſtrong,
Thro' proud Ambition againſt her rebell'd,
And overcomen, kept in Priſon long,
Till weary of that wretched Life, herſelf ſhe hong.

NUMB. 88. GRAY'S-INN, *Saturday, June* 22, 1754.

Tum Dea nube cavâ tenuem ſine viribus umbram
In faciem Æneæ, viſu mirabile monſtrum,
Dardaniis ornat telis, clypeumque jubaſque
Divini aſſimulát captis; dat inania Verba,
Dat ſine mente ſonum. ——— VIRG.

WHEN *Turnus*, in the tenth *Æneid*, is buſied in Fields of Slaughter and Devaſtation, an interpoſing Goddeſs ſhadows forth an illuſive Appearance of the adverſe Warrior, arms the Phantom with an air-drawn Javelin, gives an imaginary Shield and Creſt, adds a mimic Voice, and Sounds innocent of Thought, and then makes the unreal Mockery fly before the Ranks, in order to divert the real Combatant, and engage him in a vain Purſuit. The Impoſition takes Effect, and the General is ſeduced from the Field, when the fugitive Illuſion vaniſhes into Air, and then too late the Hero perceives, that he had

quitted the Field of Glory, and the neceſſary Duties of his Calling, to diſtinguiſh his martialÁroweſs againſt a fictitious Enemy, where no Honour could be reaped. In the Warſare of the Pen, ſomething like this very commonly happens, and a Writer is no ſooner obſerved to be engaged in a right Courſe, but a counterfeit Genius is inſtantly ſet up in Oppoſition to him. Mother *Dullneſs*, who is always as careful of her Favourites as any Goddeſs in epic Poetry, is ſure to make ſomething appear in the Shape of a Writer; ſhe arms him with a Gooſe-Quill, furniſhes Ink and Paper, ſupplies him with empty Words, and unideal Sounds, without any thinking Faculty. *Dat inania verba, dat ſine mente ſonum.*——

I have ever looked upon the warlike Hero, in the former Inſtance, to be in a very ridiculous Situation, and ſurely the Author, who can quit the Purſuit of nobler Game, to follow an idle Scribler in the Form of a Pamphlet, a Letter to a Friend, an unmuſe-like Poem, or a pointleſs Epigram, muſt, in the Eyes of the Judicious, appear to act unworthily, and very much beneath himſelf. On this Account it is, that *Ranger* has hitherto kept himſelf clear of all Diſputes with his Brethren of the Quill, and has inceſſantly purſued his Plan, though there have not been wanting Things, "that would be "Poets thought," who have endeavoured to moleſt him in his Career.

But deaf to all ſuch Avocations, I have attended only to the Proſecution of the Deſign this Paper firſt ſet out with, *viz.* to conduce my utmoſt to the Entertainment and Inſtruction of my Readers. The former of theſe Views, I flatter myſelf, has in ſome Degree ſucceeded, and with Regard to the latter, I do not pretend to have enlightened the Underſtandings of all my Cotemporaries, nor to have brought about a general Reformation of Men and Manners. The Truth of it is, I cannot conſider the *Gray's-Inn Journal*, as a general

Pa.

Panacea for the Defects of Mankind, though my Bookseller and many of my other Friends (*i. e.* Enemies) have been pleased to compliment me on that Score. When I declare thus much, I beg, I may not be supposed to envy the Fame of a very elegant and ingenious Brother-Writer, who very pleasantly congratulates himself on the extensive Amendment of Mankind since the Commencement of his Paper, and assures us, that there is no such Thing at present as Cards at *White*'s, or naked Shoulders at *Ranelagh*; and from the general Cessation of Vice, conceives the *Millennium* to be at Hand; at which happy Period he is determined to lay down his Pen.

For my Part, I shall not wait for the *Milennium*; for I must own, I have met with very different Success in my District, and therefore I am resolved not to cry out, in Imitation of *Falstaff* to the vanquished *Hotspur*, "there lies "Vice; an the King will reward me;—so;—if not,—let "him write the next Paper himself." So far from having any Title to this Boast, I have at present only one Letter by me, testifying the surprizing Cure wrought by my Lucubrations, which is as follows.

To CHARLES RANGER, *Esq*;

SIR,

FOR twenty Years last past, I have been afflicted with a most extraordinary Species of Pride, which affected my Head to so great a Degree, that I could never, during that Time, bow it to any one, who was not possessed of a Fortune of ten thousand Pounds; which reduced me to such a Situation, that all my Acquaintance shunned my Company. But upon Perusal of your Paper of the 24th of *November*, I immediately found such a Relaxation in the Sinews of my Neck, that I can already make a slight Bow to my Equals, and there is such an Amendment in my Organs of Speech, that

that I can pronounce, *Sir*, or, *Madam*, to any decent Perſon of either Sex. The Truth of the above I am willing to atteſt on Oath, when called upon, and am,

SIR,

Your moſt obedient Servant,

GEORGE STIFFNECK.

This is the only Certificate I can produce at preſent of the Succeſs of theſe Papers; and, though I ſuppoſe that Individuals have occaſionally profited by them; yet my Intelligence ſays, that moſt of the faſhionable Vices and Follies of this Metropolis are carried on with as much Alacrity as if, to uſe the Phraſe of *Moll Bluff*, Charles Ranger *had never been in the Land of the Living*.

By Advices from the City I learn, that, while the Huſband is cheating for a Groat behind the Counter, the Wife is venturing Hundreds at a Rout; that the Courſe of Exchange was on *Thurſday* laſt very much influenced by the *Jew*-Brokers; that the Stocks continue to be iniquitouſly raiſed or lowered in *Change-Alley*; and that Criticiſm ſtill prevails at *Sam*'s. Orator *Henly*, I am told, ſtill continues to rave among his Butchers; the Calf of the Leg and the Pit of the Stomach, I am credibly informed, are ſhewn by all the young Ladies of Faſhion every Night at *Vauxhall* and *Ranelagh*; and Mr. *Aſtley* on *Ludgate-Hill*, who ſells Punch *pro bono Publico*, is the only Patriot I can any where hear of.

But though this general Contagion of Vice and Folly ſtill prevails, I hope it will at leaſt be found ſome Degree of Merit to have oppoſed it, and I perſuade myſelf, that throughout theſe little Volumes, my Satyr has been ſo levelled, as not to have deſerved the Diſpleaſure of any worthy Character. As to the anonymous Invectives of little Scriblers, I have already declared my Opinion of them, and ſhould a whole Inundation be hereafter diſcharged againſt me, I ſhall not be ſurprized,

prized after perusing the following Piece, which fell into my Hands by an extraordinary Accident a few Days since, and appears to have been issued out almost at the Commencement of this our Undertaking.

The Society of Grubb-street, *by the Influence of Dulness-Head-College of* Great-Britain, *Defender of Absurdity, and so forth; to all our dearly beloved Members, to whom these Presents shall come, greeting:*

Whereas *Charles Ranger*, Esq; has taken upon him to publish once a Week, namely every *Saturday*, a Paper entitled the *Gray*'s-*Inn Journal*, and hath endeavoured, as far as in him lies, to introduce into all Coffee-houses Essays of Wit and Humour, according to the Practice of the Authors of the *Spectator*, &c. whom we have always held in the highest Detestation; and farther, whereas the said *Charles Ranger* hath avowed himself an Enemy to all modern Critics, stigmatizing them by the Name of the *Malevoli*, and to all foreign Monsters, Ostriches, Pantomimes, *&c.* we hereby enjoin you all and several of you, to abuse, revile, traduce, calumniate, and defame him, the said *Charles Ranger*, so as to make him uneasy in his Province, and oblige him, if possible, to lay down his Pen.

And we further command our Dearly beloved, the Authors of the *Monthly Review*, (a Work hitherto devoted to our Cause) either not to mention the Works of the said *Ranger*, or to damn them with faint Praise, or grosly and scandalously to condemn them, as they have done to every Thing praise-worthy for some Years past; and for so doing, this shall be your sufficient Warrant. Given in *Grub-street*, *December* 1, 1753.

By Order of the Society,

JOHN BOBADILL } Secretaries.
QUINBUS FLESTRIN }

TRUE

TRUE INTELLIGENCE.

Lloyd's Coffee-house, Lombard-street.

BUsiness being pretty well adjusted among the Frequenters of this Place, about One o'Clock every *Saturday*, the *Gray's-Inn Journal* is perused over a frugal Dish of Coffee by the Wits, Jokers, Sly-Ones, *&c.* who resort hither. Many of them receive their first Impressions from *James*, who sometimes delivers his *Judgment*, and sometimes *Tea*, with an Air of Importance peculiar to himself. *James* is really a very good Judge of Sugar, and when a Ship is sold by the Candle, he frequently hints to his Friends, whether she is a Bargain or not. From this Sphere he will at Times condescend to speak of this Paper, and it is really not unpleasant to hear him pronounce; "I don't like the "Essay To-Day, but the News is well enough," and *Vice versâ*. Upon the whole, we must say of *James*, that he has too much Wit for the City, which plainly appears from the Sugar-Bakers shaking their Heads at him; and we must farther declare, that, if he had been bred at the Court-End of the Town, he would have been ranked among the best Criticks, and would in all Probability have engrossed the Name of Mr. *Town* to himself.

Bedford Coffee-house, June 22d.

We have lately set up in this Place a new invented Machine, in Imitation of the Weather-Glass, by which we can, by sure Prognostics, tell in the Morning the Rise, and Fall, of Wit and Humour for the whole Day. The several Stages which are fixed for its Progress are in a gradual Ascent from DULL, MUZZY, HEAVY, HOWISH, FINE, very FINE, HIGH, GREAT, IMMENSE BY G——D. The Mercury has not ascended this whole Week past further than GREAT, and it is thought, that it

it will not reach IMMENSE BY G—D till next Winter; it is rather feared, that there is a Tendency downwards, it being at preſent below HOWISH, and therefore the Loungers are requeſted to attend, in order to diſſipate the Gloom that at preſent hangs over us.

NUMB. 89. GRAY'S-INN, *Saturday, June* 29, 1754.

Multa renaſcentur, quæ jam cecidere, cadentque,
Quæ nunc ſunt in honore, vocabula, ſi volet uſus,
Quem penes Arbitrium eſt & jus & norma loquendi,
——Sermonum ſtet Honos & gratia vivax. HOR.

To CHARLES RANGER, *Eſq;*

SIR,

THE Languages of all Nations have ever been in a State of Fluctuation, and we find this Complaint is conſtantly made by the ſenſible and judicious in every Age. Tho' the Diction of the *Romans* is likely to endure as long as Time ſhall ſubſiſt; yet we find that *Horace*, in the Words of my Motto, is aware of the Decay of Words and Phraſes, which die away, and are conſtantly ſucceeded by a ſudden Birth of new Terms and Modes of Phraſeology. In ſeveral other Paſſages of his Writings, there are ſhort Reflections upon this literary Phænomenon, in which he always delivers himſelf with Sorrow and Regret. They fall, ſays he, like Leaves, and are replaced by a new Product; like young Perſons, they flouriſh for a ſhort Time, and then tend to Oblivion. The Compariſon is moſt certainly very juſt; and as young Men in their Bloom and Vigour are ſaid to be *upon Town*, it is the ſame with Words; they are alſo

upon

upon Town for a Time, and then totally perish. I have often thought, that a *weekly Bill* of Words would not be unentertaining to Men of Letters, and if there was a proper Register-Office for the Purpose, where their several Births and Burials might be recorded with Accuracy and Precision, I should imagine it would furnish no disagreeable History. A Distinction might be made between a Kind of Sex in Words, according as they are appropriated to Men or Women; as for Instance, *D—n my Blood* is of male Extraction, and *Pshaw*, *Fiddlestick*, I take to be female. Upon this Plan the weekly Bill might stand in this Form.

Born this Week	Males	300	Buried	Males	400
	Females	900		Females	990
		1200			1390

Decreased in the Burial of Words this Week 57.

If, for the Satisfaction of the curious, a List should be furnished of the several Terms that are born, or that die away, with a short Account of the Life and Character of each Phrase, whether it be born of honest Parents in *England* or *Ireland*, what Company it kept, whether it was Whig or Tory, Popish or Protestant, it would in my Opinion be an agreeable Addition to this verbal History. There might further be added an Account of such Expressions as might happen to be naturalized, with the Objections of the Learned, who should think proper to protest against such a Naturalization of Foreigners among the Natives of this Land. Such a Procedure could not fail to yield Satisfaction to the curious; and, though it would not prevent the Instability of our Language, it would at least display the gradual Steps towards Improvement or final Destruction. For my Part, I have ever looked upon the Permanency of our Language to be of greater Consequence than the Stocks, of whatever Denomination, and for that Reason, I should be glad that some Means were devised to hinder the

the Diction of our *Shakespear* and *Milton* from being obliterated, and to suspend the Evils, which Mr. *Pope* threatens us with, when he says

And such as Chaucer *is, shall* Dryden *be.*

The Dictionary, which the Erudition of Mr. *Johnson* is preparing for the Public, may in some Measure answer this End, and, in Aid to that Design I have been for some Time past planning a Dictionary of such Words, as appeared to me from a Concurrence of various Causes, to be most likely to be totally forgot. In order to forward this Undertaking, I have annexed a Specimen of the Work, not as yet reduced into alphabetical Order, but drawn out in such a Manner as may serve to convey some Idea of the intended Work. When the Whole is compleated it may serve as a proper Companion to the *Spectator*, the *Tatler*, and all the Works of Morality, which have been published in this Country, and it may be contributing to make our Posterity have some faint Notion of what is meant in many Places, when the visible Tendency of our Manners to an entire Change from antient Simplicity has almost effaced the Ideas, which the Author of the Times intended to express.

A Specimen *of an* English Dictionary.

Creature, A Term to shew our Contempt of any Person whom we dislike, chiefly used by the Ladies.

Thing, Very often used to imply our Dislike, but chiefly used to signify our highest Approbation. Thus it is said of a fine Lady; "She's the very Thing," or of a young Fellow, "O, Ma'em, he's the very Thing;" and sometimes with Limitation, as, "yes, very well, "but not the Thing."

Patriot, A Man who speaks against the Court till he gets a Place or Pension.

Honest, This Term is derived from the *Latin* Word *Honestum*, which among the *Romans* implied every Thing

Thing that is honourable in a Character. From thence *Pope* was induced to ſay,

An honeſt Man's the nobleſt Work of God.

This is the original Meaning of the Word; in its conſequential Senſe it is ſtrangely altered. *Honeſt* now ſignifies Gaming, Drinking, and Debauchery of every Sort; it being common to ſay of a Man who is addicted to all theſe faſhionable Vices, that he's an "*Honeſt Fellow.*"

GOOD-NATURE, an old *Engliſh* Word uſed by our Anceſtors; it is plain, that it carried with it ſome Alluſion to the Cuſtoms and Manners of thoſe Times, but there is no tracing it to its Source.

RELIGION, an old *Engliſh* Word for the Worſhip of a Supreme Being, and the Practice of ſocial Duties to our Neighbours; probably a Cuſtom known to the antient Druids.

HUMBUG, A Lye.

WORTH, originally it meant laudable Qualities of the Mind; at preſent tis ſolely confined to a Man's Fortune: Thus a Scoundrel of fifty Thouſand is a Man of *Worth*, and an honeſt Man in Indigence is *worth* nothing.

PARTY, formerly ſignified Diviſions in the State, at preſent it means a Jaunt to *Vaux-hall*, *Bedlam*, *Church*, or any Place of Diverſion.

TRAGEDY, a Name by which *Shakeſpear*, *Otway*, and ſome others entitled their dramatic Writings; the Moderns retain the Word, but have totally loſt the original Senſe of it.

COMEDY, probably a Piece in which our rude Anceſtors repreſented the Follies and Characters of the Age; nothing of this Sort is at preſent known amongſt us.

DAMNED, when Prieſtcraft prevailed in this Country, the People were frightened with ſtrange Ideas of *Hell*, or

or a Place of Torture, where the departed Spirits of bad Men were ſuppoſed to be confined. At preſent it ſignifies the higheſt Praiſe we can confer. Thus we ſay, "A damned fine Woman; a damned charming Crea-"ture; a damned fine Fellow, *&c.*"

Drum, an Inſtrument of warlike Muſic uſed at the March of an Army, or in Time of Battle to animate the Soldiery: Hence ſtiled by *Shakeſpear* the *Spirit-ſtirring Drum.* It has not been uſed to any Purpoſe by the *Engliſh* ſince the Days of the Duke of *Marlborough.* In its metaphorical Senſe it means a Party of Cards, (*Vide Rout.*)

Friendship, an old *Engliſh* Word uſed by our Anceſtors to ſignify the complex Idea of Affection and Eſteem between two or more Perſons, founded upon a virtuous Sympathy of Tempers, and congenial Habits of Virtue (*for the Meaning of the Word* Virtue, *ſee in its reſpective Place:*) This Cuſtom was totally baniſhed in the Reign of King *Charles* II. and few or no Traces of it have been diſcovered ever ſince.

God, The antient *Druids,* it is probable from all Hiſtorians imagined that a ſuperior Being ſuper-intended the Direction of the Univerſe, and the Term God, it is not unlikely, originally ſignified this ſuperior Being; but ſince it has been happily found out, that every Thing was made by *Chance,* or that *Nature,* (*Vide* Nature *in its proper Place*) produced every Thing we behold, and ſince the Properties of Matter have been ſufficiently detected by Lord *Bolingbroke* and others, the Term *God* is totally exploded, as merely expreſſive of ſome Chimæra, which has no Exiſtence.

Modesty, alludes to ſome Cuſtom among the antient *Britiſh* Ladies.

Earthquake, a Party at Cards. (Vide *Rout, Drum,* or *Hurricane.*)

Fashion, a polite Term of Excuſe for all the Vices that can be thought of.

NATURE, Nothing at all; it is often called *Plastic Nature*, *universal Nature*, &c. but the Idea is always the same.

ROUT, formerly signified the Defeat of an Army, and when the Soldiers were all put to flight or to the Sword, they were said to be routed. The Ladies, in order to preserve some Idea of *Cressi*, *Poitiers*, *Blenheim*, &c. have agreed to call their Assemblies by the Name of *Routs*. This, it is thought, they do with more Propriety, as frequently at these Meetings whole Families are entirely *routed* out of House and Home.

SOUL. It was formerly believed, that in each human Creature there existed something incorruptible, which was not to perish with the Dissolution of our Bodies, but to be removed to some other Part of the Universe, and there to enjoy the Reward due to Virtue, or suffer condign Punishment for all Transgressions, while in this State of Probation. But the happy Discovery of the Properties of Matter has also banished this absurd Doctrine, which serves now to embellish the Fictions of Poets.

IMMENSE, an Epithet of Praise, thus we say "an "immense fine Woman, *&c.* (vide *Damned*.")

VIRTUE, The antient *Druids* made it a Rule to keep all their Passions in due Government, by which Means they were never known to prejudice their Neighbours, or hurt their own Constitutions by Intemperance; and this Practice, it is probable, was signified by the Word *Virtue*. It is used by *Shakespear*, *Spencer*, *Milton*, *Pope*, and other Poets, as a pretty Ornament for their romantic Performances. (Vide *Friendship*.)

PITY, This is also an old *English* Word, the Meaning of which cannot be traced; it is now a Word of Course, when we do not care a Farthing for a Friend in Affliction.

Yours, &c.

TRUE

TRUE INTELLIGENCE.

Hanover-Square, June 29.

LAST Night the Dowager Dutchefs of *Hurricane*, had a grand *Rout* at her Grace's Houfe in this Place. It was computed by Mrs. *Sugarkey*, the Houfe-keeper, that there were at leaft about two hundred People of all Ranks and Denominations prefent. There were no lefs than feven Brag-Tables, and feveral unmarried Ladies had fuch trying Luck, that it was thought they difcovered their Tempers, full as much as they did their Breafts. The reft of the Company were decently compofed at *Whift*, except a fmall Party, who amufed themfelves at *Cribbage* and *All-Fours*. At the laft mentioned Game, a Difpute arofe concerning fome difficult Point, and the Company, not being able to decide it, *Bryan Rapaway*, a Chairman, was called up, who fettled the Affair with great Precifion, and then withdrew, with Half a Crown for his Trouble, conferring feveral good Wifhes on the Company as he walked down Stairs, fuch as, *Long Life to you* ; *the Beggars Bleffing to you* ; and many other Expreffions of the fame Import, flowing from a Heart thoroughly filled with Gratitude.

NUMB.

NUMB. 90. GRAY's-INN, *Saturday, July* 6, 1754.

——*——Res antiquæ laudis & artis*
Ingredior, ſanctos auſus recludere fontes. VIRG.

OUR Club met a few Nights ſince at the *Devil* Tavern, when the Converſation principally turned upon Topics of Literature, and particularly dramatic Poetry. Many of our beſt modern Tragedies were examined, and I obſerved it was frequently ſaid of Pieces confeſſedly inartificial in the Fable, unforcible in Sentiment, and deſtitute of Character, that they contained a very fine Vein of Poetry. Our Profeſſor of Criticiſm immediately objected to the Propriety of the Expreſſion. He did not underſtand how a bad Play could have fine Poetry, and he has formed a Plan for a Set of Papers, which may throw ſome Light on this Matter. I ſhall this Day preſent my Readers with one, which I think may ſerve as an Opening to the Deſign.

In order to decide upon the Excellence or Imperfection of any Art, it is neceſſary to know the original Intent and Aim of that Art, and alſo the ſeveral Means by which it accompliſhes its Deſigns. The better to inveſtigate this, with regard to any Branch of Literature, it will be expedient to trace all Manner of Compoſition to its Source, and thence to purſue the ſeveral Rivulets which have ſtreamed from it. This has been done with great Perſpicuity and Elegance by the Author of the Eſſays on the Characteriſtics, who has very juſtly determined the three primary Branches of Compoſition to be, *Poetry*, *Eloquence*, and *Argument*. He adds, that a juſt Coalition of the three forms the conſummate Beauty of fine Writing, and then, continues he,

he, "it would be perhaps both a new and pleasing "Speculation to point out the Writers in their several "Kinds, who have been most remarkably excellent, "or defective with Regard to the just Union of these "three Species of Composition. At present it must "suffice to have hinted such a Criticism, which the "Reader may easily prosecute." Such a Criticism might distinguish the respective Graces of all Kinds of Writing, and furnish the Criterions by which to judge of the proper Beauties of each different Species. I shall now beg Leave to offer a few cursory Reflections on this Subject; and, in order to proceed with the greater Perspicuity, shall attempt a short Account of the Rise of the three Modes of Writing already mentioned.

Man being a sociable Creature, it was necessary, that certain Signs, universally agreed upon, should be used for the reciprocal Conveyance of his Ideas. Sounds, which we call Words, were the quickest Vehicles, and therefore grew into general Use. According as our Stock of Ideas enlarged itself, the Demand for Words became more extensive, and as Societies were framed, and People assembled by civil Policy, Intercourse begot further Acquisitions, and thus, Language was daily enlarged. But it being impossible that every distinct Idea should be expressed by a Term appropriated to it, the Mind naturally had Recourse to the Faculty of Reason, which compares, distinguishes, and separates the Ideas which have passed through the Senses, or have been formed into different Combinations by the Power of Imagination. By these Means, a Similitude was discovered between sundry various Images, and thence it followed, that Things were expressed by borrowed Names, on account of a Resemblance existing between them. The Term thus transferred was called a *Metaphor*, and, as it happens in the commercial Intercourse of Mankind, what was at first introduced out of Necessity, became, in Process of Time, an absolute Luxury.

This the Poets ſoon perceived; and as it was their Buſineſs to lead uncultivated Multitudes from their Huts and Dens, by ſeizing their Imaginations with their Songs and Ballads, the Metaphor ſoon appeared to them to be an effectual Means of painting Things in warmer Colours to the Fancy, which is ever greatly delighted when any new and unforeſeen Aſſemblage is offered to its View. The Epithet which denotes the Qualities inherent in all Objects, lent its auxiliary Aid, and Poetry, with theſe adventitious Ornaments became the Delight of Mankind.

But the Matter did not reſt here; as Cities were multiplied, and as States enlarged themſelves, artificial Paſſions began to operate; Ambition then began to graſp at Power and Pre-eminence, and *Envy*, *Jealouſy*, *Revenge* and *Malice* ſowed the Seeds of Diſcord, and mutual Diſtruſt; and thus while they were diſtracted with inteſtine Commotions, the adjacent States, deſirous of extending their Poſſeſſions, made Inroads upon them. In theſe Emergencies there was not Time for the meaſured Writer to produce his poetic Compoſition; an immediate Addreſs was requiſite to influence the Paſſions of the Multitude, and therefore Men of Genius came forth, and deſtitute of Number, addreſſed the People in humble Proſe. But here, ſtill the Attention was to be fixed, and therefore they could not diveſt themſelves of all the Properties of Poetry, but continued to addreſs themſelves to the Imagination of their Auditors, and thus to influence their Paſſions and perſwade them to their own Good. As the leaſt Appearance of a Deſign upon their Underſtandings on theſe Occaſions would totally defeat itſelf, it thence reſulted, that all thoſe ambitious Ornaments, and all thoſe gaudy Colourings, which Poetry ſpreads ſo laviſhly on every Subject, were here introduced with a more ſparing Hand, and the Imagination was only addreſſed as it affords various Acceſſes to the Paſſions. In this Manner Eloquence de-

deduced its being; and was only a leſs luxuriant Kind of Poetry, which endeavoured to practiſe the Arts of Perſuaſion, and to win over the Paſſions of the People to its own End and Uſe.

In Proportion as Mankind became enlightened, as Arts and Manufactures encreaſed, and as Science extended itſelf, it was not enough that *Poetry* charmed with its graceful Combinations, and that *Eloquence* awakened and agitated the Paſſions; *Reaſon* began then to exert its Influence, to look for Utility and Truth in every Compoſition, and ſtripping away the Luxuriances of laviſh Deſcription, it began cooly and diſpaſſionately to conſider every Thing that was offered. Hence ſprung the *Didactic*, or the Argumentative; *Demoſthenes* was obliged to proceed by fair Deductions, and as much as poſſible to conceal his Art from a People, who were ſo poliſhed, that they would have deſpiſed thoſe Arts of Perſuaſion, which *Tully* practiſed with Succeſs upon Minds leſs artful and leſs informed than the *Greeks*.

In this Manner, it appears to me, theſe three primary Branches of Compoſition aroſe in the World, each being plainly deducible from the very Principles of our Conſtitution. For as the Imagination is the warmeſt Faculty of the Soul, *Poetry*, whoſe principal Intent is to pleaſe, is particularly addreſſed to this Power of Perception. *Eloquence*, though more chaſte and reſerved in its Embelliſhments, ſtrikes chiefly at the Paſſions, and as they are then moſt powerfully excited, when Fancy pictures ſtrong Appearances of Good or Evil. *Eloquence* is obliged to have Recourſe to the Regions of Imagination, in order to render its Colourings ſtronger and more glowing; and further, as the Province of *Reaſon* is to compare its Ideas, and to form various Affirmations or Negations relative to them, the *Didactic* is principally confined to this Province. There are not in human Nature any other Inlets of Perception, or any other Faculties of Senſation to which

 the

the Art of a Writer could apply, and therefore the Imagination, the Paſſions, and Reaſon are juſtly the three Springs of Compoſition. But Men of Refinement and Reflection, perceiving what a powerful Influence any one of theſe Branches of Writing has upon the Mind, have thence inferred, that the joint Force of all three united, muſt carry the Power of Genius to ſtill a greater Degree of Perfection, and, therefore, in whatever Way they were engaged, they have made it their Buſineſs to make Excurſions into their Neighbours Territories, and borrow thence ſeveral Improvements to heighten their Productions. As for Inſtance, in like Manner, as *Eloquence* has learned from *Poetry* to warm and enliven the Imagination, *Poetry* has marked the Influence of *Eloquence* on the Paſſions, and has endeavoured to glide to the Heart through the ſame Inlets; and both have alſo found it neceſſary to recommend themſelves to *Reaſon*, and have occaſionally ſtrengthened themſelves with Inſertions of the *Didactic*. The reaſoning Faculty has, in its Turn, perceived, that a mere Train of Deductions would be too dry, and therefore it takes Occaſion to adorn itſelf with the Flowers of Imagination, and, in ſome Speculations, it even endeavours to awaken the Paſſions.

Hence then it appears, that a Concurrence of the primary Branches of Writing is requiſite in all Works of Genius; but, as there is ſome Danger of running Riot, and making too frequent and unjuſtifiable Progreſſes into each others Territories, it was neceſſary to fix the Boundaries of each Kind, and to determine how far any one of them may indulge itſelf in its Approaches towards the others, in order to preſerve the eſſential Difference in every Compoſition, to obſerve the proper Qualities, and the juſt Colourings of each; or as *Horace* has it,

Diſtinctas ſervare vices operumque colores.

There

There are in Nature but few original Colours, and it is from the Meltings and Softenings of these into each other, that all other Appearances to the Eye derive their Origin. It is the same in Writing; the several Species of it, which are now practised, are Modes of *Poetry*, *Eloquence* and *Argument* differently blended. How far the Union is just, shall be occasionally examined in a few detached Essays; and by these Means we shall see the peculiar Merit of an *Epic Poem*, a *Tragedy*, a *Comedy*, &c. and the Reader may at his Leisure carry the Research into several subordinate Branches of Writing.

TRUE INTELLIGENCE.

Rainbow Coffee-house, July 6.

IT having been observed by several People that *Jerry* has been for some Time past, greatly wrapped up in Thought; we think proper to acquaint the Public, that the King of *Prussia*'s Memorial has given him a great Deal of Uneasiness, and that he is preparing some very judicious Remarks upon that Performance, which it is apprehended, will surprize the World.

Wednesday last the *Abbé de Bagatelle*, Embassador Extraordinary from the Republic of Criticism in *Paris*, landed at the *Tower*; and we hear, that he intends to make his public Entry into the *Bedford* Coffee-house, about the latter End of the Month.

Last Week *Robert Noodle*, Esq; Son and Heir of Sir *Robert Noodle*, Bart. of *Shallow-Hall* in *Yorkshire*, set out with his Governor Mr. *Archibald Glingary*, in order to pass through *France* and *Italy*, and return home again.

Letters from *Paris* advise, that the venerable Mrs. *Douglas* of *Covent-Garden*, has been lately sent to the *Bastile*, for attempting to inveigle a Lady of the first Distinction at Court, who has been for many Years past the principal Favourite of his Most Christian Majesty.

Laſt *Thurſday* died Mr. *Abraham Tally*, an eminent Stock-Jobber; a Gentleman poſſeſſed of every good Quality —— in a Fortune of 30,000 *l.*

By Advices from *Vaux-hall* and *Ranelagh*, we are informed, that more pretty Legs and Shoulders have been ſhewn there lately by the Ladies, than has hitherto been attempted in this Country, which cauſes various Speculations, and it is ſaid a certain *Iriſh* Gentleman is ſo pleaſed with this Phænomenon of the Deſcent of the Stays, and Aſcent of the Petticoat, that he expects ſhortly to ſee both Ends meet.

NUMB. 91. GRAY'S-INN, *Saturday, July* 13, 1754.

——Felices ter & amplius
Quos irrupta tenet Copula. HOR.

To CHARLES RANGER, *Eſq;*

SIR,

YOU have long ſince liſted yourſelf in the Service of the Fair; as a Volunteer in the ſame Cauſe, I now take the Liberty to addreſs this Letter to you, which will, before I have done, ſufficiently unfold me and my Calling. I am induced to it, by an Advertiſement in the common News Papers, calculated merely for the Uſe of the rougher Sex, without any Regard to the weak, but lovely, Part of the Creation, who ſtand moſt in need of adventitious Aids, to guide them in an Age of Vice and Folly. The Advertiſement I mean is as follows:

Gentlemen that are inclined for Marriage.

" *I have daily freſh deplorable Reaſons to preſs you to fly*
" *to me to prepare for that important State; if my Advice*
" *only*

"*only is wanting, you ſhall have it, without any View*
"*of Return, and, let what will be wanting, be aſſured*
"*the Emolument or Pleaſure I ſhall have from the Inſtitu-*
"*tion, will chiefly conſiſt in that ſweeteſt of Senſations, which*
"*the Heart feels in having relieved the Diſtreſſed, or in-*
"*ſpirited the Languid. I have by hard Study found out*
"*Medicines that will give perfect Redreſs to any afflicted*
"*with the venereal Infection, or Weakneſs of Body, from*
"*any Injuries, in a ſhort Time—from Mr.* J. O. *Hoſpital*
"*Surgeon, oppoſite the* Auditor's-Office, *in* Upper Scotland-
"Yard, *near* White-Hall. *N. B. The ſtricteſt Honour*
"*may be depended on.*"

Would not one imagine, upon Peruſal of the firſt Part of this Advertiſement, that it is the Effuſion of Benevolence in ſome Clergyman, prompted by a laudable Zeal to encourage the Obſervance of the Commandment for the Propagation of the Species, and add his Efforts to ſtrengthen the late Marriage Act. *To prepare for that important State.*—Does not this Expreſſion ſuggeſt Ideas of our awful Religion, and the ſolemn Inſtitution eſtabliſhed by it?—And then how diſintereſted is the ſweeteſt of his Senſations!—It does not lie in the Palm of his Hand, but plays around his generous Heart, and is an Indication of a pure and extenſive Charity. On reading a little further, it however appears, that Mr. *J. O.* has only aſſumed the Appearance of a Parſon, like Sir *John Brute* in the Play, for a Frolick, and, when you are juſt upon the Point of enquiring if he has any Cure, he cries out very frankly, "*an excellent Cure for a Clap.*" As Surgery is now arrived to a very great Degree of Perfection, I do not doubt but the laſt Aſſertion may be very true; but as to his Preparations for the important State of Matrimony, we are quite left in the Dark. But be it the Buſineſs of the Men to make farther Enquiries about this his boaſted *Noſtrum.* As I do not propoſe to concern myſelf, in the Courſe of my Practice, with the Lords of the Creation, being devoted entirely to the Service of

the Ladies. I ſhall now proceed to offer my own Advertiſement, which, I hope, will be attended with very good Conſequence.

To the Ladies inclined to Matrimony.

"*Never were nervous Decays leſs frequent than at preſent, which has induced me to preſs you to enter into the married Life, as you will not, in the preſent Glow of Health, be in any Danger of converting your Bed-Chamber to Nurſeries for your Huſbands, nor have any Occaſion to lie with your Women. To prepare you for the important State, I have, with infinite Pains, deviſed a* Recipe, *which cannot fail to procure you good Offers very ſhortly, and to make the married State compleatly happy.*

"N. B. *I have the Honour of having Mr.* Keith, *late of* May-Fair, *to vouch for my being regularly bred at the* Hand and Pen, *and always a zealous Promoter of Marriage before the late Act. From* Q. D. G. *near* May-Fair-Chappel.

I know the World in general is apt to form very diſadvantageous Ideas of us advertiſing Doctors; but I beg leave to aſſure Mr. *Ranger*, that the above is not in the ordinary Way of puffing, but to promote the real Benefit of the Community. I have obtained a Patent for the ſole vending my Compoſition for the Space of fourteen Years; and, to convince you of its Efficacy, I will hereby inform the World of the Ingredients, which are in the Poſſeſſion of ſo few, that I am not apprehenſive of having my Buſineſs taken out of my Hands. The component Parts of thoſe admirable Powders, with which Heaven has enabled Doctor *James* to preſerve, as it were by Proxy, the Lives and Conſtitutions of Millions, are all very well known; but it is in the Proportion of the Mixture, and the whole Proceſs of the Preparation, that the Secret lies. In like Manner my Medicine will ſave me the Trouble of crying out, "*Beware of Counterfeits, for ſuch are abroad.*" As it will be impoſſible

poſſible to offer any Mixture to the Public, that will not immediately be liable to Detection, the Ingredients are as follow: "*Good-Manners, Good-Humour, an* "*Abſtinence from Politicks, an Averſion from Cards, mo-* "*deſtly to keep the Neck and Shoulders covered, Diſlike of* "*Scandal, Pride, Levity, Folly, Humility, Diſcretion,* "*Scorn of Fools, Reſerve, Diſſimulation, Vanity, Frank-* "*neſs, Truth, Neatneſs, Honour, Sobriety and Mirth.*"

Among theſe it appears there are ſome Poiſons; but theſe, properly tempered, and counterballanced by oppoſite Qualities, will, I venture to pronounce it, get a young Lady a Huſband, and enſure mutual Happineſs, better than any Thing hitherto deviſed.

Inſtead of producing a large Number of Vouchers for the ſalutary Effects already felt from my Medicine, I ſhall cloſe my Letter with the Hiſtory of two female Reigns; for every Beauty is, for a Time, the Queen of her Admirers. The firſt is that of a beautiful Tyrant, who made a wrong Uſe of her Power; the ſecond, of a more diſcreet Sovereign, who had recourſe to the above Recipe.

MARIA aſcended the Throne of Beauty in the eighteenth Year of her Age; immediately upon her Acceſſion, ſhe diſſolved her Parliament, turned out of her Privy-Council every Perſon of Senſe and Diſcretion, and introduced, in their Room, a *French* Hair-Cutter, two Milliners, a Chambermaid, and many other Perſonages of equal Rank and Condition. By the Advice of theſe Aſſiſtants ſhe reigned with deſpotic Sway. She heard the Complaints of her Slaves without ever feeling the leaſt Propenſity to a Redreſs of their Grievances, which occaſioned violent Heart-burnings, and at Length called forth a Shoal of Writers againſt her Government, as generally happens in all political States, when the ſupreme Power is abuſed. A Number of Sonnetteers, Libellers, and Epigrammatiſts, who

daily poured forth Treaſon againſt her Beauty, and pronounced her born to enſlave Mankind. She had a very particular Pleaſure in ſigning metaphorical Death-Warrants for her Votaries; and ſhe looked upon the whole Race of Mankind formed to flatter her Vanity, and to pay her Adoration. She exacted Tributes of Admiration at ſuch an exorbitant Rate, that at laſt an *Hambden* aroſe, who diſputed with her a Contribution of Incences which ſhe inſiſted upon. This Proceeding opened the Eyes of the reſt of her Subjects, who all conſpired to dethrone her in the twenty-third Year of her Age; and then fell the Tyrant *Maria*, without one to lament her Fall, after a ſhort Reign of five Years, in which ſhe conquered with ſo wild a Rage, as the Poet has it, that, with the univerſal Joy, ſucceeded to her, the fair *Elizabeth*, whoſe Reign commenced, like a mild Evening after the violent Scorching of a hot Summer's Day.

ELIZABETH endeavoured to render herſelf the Miſtreſs of all willing Hearts, and valued herſelf more upon the Love of her Subjects, than any idle Flattery ſhe might extort from them. The Poet's Deſcription was perfectly adapted to her;

Favours to none, to all ſhe Smiles extends;
Oft ſhe rejects, but never once offends.

She had no She-Friends in her Cabinet-Council, but guided herſelf entirely by the Directions of Prudence, Virtue, and good Senſe. An *Eſſex*, at length, inſinuated himſelf more particularly into her good Graces; but ſhe had ſuch a Command over her Paſſions, that ſhe never diſgraced him by a Blow, but, in the End, took him as an Aſſociate into her Empire, which ſhe, in a ſhort Time, finally reſigned, in order to enjoy the calmer Gratifications of a domeſtic Life, where ſhe now ſhines with every amiable Grace, while *Toaſts* and other

ambitious

ambitious Beauties fatigue their Eyes, and weary every Feature, in vain, to gain them Admirers.

I am, Mr. Ranger's *most humble Servant,*

Q. D. G.

TRUE INTELLIGENCE.

Court of Censorial Enquiry, July 13, 1754.

A Motion being made in this Court, on *Wednesday* last, against the Authors of a Pamphlet published every Month, and entituled the *Monthly Review*, for certain evil Practices; Writs were immediately issued out for the apprehending all or any of the said Authors, so that he, she, or they, may be brought to Trial, and be obliged to shew Cause for assuming a Decision upon literary Performances, to give an Account of themselves, who, and what they are, and by what Authority they have erected themselves into Judges of literary Merit.

The Public shall have a speedy Account of them when taken, and the Proceedings on the Trial shall be inserted at large in this Paper.

Bedford Coffee-house, July 13.

By Advices from sundry Parts of the Country we learn, that Blood and Blank-Verse have had a surprising Effect upon the Minds of the Country People, during the Summer-Expedition of the Actors; particularly from a Country-Town, on the Borders of *Wales*, we are informed of the following remarkable Incident: A Gentleman, arriving at an Inn, after a long Day's Journey, with a Hare, which was given him as a Present on his Way, and with which he intended to regale at Night, ordered it to be roasted for his Supper; but the Landlord told him, it could not be. Why so pray? —Why, I'll tell you Master—We have a Company of Players in Town.—Well, what then?—Why I'll tell

you, Maſter—I have lent them the Wheel we always roaſt with. — Lent 'em the Wheel! — What for? Why you muſt know--they act *Venice Preſerved*, Maſter-- and *Pierre*, you know, is to be broke on the Wheel, in the laſt Act, and ſo they have got our's to do it with, and alſo the Chain; becauſe you know *Pierre* is to wear Chains. The Reſult was, the Gentleman was obliged to wait the *Cataſtrophe* of the Play, before he could have Execution done on his Hare, when the Landlord begged hard for a Part of it for his favourite *Pierre*, who, he ſaid, was a brave Man.

NUMB. 92. GRAY'S-INN, *Saturday July* 20, 1754.

Et prodeſſe volunt & delectare Poetæ,
Et ſimul & jucunda & idonea dicere Vitæ.

HOR.

Nec ſatis eſt pulchra eſſe Poemata, dulcia ſunto,
Et quocunque volent, animum auditoris agunto.

HOR.

THE Author of my Motto was one of the beſt Critics the World has ever produced, and he has, in the above Lines, compriſed the three principal Qualities of Poetry. Its Aim, ſays he, is to afford at once Utility and Delight, to offer what may be agreeable to the Fancy, and alſo what may conduce to the Advantages of human Life. He further adds, it is not enough for a Poem to abound in Prettyneſſes, it muſt alſo have a ſweet Acceſs to the Heart, and ſhould be able to agitate the Soul with what Paſſions it pleaſes. This Deſcription involves all the leading Requiſites of Poetry; and, it is remarkable,

remarkable, includes the three primary Branches of Composition, exhibited in a former Paper, *viz.* the Art of addressing our *Reason*, in order to be useful, the Imagination, to be agreeable, and the Passions, in order to persuade and gain upon our Affections. Here then we have *Poesy*, *Eloquence*, and *Argument* united, and most assuredly, that Performance will be found the most excellent in its Kind, which is the most highly finished with Regard to these three Essentials.

Epic Poetry has always had the Pre-eminence, and, I suppose, the Reason of this Determination, is, because it affords the freest and most ample Room for a Display of the three primary and original Species of Writing, It is by observing how these friendly Colours mix and blend with each other, that we are to deduce a Judgment upon the different Authors, who have proved any Way eminent in the literary World, referring to the first Principles, being the only Criterion in every Art. *Bossu* and other Critics have informed us, that the epic Fable must involve one entire Action; that this Action must have a Beginning, a Middle, and an End: They have told us, that the Poet must not take up the Thread of his Narrative too near the Clue; but that he must hasten into the Midst of Things, and occasionally give a Retrospect to such Things as are necessary to be known. They have treated largely of the Machinery, of the Time the Fable should include, with many other Particulars, which though proper to be explained, do not any Way conduce to the Refinement of Taste, or the Improvement of true Genius. It is most certain, by observing from what Principles in the human Frame each Art is deducible, that any real or valuable Criticism can be formed.

It is manifest then, that the Epic Writer has free Latitude of inserting all the Graces of every Kind of Composition. All Nature lies at his Command; wherever

ever he casts his Eyes, he is Lord of the Manor; he can turn a Road, by poetical Act of Parliament, through Lawns and Groves, and Scenes of Pasturage; the four Seasons obey his Directions, and he need never be at a Loss for agreeable Exhibitions of Nature, to please the Imagination. The whole System of Ethics is also his; he may frequently take occasion to improve his Readers by short Sentences, and transient Reflections on human Life, and by these Means he may gain upon our Reason to approve his Performances. The whole Art of Eloquence is likewise perfectly open to the Epic Author, and from thence he may derive an irresistible Power over our Passions. In this last mentioned Requisite the *Abbé du Bos* places the consummate Perfection of fine Poetry. Certain it is, the Mind of Man never feels such intense Pleasure from any of the imitative Arts, as when its Passions are awakened, and it finds itself roused from an impassive State, and unexpectedly agitated by the skilful Touches of a Master-poet. The Author just quoted ascribes this ideal Appearance to the Satisfaction which the Soul enjoys at the Perception of its own Activity: May we not add to this, what is suggested, if I remember right, by the Author of *The Pleasure of the Imaginations?* "Our moral Sense receives on the Occasion an additional Delight, to see that the social Affections are in Harmony and Proportion, and feelingly awake to the due Sensations of Humanity; and this, in Conjunction with the Gratifications, which we are apt to take in comparing the Ideas, which Reality has suggested, with those excited by the Art of Imitation, conspire to render a warm and well-executed Passage in Poetry, so agreeable to all Mankind in general."

Were I to declare in which of the three Powers of the Mind, already mentioned, I think *Homer*, *Virgil* and *Milton*, to be most eminently shining; I should ascribe-

cribe to *Homer* the ſtrongeſt and moſt vigorous Efforts of Imagination, and an amazing Faculty of alarming us with noble and amazing Deſcriptions of all the magnificent Objects in Nature. As to our own *Milton*, I ſhould be inclined to declare him a Rival of the *Greek* Poet, for a comprehenſive Sublimity of Conception; and *Virgil*'s Excellence I ſhould place in beautiful Touches of poetic Eloquence. His whole fourth Book I take to be a Maſter-piece in this Way. The various Agitations of Mind which *Dido* endures, her Love, her Jealouſy, her Rage, her Tenderneſs, her many mixed Emotions, are perhaps the fineſt Strokes in Poetry. In his ſixth Book alſo there are ſeveral Scenes of the moſt tender Nature; and, in the ninth Book, the Grief of the Mother, after the Death of *Niſus* and *Euryalus*, and the Lamentations of *Evander*, are all to be ranked in the ſame Claſs, and, in my Opinion, afford a Pleaſure, not to be met with in either of the other Poets, even though *Homer* has ſucceeded ſo well in *Hector*'s laſt Scene with *Andromache*, and though our great *Milton* has a great Deal of finely impaſſionated Dialogue in his juſtly celebrated Poem. *Virgil* more frequently applies himſelf to the Paſſions of his Readers than the other two; and, notwithſtaneing ſome pretty ſtrong Improbabilities, he does not ſo frequently ſhock our Reaſon, as the *Grecian* Poet, who certainly, in ſome Particulars, is extravagant to the higheſt Degree. *Milton* has the Advantage of having founded his Story upon Traditions, which our Religion has ſanctified, otherwiſe I ſhould conſider his fallen Angels, and the War waged by them, together with the Invention of Cannon, and many other Circumſtances, highly chimerical, even though they expand our Fancy with grand and ſurprizing Appearances.

I ſhall take another Opportunity to conſider how far Tragedy may diſpute with the Epic for the Preference,

and ſhall only add at preſent, that I have ever been of Opinion, that all the Writers of heroic Poeſy have, in general, been too fond of the Marvellous. By this I would not be underſtood to cenſure the Uſe of Machinery, which, when introduced with Sobriety and Diſcretion, ſerves to preſent agreeable Scenery to the Mind; and I could wiſh that the Correctneſs of Mr. *Glover*'s Judgment had not entirely excluded it from his Poem of *Leonidas*, which certainly has many Paſſages of warm poetic Eloquence, many Pieces of beautiful Imagery, and ſeveral Strictures of uſeful and improving Morality, artfully interwoven with the Ground-work of his Fable.

I ſhall beg leave to conclude with an Obſervation, which is not entirely foreign to the Purpoſe. It is remarked by Mr. *Addiſon*, that *Virgil* has but one Conceit throughout his Poem, and that, ſays he, is put into the Mouth of the young *Julus*, when, with a Kind of punning Ambiguity, he obſerves, that they are eating their Tables. But ſurely the great Critic had forgot the Paſſage, where the Poet tells us, that *Æneas*, in running round a Tree after the flying *Turnus*, follows the Man who follows him.——*Sequiturque ſequentem.*

This, tried by the Rule of *Bohours*, appears to have Truth for its Foundation; but it is ſo childiſh a Truth, that I am ſorry to find it intermixed with the Majeſty of the *Æneid*; but, perhaps, it is like the Fly on the Picture, which a minute Obſerver was going to bruſh away, and then found it was placed there on purpoſe by the Hand of the Artiſt.

TRUE INTELLIGENCE.

Bedford Coffee-houſe, July 15.

THE frequent Showers of Rain, which fell yeſterday Evening, drove the *Loungers* from their ſummer ſauntering Places, into this Coffee-houſe. One of

of the Company produced the following Copy of Verses, which, he said, were written *extempore*, by a celebrated Actor, upon Sir *G*—— *L*——'s asking him, if he did not intend to quit the Stage, and go into Parliament.

The ANSWER.

THINK not, Sir *George*, 'twas ever my Intent
To wear the *Cap* and *Mask* in Parliament;
To change the Scene, and foolishly transfer
My Skill from *Drury-Lane* to *Westminster*.
Had I my Wish, I'd quit the mimic Art,
Nor *strut and fret my Hour* in any Part.
No more in publick Life would I engage,
Or play the Fool or Knave on any Stage.

After perusing these Lines, it was lamented that the Court of Criticism was not sitting, that it might be known what Decree the *Male-voli* would pass on them. They happened, however, to please the Company then present, which encouraged the same Gentleman to produce another short Piece, written, as he hinted, by the same Hand.

On the Academy for teaching grown People to dance.

MARSEILLES no more shall boast his Art,
Which form'd the Youth of *France*;
For you instruct, great *Duke* and *Hart*,
Grown Gentlemen, to dance.

He only bent the pliant Twig;
You strike a bolder stroke;
You soften Rocks, make Mountains jig,
And bend the knotted Oak.

NUMB. 93. *Gray's-Inn, Saturday, July 27, 1754.*

—Fulgente trahit constrictos Gloria Curru
Non minus ignatos Generosis. HOR.

Vendidit hic auro Patriam, dominumque potentem
Imposuit, fixit leges Pretio atque refixit. VIRG.

M*IRGEHAN* was a Peasant in the Desarts of *Arabia*; he frequently begged an Alms of the Travellers in the passing Caravan. For along Time he drove the loaded Camel over Mount *Pharan* for a Jeweller of *Cairo*, and having at length by an amazing Parsimony, got together a few Sequins of Gold, he followed the Occupation of his Master. Affairs thrived so well with him, that in the Course of a few Years *Mirgehan* began to assume to himself the Pride of Wealth, and his Countenance, which formerly was humbled by Poverty and a Dejection of Spirits, began to brighten into Gleams of Self-Satisfaction. In order to extend his Interest, and enlarge his Schemes for the Accumulation of Wealth, *Mirgehan*, now basking under the Sunshine of his Fortune, resolved to remove to *Basra*, where he was soon distinguished as the most eminent Merchant of the Place. As it is the Nature of Ambition to be ever restless and unsatisfied, after having, in the Course of six Years Residence, amassed a very ample Fortune, he determined with himself to change his Abode once more, and settle himself, with all his immense Wealth, at *Bagdad*.

Mirgehan was no sooner fixed at *Bagdad*, than the Reputation

putation of his Affluence ſpread itſelf abroad. In all convivial Meetings among the reſt of the Merchants, as ſoon as his Lips ſeemed to open, every Tongue was ſuſpended with Silence, every Eye gazed at him with Admiration, and every Ear devoured the Periods of his Story with greedy Earneſtneſs. His Voice, which naturally was as rough as the Sound occaſioned by a Colliſion of Billows on the Ocean, now ſeemed as ſoft as the fragrant Gale, which pants upon the Leaves of the *Arabian* Trees.

By this Time *Mirgehan*'s Credit was become ſo extenſive, that People of all Ranks and Conditions depoſited their Money with him, and he had every Day a very great Number of Servants counting over the Sequins of Gold, which he was either to receive or pay away for others. In the Midſt of all theſe Smiles of Fortune, it happened, that the Relict of a rich Merchant, lately ſnatched away from the Face of the Earth, by the Angel of Death, attracted his Attention. Her Name was *Dardane*, born in the City of *Damas*, and now in the Poſſeſſion of very great Wealth. From the Habits, which Education and Time had implanted in her, ſhe was in her Temper of a moſt greedy Avarice, and a powerful Ambition to be counted richer than the reſt of her Acquaintance; urged by theſe Inſtigations, ſhe beſtowed her lovely Form upon *Mirgehan*, who, in a ſhort Time, ſo contrived it, that the Roſes faded on her Cheek, the Lilly appeared of a yellower Hue, and, by ſlow Degrees, her Conſtitution received ſuch ſevere Strokes from his Severity, that ſhe totally pined away, and, in a ſhort Time, lay breathleſs on her Bed.

Mirgehan was now happy in the Completion of his Wiſhes; he had got rid of a Wife, whom, notwithſtanding her exquiſite Beauty, his Soul ever abhorred, and he exulted in the Review of the vaſt Acceſſion to his Fortune, which, through her Means, he had obtained

tained. His Heatt now began to expand with greater Alacrity, and he refolved to fpend the Remainder of his Days in Eafe, in Elegance, in Luxury, and every delicate Enjoyment. The Dainties of the Eaft did not fuffice to crown his Board; he would fend to the Weft for *Turtle*, and every Corner of the Globe adminiftred to his Gratifications. Not far from *Bagdad*, he purchafed a moft elegant and magnificent Houfe, where he determined to fix his country Retreat. The Rooms eternally refounded with Singers and Minftrels; Amber and Aloes contributed their rich Perfumes; and his Tables were covered with Vafes of Agate, filled with the moft delicious Liquors. Painting and Sculpture concurred to adorn his Apartments. *Mirgehan* was led into all this Profufion by an irrefiftible Vanity, from which he derived many exquifite Senfations of Pleafure; when he found his Wealth and his Poffeffions admired, he the more readily fuffered himfelf to be governed by this Turn of Mind, from a Conviction, that all his grand Appearance of Affluence, ferved to extend his Reputation, and that, in Confequence of his extenfive Credit, he fhould have ample and frequent Opportunities of re-imburfing himfelf, by the Ufe he knew to make of the pecuniary Confidence, which others repofed in him.

Mirgehan was now happy in all the Enjoyments which Riches could procure him; his Heart danced to perpetual Tunes of Joy, and the Meannefs of his Birth he thought fufficiently compenfated by the Luftre and Dignity of his prefent Way of Life. And now, to compleat his Elevation, and to raife himfelf to that Point of Eminence, from which he imagined, he might look down upon moft of his Fellow-Creatures, Fortune, who had for a Series of Years fmiled propitioufly upon all the Undertakings of *Mirgehan*, at length prefented an Opportunity.

It

It happened, that the Emperor of *Bagdad* had Occasion, on a particular Emergence in his Affairs, to call together an Assembly of the wisest and ablest Heads in his Territories, in order to assist his Councils, to help him in framing salutary Laws, for the due Regulation of his Subjects, and to point out proper Measures for him to levy the Monies necessary towards defraying the Expences of his Soldiers, and other Contingences in Government. The *Califf* resolved upon this Step, with the Advice of his *Vizir*, and, in a few Days, Mandates were dispatched to sundry different Parts, commanding the Provinces and Towns to depute to the general Divan, two Persons the most renowned for Sagacity and Judgment. *Mirgehan* was at his Country-Seat, when he heard this News, and his Passions being violent as the eddying Sand during a Tempest, he instantly conceived a Desire to be enrolled among the most distinguished Politicians of *Bagdad*.

Accordingly he forthwith set out upon this Expedition; but he had not gone far from his own Habitation, when travelling a solitary Road, over a long extended Mountain, the Heat of the Day, together with the Fatigue he had undergone, inclined him to stop under a shady Retreat, and refresh his Senses with a gentle Slumber. From this he was soon awakened by a Strain of Musick, which thrilled so melodiously in his Ears, that he thought Gleams of Paradise were opening to his dazled Sight. He looked around, and saw a reverend Form advance towards him; *Mirgehan* arose from the Arbour, in which he was reclined; and instantly throwing himself on his Knees, he worshipped the venerable Appearance which stood before him. This Personage was an holy Hermit, who long inhabited a small Mansion on the Side of a Rock, which terminated the Prospect on the left Side of the Mountain. Being endowed with a magic Power, he called forth to his Sight such

beautiful

beautiful Scenes, as looked like a new Creation. *Mirgehan*'s Heart throbbed with holy Rapture. At length the hoary Sage began. "*Mirgehan*, I know thy Pur-"pose; I am acquainted with thy Design in this thy "Journey. But reflect, O Man! on the Obscurity "of thy Birth, and the Meanness of thy Education. "Canst thou confer Light to the Councils of the Wise? "Canst thou dispel the Mist from before their Eyes, "and let in powerful Irradiations of Truth upon their "darkling Understandings? Desist, vain Man, from "thy ill-founded Pursuits." At these Words the venerable Hermit waved his Wand, and suddenly the Scene vanished like a Morning-Dream from *Mirgehan*'s Eyes. After having again raised his Arm; "Now, "says he, let the Objects that are placed before thee "instruct thy Soul; there behold how easily thou mightest "have squandered away all those Possessions, which "thy Soul delights in for a mere empty Bubble. There "see an Election for two Persons to assist in the Debates "for the Ease and Happiness of the Califf, and his "People; see the Blind, the Lame, the Old, the In-"firm, the Sick arriving in Caravans, to vote for those "who pay them highest. See how they all solemnly "vow by the holy Prophet, that Money has no Influ-"ence upon them; and yet behold how in private they "grasp the Sequins of Gold! Does not thy Heart, "which has fixed all its Affections upon thy yellow "Dirt, tremble within thee, to think that in this Man-"ner all thy Wealth might be squandered away, and "thou not be able to render the least Service to the "Califf, thy Country, or thy Family? That this is "the Fate of many, who, like thee, have arose from "mean Beginnings, and have, in their old Days, "proved mere Spendthrifts, thou may'st receive ocular "Demonstration, by surveying those Wretches, who "are now despised by their Country, detested by their

"Relations,

" Relations, and despised by the *Vizier*, in whose Ser-
" vice they exhausted all their Treasures."

Here *Zemroude* (for that was the Hermit's Name) perceiving the Affections of *Mirgehan* perfectly changed, dispersed into the Air his new Creation, returned with solemn Step to his Cell under the Rock, and *Mirgehan* ordered his Camels to be turned towards *Bagdad*, where he spent the Remainder of his Days in Ease and Content; and, at his Death, he left those Sums of Gold, which he was going to squander in visionary Schemes, among his Relations, who now live in Affluence, and the Memory of *Mirgehan* is respected among them.

TRUE INTELLIGENCE.

WE hear from *Richmond*, that a young Gentleman fell very deeply in Love there, at the last Assembly, as a young Lady was giving her Hand to him in a Minuet. It seems she performed it with such graceful Ease, that his Knees entirely faultered under him, and he spent the Remainder of the Night in Libations of Claret to her Health. The next Morning, it is said, he went in a pensive Manner towards *Ham* Walks, carved Verses on every Tree in his Way, and he still continues such an Enthusiast, that is it imagined he will either marry immediately, or turn Poet; in the latter Case, the Magazines will certainly be greatly the better for him.

From the Daily Advertiser.

A Turtle, which weighed Three Hundred Weight, has been presented to the Gentlemen of *White*'s Chocolate-House, and on *Monday* it laid five Eggs. *We should rather expect that a Turtle at this Place would have laid five Pounds!*

Yesterday

Yesterday Morning *William Purl* and *Walter Wormwood* were taken together in a Flock-Bed in *Fleet-Street*, on Suspicion of being concerned in the *Monthly-Review*. They were carried before a Magistrate, and committed by him to Goal.

Also yesterday at Noon *Edmund Groundivy* was taken at the *Bedford* Coffee-House, in *Grub-Street*. He has desired to be admitted as an Evidence, and has given Information against several not yet taken.

NUMB. 94. GRAY's-INN, *Saturday*, *Aug.* 3, 1754.

Ille per extentum Funem mihi posse videtur
Ire Poeta, meum qui pectus inaniter angit,
Irritat, mulcet, falsis terroribus implet,
Ut magus, & modo me Thebis, modo ponit Athenis.

HOR.

THERE is not a Species of Writing which has not had its particular Admirer, and various Affirmations have been made concerning the Excellence of each. The famous Doctor *South* was of Opinion, that a complete Epigram is the Master-piece of Composition; and Mr. *Addison* calls a *perfect Tragedy the noblest Production of human Nature.* The Truth of it is, each Person has delivered his Sentiments agreeably to his own private Temper, and his own peculiar Turn of Thinking. Doctor *South* excelled in lively and surprizing Strokes of Wit; every new Combination, which he formed in the vivacious Sallies of his Imagination, was Epigram in itself, and we find all his Writings sown extremely thick with unexpected Assemblages; and on this

this Account we may ſuppoſe him inclinable to extol his own favourite Talent. In like Manner, Mr. *Addiſon* had employed many of his Hours in planning his Tragedy of *Cato*, and after it had received the moſt conſummate Poliſh, which his Skill could beſtow upon it, it was to be exhibited as the greateſt Production of human Wit. But the Aſſertions of great Men, when they are unſuſtained by Argument, are not to be conſidered as Decrees from which there can be no Appeal: Tragedy moſt certainly can only claim the ſecond Place, becauſe it is manifeſt, that all the Powers of Genius, *viz. Imagination*, *Eloquence* and *Reaſon*, may be exerted in their full Force in the Epic Compoſition, whereas in Tragedy they frequently ſuffer great Limitation. The ſame Thing, which on many Occaſions makes Tragedy the moſt powerful Performance, ſerves alſo to diveſt it of thoſe Advantages which give great Brilliancy to heroic Poeſy, and that is, its coming immediately before the Eye. It is juſtly remarked by *Horace*, that what is conveyed to our Notice through our Ears, acts with a more feeble Impulſe upon the Mind, than Objects that paſs through the Organs of Sight, thoſe faithful Evidences in a mental Court of Judicature.

Segnius irritant animos demiſſa per Aurem,
Quam quæ ſunt Oculis ſubjecta fidelibus, & quæ
Ipſe ſibi tradit Spectator.———

For this Reaſon many Paſſages, in which the Epic Wrietr warms and expands the Im agination of his Readers with the nobleſt Exhibitions of poetic Imagery, are entirely excluded from the dramatic Scene; the Eye will not ſuffer itſelf eaſily to be deluded, and all the Amazement of Machinery is alſo for the ſame Reaſon totally ſuperſeded. A God, ſays the Critic, ſhould not

not be introduced, unleſs the Occaſion ſhould peremptorily require a ſupernatural Agent; he had ſaid better, if he had abſolutely interdicted the Appearance. We may in reading ſuffer ſuch an Incident to be impoſed upon us; but the Eye would be too much ſhocked with ſuch Repreſentations, and, of Courſe, the Marvellous is entirely baniſhed. Beſides Tragedy will not admit any extraordinary Diſplay of *pure Poetry*, or Deſcription; the heroic Poet for the moſt Part ſpeaks in his own Perſon, and it is expected of him to pay great Court to our Imagination; but the Dialogue of Perſonages, engaged in a Sphere of Action, intended to intereſt the Auditors, will not allow them to take up the Scene with florid Exhibitions of rural Imagery; ſuch as Brooks, murmuring in ſcanty Rills through pebbled Channels, &c. The following Lines in the Mouth of *Caliſta* in the *Fair Penitent* may be extremely pictureſque, if conſidered as pure Deſcription, but if conſidered with regard to the Situation of Character, they are certainly very inartificial and undramatic.

————— — —— my ſad Soul
Has form'd a diſmal melancholy Scene:
An unfrequented Vale, o'er grown with Trees,
Moſſy and old, within whoſe loneſome Shade
Ravens and Birds ill-omen'd only dwell;
No Sound to break the Silence, but a Brook
That bubbling winds among the Weeds.

Hence then we find, that in the Regions of Fancy, the *Drama* muſt yield to the Epic, and as this is a very conſiderable Part of Poeſy, I think it determines the Precedence. In the Art of Eloquence, and in all Applications to our Reaſon, Tragedy can boaſt full Room for the moſt vigorous Exertion. The *Drama* may be full as ſentimental as any other Kind of Writing,

ings; nay its Excellence frequently consists in being so, and with Regard to the Passions, the Mode of Imitation, renders its Influence more forcible, and when we are deceived into a Notion that the Personages are actually suffering Distress before our Eyes, the Performance assumes a Kind of Reality, and more keen and intenser Sensations agitate our Breasts, than in Pieces where the Description is left to operate upon us without any other Aid than that of lively and impassioned Expressions. *Virgil*, I apprehend, was as skilful a Master of the Passions as any Writer, ancient or modern; and though the Passions of his *Dido* are drawn with as strong and glowing Colourings, as Language can bestow; though their various strugglings are all finely and closely marked, though all their Vicissitudes, Veerings and Doublings, if I may so call them, are finely touched; yet, I believe, *Shakespear*'s *Lear* and *Othello* have made much more lively and deep Impressions upon an Audience, than ever the former has done upon his Admirers in the Closet.

These Advantages, however, are derived to the tragic Queen from supernumerary Embellishments, and from the Labours of another Art, I mean that of acting, which is in itself a Mode of Imitation, and serves to render the Touches of the Writer more striking, and more feelingly expressive. This Superiority the Drama certainly has over the Epic, and in Consequence of all its additional Aids, it can boast a more powerful Command over the human Heart. It imitates the very Voice of Nature, and speaks the same simple and affecting Language. All that Profusion of Figures, which mere Poetry admits, is discarded from the Stage. When I mention Figures, I must observe, that Men of critical Knowledge have justly distinguished between Figures of Speech, and Figures of the Sentiment; the former

including Metaphor and all Tranſlations of Phraſes, and the latter conſiſting of ſuch Breaks and Tranſitions in Diſcourſe, as the Mind is known to make when under the Compunction of warring Paſſions. As for Inſtance, when the Poet ſays of *Dido*, that ſhe is devoured by an inward Flame.

Et cæco carpitur igne.

He then expreſſes Love by a figurative Expreſſion; but when he ſays,

Ignoſcenda *quidem, ſcirent ſi* ignoſcere *manes.*

The Repetition expreſſes the natural workings of the Mind, when other Ideas are awakened, and ſerve to excite a new Conflict of Paſſions. The uſe of theſe kind of Figures in Tragedy ſhould be as free and bold as poſſible, and with Reſpect to Expreſſion, no other Regard is to be paid to it, than to chuſe ſuch Words as may be moſt ſignificantly pictureſque, in order to have the more lively Effect on the Imagination, the Paſſions being then in a ſtronger Ferment when lively Images are preſented to the Fancy.

I believe our *Shakeſpear* is almoſt the only Poet who has excelled in a maſterly Power of ſtriking the *Imagination*, the *Heart*, and our *Reaſon* all at once; but in him Poetry, Sentiment, and Paſſion are combined in the moſt agreeable Aſſemblage. In his Tragedy of *Macbeth*, there are ſeveral ſurprizing Strokes of this *Nature*. Amidſt a great Variety of Inſtances, the following Lines are introduced with a Solemnity ſuitable to the Occaſion, and they carry with them a pleaſing Kind of gloomy Imagery.

——E'er the Bat hath flown
His cloiſter'd Flight, e'er to black Hecate's *Summons*
The Shard-born Beetle, with his drouzy Hums,
Hath rung Night's yawning Peal, there ſhall be done
A Deed of dreadful Note.————

The

The Soliloquy in the Tent-Scene of *Richard the Third* is alſo a further Inſtance of the ſame Beauty, though by the Way it may not be improper to obſerve, notwithſtanding we muſt allow that Mr. *Cibber* was in the right to tranſplant *Shakeſpear*'s own Words, that they are not perfectly ſuitable to the Character of *Richard*; and I believe had our great Poet thought of ſhewing his Hero in this Situation, he would have ſhewed *Richard*'s Feelings quite otherwiſe on ſuch an Occaſion.

To conclude: *Ariſtotle* was certainly miſtaken when he called the Fable the Life and Soul of Tragedy; the Art of conſtructing the dramatic Story ſhould always be ſubſervient to the Exhibition of Character, our great *Shakeſpear* has breathed another Soul into Tragedy, which has found the Way of ſtriking an Audience with Sentiment and Paſſion at the ſame Time.

TRUE INTELLIGENCE.

EARLY on *Monday* Morning laſt *John Bobadil*, the Herbaliſt, was taken in the Fact of *culling Simples* in *Chelſea* Phyſick-Garden; he was carried before a Magiſtrate, and, his Pockets being ſearched, a Proof Sheet of the *Monthly Review* was found upon him; on which he was committed to the proper Goal.

The ſame Day *Alexander Mac Gregor*, the Preſbyterian Parſon, and *Oliver Tattoo*, famous for his Republican Principles, were apprehended as Aiders and Abettors of the ſaid *Monthly Review*, and committed for further Examination.

From my Regiſter Office, Aug 3.

The following Copy of Verſes was tranſmitted to me by an ingenious Gentleman at *Cambridge*, being a Tranſlation of a little Piece of Poetry greatly admired by the celebrated *Bohours*. The Inaccuracies, which that great Critic points out in the Original, are converted into

Beauties in the *English*, and will, I doubt not, be highly pleaſing to every Reader, who has a Taſte for ingenious Thoughts, with Truth for their Foundation.

An Ode on a Looking-Glaſs.

1.

MIrrour, who happily do'ſt foil
The nobleſt Works of *Raphael*'s Race,
Who, without Pencil's Aid, or Oil,
Giv'ſt back each Air of Mien and Face.

2.

All of myſelf expreſs'd in thee,
Except my Language, I deſcry:
You only want a Voice to be
As much inform'd with Life as I.

3.

Thou, what eſcapes the Painter's Art,
Can'ſt clearly to my View betray;
The various Paſſions of my Heart,
As in my various Looks they play:

4.

You, to my Humour, and my Age,
Pliant to each Impreſſion bend:
Change as I will, in every Stage,
Their Changes you as quick attend.

5.

An Artiſt, with unwearied Pains,
(His Skill the Fruit of toilſome Years)
The Canvaſs with a Portrait ſtains,
Which, but a Moment, like appears:

6.

You, brilliant Painter, at a Hit
A vague inconſtant Picture frame;
A Picture, to our Nature fit,
For ever like, yet ne'er the ſame.

NUMB.

NUMB. 95. GRAY's-INN, *Saturday*, *Aug.* 10, 1754.

——*Sævitque animis ignobile vulgus.* VIRG.

AMONG all the Writers, who have discanted on the *British* Constitution, I have not met with any one, that seems to be thoroughly acquainted with the Subject. An ingenious Friend of mine, who furnished me with an Essay some Time since, reduces our present Party-Divisions into *Garrickeans* and *Barryists*; but this is not going to the Bottom of Things. The famous *Montesquieu* has performed, in my humble Apprehension, as little towards a Detection of the Root of the Evil, tho' he seems to perceive, with a Kind of prophetic Spirit, the Declension of *British* Liberty. The great *Locke*, who has treated, in a very masterly Manner of Government, does not any where give us a Clue to guide our Research, and after glowing with *Bolingbroke* through a Number of Pages, we are as much in the Dark as ever. *England* can never be undone but by a Parliament, says the excellent Author of *the Use and abuse of Parliaments*; but even there, we are again put upon a wrong Scent. The Truth of the Matter is, ENGLAND CAN NEVER BE UNDONE BUT BY THE MOB. I am aware, this may at first Sight appear a Paradox; but a Retrospect to the Behaviour of that Body of People, will convince every intelligent Mind of the Truth of this Assertion.

The Generality of political Writers have wasted a great Deal of Paper in setling the various Forms of Government; one, say they, is a Monocracy; another is an Aristocracy; a third is a Democracy, and the *British* Constitution, they inform us, is of the mixed Spe-

N 3 cies;

cies; consisting of a Coalition of all three. But surely a little Observation will point out to us, that they have all passed by unnoticed another Mode of civil Policy, which cannot be called by a better Name than a *Mobocracy*, under which this Country has been for many Years past, and in all human Probability will continue so for a long Period still to come; nay, I will be bold to say, until Monocracy, Aristocracy, and Democracy are all swallowed up by this alone.

There is hardly ever a Bill brought before the honourable the House of Commons, but the Scope of it is immediately canvassed in an Assembly of the *Mobocracy*; where if it passes in the Negative, a Deputation is forthwith sent by them to the Parliament-House, where, though their Remonstrances are not heard at the Bar, they nevertheless enforce their Arguments with such a truly *British* Eloquence, that they never fail to have a due Degree of Influence upon the Debates within Doors. On these Occasions, they generally make use of a Rule of Logick, which indeed is not mentioned by *Aristotle*, but which is always found of great Efficacy in all Disputes. The Mode of Reasoning I mean, is the *Argumentum Baculinum*, a nervous Exertion of which, accompanied with all the Force of the most vigorous Lungs, has over-ruled many an intended Act, when it happens not to please in the Councils of the common People. The *Mobocracy* have further the legislative and executive Part of their Laws in their own Hands, and we find them very frequent in a diligent Attention to them. For Instance, though the common Law of *England* has provided a proper Punishment for Pickpockets. The *Mobocracy* has reconsidered that Matter, and, after mature Deliberation, have devised a Correction, in their Opinion, more adequate to the Offence, and whenever any one is found to incur the Penalty of their Law, they immediately proceed to Execution, without Judge or Jury, which, in their Apprehension, serve but to retard the

the Courſe of Juſtice, and therefore they ſeize the Delinquent, and, without Delay, duck him in the River, the Canal in St. *James*'s Park, or the next Pool of Water. On all theſe Occaſions, it is obſervable, that they take infinite Delight in ſeeing the proper Puniſhment inflicted, as may be obſerved from the Acclamations, the Huzzas *&c.* wherewith their Burſt of Joy rends the Air. In like Manner, the Pillory is ſome Times ordained by the Statute Law of *England*, in order to expoſe ſuch Tranſgreſſors as deſerve to be ſet up the Marks of public Shame; on every Occurrence of this Nature, Wiſdom is ſure to cry out in the Streets, and the award of the Judges is determined by a popular Circle to be juſt or unjuſt. When once they have pronounced Sentence, the Perſon doomed to make his Appearance is ſure either to meet with their Protection, or to call forth the utmoſt Indignation of an incenſed Populace. Nay, it has been known that theſe perpetual Dictators have proceeded ſo far as to reſcue Felons, condemned to ſuffer Death, from the Hands of the proper Officers, and generouſly to have recalled the Death-Warrant. In many Parts of *England* they have an implacable Averſion to Turnpikes, and it is ſaid they will never be at Reſt, until they have entirely demoliſhed thoſe diſagreeable Paſſports. I remember to have heard a Story of theſe People, which I think may ſerve to give the Reader a tolerable Idea of their arbitrary Power. Not very long ſince three *Indian* Kings came to viſit this Metropolis, and, after they had ſeen moſt Places of Curioſity, a Play was at length advertized by Command of their *Indian* Majeſties. The *Mobocracy*, who have entirely exploded all Notions of the Right Divine of Kings, and who, in Fact, conſider crowned Heads as no more than common Men, took care to attend at the Theatre-Royal in *Drury-Lane*, in order to ſurvey the ſwarthy Monarchs. At length the Curtain drew up, but in vain did the Players attempt to begin the Diverſion of

the Night. The *Mobocracy*, who had Poſſeſſion of the Upper Gallery, declared that they came to ſee the Kings, "and ſince we have paid our Money, the Kings "we will have." Whereupon Mr. *Wilks*, who was then one of the Patentees, came forth and aſſured them that the Kings were in the Front-Box; to this the *Mobocracy* replied, that they could not ſee them there, and deſired that they ſhould be placed in a more conſpicuous point of View, "otherwiſe, by G—d *Jack*, there ſhall be "no Play." Mr. *Wilks* who was not in his Heart of Mobocratical Principles, yet loved his own Intereſt ſo well, that he always knew how to be an occaſional Conformiſt, aſſured them that he had nothing ſo much at Heart as their Happineſs, and accordingly got three Chairs and placed the Kings on the Stage, to the no ſmall Satisfaction of the *Mobocracy*, with whom it is a Maxim to have as much as poſſible for their Money. From hence it appears that the Power of the Multitude is perfectly Dictatorial; and, indeed, in all Ages the Managers of Playhouſes have acquieſced under the Gallery-Juriſdiction. Mr. *Garrick*, I am credibly informed, notwithſtanding the ſubmiſſive Bows he occaſionally makes them, is not entirely reconciled to their Government, and, it is ſaid, is very apt to quote certain treaſonable Words from *Horace*, implying that the Vulgar have no claim to Infallibility. *Interdum Vulgus Rectum videt, eſt ubi peccat.* My Intelligence further adds, that he has ſuppreſſed many Schemes for adding Novelty to the Amuſements of the Public, from a Fear he has conceived of the many-headed Monſter of the Gallery; nay, he will at Times carry Matters ſo far as to pronounce their Behaviour illegal, arbitrary, *&c.* and, when they broke all the Windows of his Dwelling-Houſe, ſo diſcontented a Spirit poſſeſſed him, that he would by no Means acknowledge the Juſtice of their Proceedings.

Be that as it may; it is certain one diſſaffected Perſon cannot withſtand the *Mobocratical* Power, which it

is

is manifest has gained great Strength of late Years, and, I am persuaded, will continue to flourish more and more every Day. They have many wise Maxims by which they govern themselves; such as, "no wooden Shoes", —— "Liberty and Property and no Excise" —— "no "*French* Dancers" —— "no Mounseers" —— Let every Man toast his own Cheese, &c. such prudential Axioms, founded on the soberest Sense, must undoubtedly contribute to render their Administration both wise and prosperous. It does not appear that they have made any great Progress in the modern Art of War; on the contrary, there is Reason to suppose that they all hold it in Contempt; as it is certain that on many Occasions, when our mixed Form of Government has endeavoured to oppose them, by sending the Soldiery against them, they have always laughed at the Military Force, and repelled them from the Assault, without their daring to Fire. Their Military Discipline seems to be derived from the *Romans*; they know no Use of Cannon, Fire-Arms, &c. but proceed to Battle with Sticks, Bludgeons, setting up loud Shouts, somewhat like the War-hoop of the *Indians*, and hurling Stones, Brickbats, Bottles, Glasses, &c. with tremendous Force on the adverse Party. They are likewise totally Strangers to all Refinements of modern Luxury; Bread and Cheese, and Porter being their chief Sustenance; Gin being only used by them when they are low-spirited, or are going to be hanged. They do not paint their Bodies with Woad, like the ancient *Britons*, but generally with Kennel-Dirt, which lends them a formidable Air in Battle. Thus enured to Danger, it will be no wonder if the *Mobocracy* at length becomes Masters of this Kingdom, which, as I conceive it, must shortly be the Case, unless the Vices of People of Fashion should descend to them, and retard them in their Progress. Of this, I must own I am inclined to cherish some Hopes, as I am informed, that, in some Parts of the Town, they drink,

and game and ſwear, and are full as wicked as the better Sort of People. Particularly in *Hockly the Hole*, I am told, that they have a Place called *White*'s Chocolate-houſe, that *clean Lodgings for Travellers* are dearer than ever, and that you cannot any where *Shave for a Penny*, the Depravity of the Times having raiſed the Prices of every Thing there, as well as at the St. *James*'s End of the Town.

TRUE INTELLIGENCE.

From my own Apartment, Aug. 10.

AFTER a Soliloquy, which I have this Morning held with myſelf, agreeably to the Advice of Lord *Shaftſbury*, the Upſhot was, that I determined to inform the courteous Reader, that the Plan of the *Gray*'s-*Inn Journal* is now drawing towards a Concluſion, and in the Courſe of a few Papers more, *Ranger* muſt ſubſide into an abſolute Silence. Whether he is then to ſink into Obſcurity, like many other evaneſcent Productions, or whether a new Edition of theſe Papers, in ſmall Volumes, will hinder them from ſharing the Fate of the *Sybils* Leaves, which are generally ſcattered away without any Trace of them left behind, Time only can determine. Thus much *Ranger* thinks proper to ſay on this Occaſion, that he only begs, that the Gale of Indulgence, which has hitherto wafted him through a Sea of Troubles, may not, now he is in Sight of his Harbour, die away, and leave him with ſlackened Cordage and fluttering Sails to come in with diſgraceful Labour, like the baffled Hero in *Virgil*'s Ship-Race;

Deriſam ſine honore ratem Sergiſtus agebat.

To continue the Metaphor, when once ſafely landed he hopes to deliver his Freight in good Order and well conditioned, and, in Imitation of thoſe ſkilful Traders the *Dutch*, who are ſaid to deſtroy a large Quantity of their Spice,

Spice, in order to enhance the Value of the remaining Part, upon a careful Review of his Stock, it is poſſible he may alſo commit ſome Portion of it to the Fire, being determined that whatever he preſents to the Public, after a long Experience of their Candor, ſhall be as genuine and perfect in its Kind, as his Leiſure and Abilities will permit. And whatever ſhall be the Deciſion of the Public on his Genius or Inability, he will ſtand convinced of their Equity, and will not ſuffer fond Self-love to lodge an Appeal in his own Breaſt; he only hopes, that if the Verdict be found againſt him, it may be, as in the Caſe of *Elizabeth Canning*, with this qualifying Circumſtance; GUILTY of DULLNESS, but not WILFUL and CORRUPT.

CHARLES RANGER.

On *Wedneſday* laſt *Abraham Scurvygraſs*, another Accomplice in the *Monthly Review*, was taken at *Pye-Corner*, as he ſtood inhaling the Effluvia from a Cook's Shop. He was committed to the proper Goal, by the Magiſtrate.

Alſo the ſame Evening *Robert Mum*, alias *Threethreads*, was apprehended, and is to take his Trial at the next Seſſions of the Court of *Cenſorial Enquiry*, which will commence, in the Beginning of *September* next.

NUMB. 96. GRAY'S-INN, *Saturday, Aug.* 17, 1754.

Creditur, ex medio quia res arceſſit, habere
Sudoris minimum, ſed habet Comœdia tanto
Plus oneris, quanto eſt veniæ minus. HOR.

ARiſtotle informs us that *Homer* wrote a Comic-Epic Poem entitled *Margites*, which to the no ſmall Detriment of ſucceeding Ages, is unfortunately loſt. To this Species of Poeſy, we may ſuppoſe Comedy has the ſame Reference, that the Tragic bears to the Heroic. For my Part, I cannot conceive why a good Comedy has never been ſtiled by thoſe, who are fond of deciding literary Precedence, the greateſt Production of human Nature. Certainly its conſiſting of known and familiar Ideas, ſhould not derogate from its Merit, becauſe on Account of that very Circumſtance, it meets with leſs Indulgence; the Buſineſs of it coming more near to every Man's Breaſt, and, of Courſe, the very Vulgar being in ſome Meaſure Judges of the Juſtneſs of the Imitation; whereas, in Tragedy, frigid Declamation lulls, florid Epithets amuſe, lofty Metaphors amaze, and ſonorous Expreſſions elevate and ſurprize.

As Tragedy aims more particularly at an Excitement of the ſerious Paſſions, ſo the chief Merit of *Comedy* conſiſts in its Effect on the merry Affections of the human Mind; the former principally awakening Senſations of Terror and Pity, and the latter giving Emotions of a gay Contempt, as it is elegantly called, or in plainer *Engliſh*, making us deſpiſe and laugh at an Object at the ſame Time. To ſucceed in this laſt mentioned Mode of Writing, it requires as fine and as lively an

an Imagination as any of the other imitative Arts; for as it is manifeſt, that the Tragic Poet then excites in us the moſt intenſe Senſations, when his Expreſſions convey the livelieſt Images to the Fancy, ſo the Comic Poet, when he ſeizes the Imagination with a bright Aſſemblage of ludicrous Ideas, is ſure of agitating thoſe Paſſions, to which his Art directs him, with an irreſiſtible Power. And therefore this Animadverſion is ſufficient to put an End to that idle Diſpute, which, as we learn from *Horace*, engaged the Learned, *viz.* Whether Comedy might be called Poetry or not.

—— quidam Comœdia necne Poema
Eſſet quæſivere ——

It is manifeſt that it is an imitative Art, and different Paſſions being the Objects of its Addreſs, it only makes uſe of Means different from the more elevated Species of Writing; but ſurely it is full as hard a Taſk to paint ordinary Things, as Objects of more Importance; and, in my Opinion, *Virgil*'s Line which deſcribes an old Woman running acroſs *Dido*'s Apartment with officious Zeal,

Illa gradum ſtudio celerabat anili,

Is as pictureſque and has as much Merit as the Deſcription of the ambroſial Locks of *Venus*.

Ambroſiæque comæ divinum vertice odorem,
Spiravere.——————

The Comic Writer, as well as the Tragedian, muſt derive his Force from the true primary Sources of Compoſition; that is to ſay, he muſt learn to ſeize our *Imaginations*, with ſtriking Pictures of human Life; he muſt inſtruct our Reaſon by inſerting ſenſible Obſervations on worldly Contingencies, and he muſt alſo frequently apply himſelf to thoſe Paſſions which it is the Merit of his Art to awaken. In this laſt mentioned Par-

Particular consists the real Merit of a well wrought Comedy; in like Manner as the serious Drama must fill us with Ideas proper to excite Terror and Pity. To obtain either Effect, the Poet is to select such Circumstances in every Object, in every Passion, and in every Action, as will be most conducive to his peculiar End, and he is constantly to avail himself of such Expressions as will serve to convey the liveliest Images to the Fancy. When this is rightly performed, whether in the solemn or humourous Scene, it is true Poetry, and in either case it is by the Means of a Mode of Eloquence, that the Art produces its desired Effect. For Ridicule, by which Comedy works, is as much a Mode of Eloquence, as the several Arts of Persuasion, and the several Figures, which Rhetoric has reduced into a System for the Excitement of the more serious Passions.

The Dispute that subsisted among the Learned for a considerable Time, and is perhaps not yet determined, *viz.* Whether Ridicule is a Test of Truth, is, in my humble Opinion, extremely idle and frivolous; the Faculty of Reason, which compares our Ideas, and sustains or rejects the various Affirmations concerning them, being the sole Judge of Truth, however complicated the Means may be by which it gains its End. I have often wondered, that neither *Aristotle*, *Tully*, nor *Quintilian*, have given a just and adequate Definition of Ridicule. To say that it consists in raising our Laughter at some Turpitude, is a very insufficient Account of the Matter. Mr. *Fielding*, in his Preface to his *Joseph Andrews*, has thrown some Light upon the Matter, but as he places the Source of it in Affectation, he appears to me not to have taken a comprehensive Survey of his Subject. I apprehend the Ridiculous may be formed, where there is no Affectation at the Bottom, and his Parson *Adams* I take to be an Instance of this Assertion.

The

The best and most accurate Definition I have ever met with of the Ridiculous is in a Note of Doctor *Akenside*'s to his excellent Poem *on the Pleasures of Imagination*. "That, says he, which makes Objects ridiculous "is some Ground of Admiration or Esteem connected "with other more general Circumstances, comparatively worthless or deformed; or it is some Circumstances of Turpitude or Deformity connected with "what is in general excellent or beautiful; the inconsistent Properties existing either in the Objects themselves, or in the Apprehension of the Person to "whom they relate, implying Sentiment or Design, "and exciting no acute or vehement Emotion of the "Heart.' The Effect which the Circumstances thus specified have upon us he thus defines; "the Sensation "of Ridicule is not a bare Perception of the Agreement "or Disagreement of Ideas, but a Passion or Emotion "of the Mind consequential to that Perception."

The Emotions here intended are Laughter and Contempt, and these it is the Business of Comedy to excite, by making striking Exhibitions of inconsistent Circumstances, blended together in such a thwarting Assemblage, that a gay Contempt irresistibly shall take possession of us. To perform this in all Objects which come before the Comic Muse, in Men and Manners, in all Actions and Passions, requires a very delicate Hand, and it frequently is necessary to have an almost microscopic Eye to perceive the latent Inconsistency in Circumstances seemingly fair and praise-worthy. *Prior* has expressed this with his usual Delicacy;

And tho' the Error may be such
As Knaggs *and* Burgess *cannot hit,*
It yet may feel the nicer Touch,
Of Wycherly *or* Congreve's *Wit.*

In producing Portraits of Mankind it is not enough to display Foibles and Oddities; a fine Vein of Ridicule must run through the whole, to urge the Mind to

fre-

frequent Emotions of Laughter; otherwise there will be Danger of exhibiting disagreeable Characters without affording the proper Entertainment. I think *Ben Johnson* extremely apt to err in this Point; his *Morose*, is a surly, ill-natured, absurd Humourist, whom we can hardly laugh at, and he soon becomes very bad Company. Many of *Johnson*'s Characters are of the same Cast, while in *Shakespear*'s *Falstaff*, the ridiculous Ideas are placed in such an artful Point of View, that our Merriment can never be restrained, whenever Sir *John* appears. *Congreve* in my Opinion had a great Deal of the same Talent, and what I have somewhere seen objected to him, that many of his Characters are obvious in human Life, is with me a strong Proof of his superior Genius. An Old *Batchelor*, for Instance, is very common, but he must pass through such an Imagination as *Congreve*'s to support several Scenes in the Drama with the most exquisite Pleasantry; tho' the Character was not new, yet his Management of it has all the Graces of Novelty, and the Situations in which we see him are all exquisitely ridiculous. Personages of this Class, unless artfully conducted, may very soon tire an Audience, but in this excellent Poet's Hands nothing suffers a Diminution. The same, I think, appears in his Sir *Paul Plyant*, in which Character there is perhaps as much Comic Force as in any one Piece on the Stage. Sir *John Vanbrugh* was also a perfect Master of his Art in this Respect, and of this his Sir *John Brute* is a remarkable Proof. The Knight is constantly diverting us with an odd whimsical Way of Thinking, which at once serves to display his own Foibles, and entertains his Audience with a Pleasantry of which he seems all along totally unconscious himself.

It is therefore by placing the Humours and Foibles of human Nature in a ridiculous Light, that the true Comic Force is created. The Author of *the Pleasures of Imagination*, whom I have already quoted, has judiciously

ciously explained each Part of the Definition cited above, and has finely traced the several Sources from which true Ridicule springs. Whoever chuses to consider the Matter will find Affectation to be but one Spring, however diffusive the Streams of it may be. To the Poem itself I beg leave to refer my Readers, and I shall dismiss this Paper, with observing, that the whole Beauty of the Comic Diction consists in the Words and Phrases being so chosen as to give to the Mind the most lively Impression of known and familiar Images, and at the same Time the strongest Marks of Character and each Person's peculiar Temper.

TRUE INTELLIGENCE.

Bedford Coffee-house, Aug. 17.

THOUGH the Barometer for Wit and Humour has not reached DAMNED HIGH all this Summer, yet it now and then happens that a Person of Taste drops in, with something for the Entertainment of the Company; this was the Case Yesterday Evening, when the following *Elegy* was extremely relished by all who perused it.

An Invitation to a Mistress to walk by Moonlight.
An Elegy.

1.

COME, *Birtha*, let us tread the flowery Mead,
Distinct with countless Gems of pearly Dew,
Now the cool Hours the sober Evening lead,
And *Phœbe* lifts her silver Lamp to view.

2.

Here we may rove secure of busy Spies,
Thick as these glittering Drops our Kisses sow:
Tho' Heaven an *Argus* seem beset with Eyes,
'Tis a dumb Witness of what's done below.

3. See

3.

See you yon Stars, ſo eminently bright,
That mix ſo friendly their congenial Rays?
Our natal Stars are met perhaps To-night,
Pleas'd on that Union, which they plann'd, to gaze.

4.

The Moon, tho' loth to lend her Virgin-Beam
To guide the Drunkard to his brutal Joys,
Views with Complacence and ſerener Gleam
The noiſeleſs Revels of fond Girls and Boys.

5.

See what a twinkling Leer athwart ſhe throws,
Whene'er I preſs thy Lip, or ſnowy Breaſt!
With ſweet Remembrance now ſhe loveſick glows,
How once, like you, on *Latmos* ſhe was bleſt.

6.

In Sleep's ſoft Chains the quiet Village lies,
And Toil now dozes all its Cares away:
This is Love's Harveſt; let us then be wiſe,
And make our Night as buſy as their Day.

7.

Soon from the dappled Eaſt the Sun will break,
And we like Elves muſt from his Beams retreat:
From their ſhort Paſtimes let us warning take
To make the Circle of our Joys compleat.

8.

Then to our ſeperate Homes our Courſe we'll ſteer,
You in your Bridegroom happy, I my Bride:
Vowing, when next bright *Dian*'s Orb ſhines clear,
To taſte the Pleaſures of ſweet Even-tide.

NUMB. 97. GRAY's-INN, *Saturday, Aug* 24, 1754.

Angustis hunc addere rebus honorem, VIRG.

Ampullas & Sesquipedalia verba. HOR.

HAVING in my last offered some cursory Remarks upon RIDICULE, I shall in this Day's Paper take Notice of a Species of Writing, which on Account of some Affinity between them, is often supposed to be the same with the Ridiculous; and yet, upon an attentive View of the Matter, it appears to be a Mode of Composition introduced by Men of Genius in order to fall in with that Propensity to Laughter, which prevails with all Mankind in general. What I here intend is *Burlesque*; to mark its Boundaries, its Procedure and Extent, will be no improper Subject among these Essays, which only pretend now and then to glance so much Light upon Matters of this Nature, as may serve to illustrate them to the Unlearned.

It must be remembered, that as the *Ridiculous* consists in a Coalition of Circumstances repugnant to each other in their own Natures, but yet whimsically blended together in any Object, any human Action or Passion, to call forth this Inconsistency to public View, and to shew the heterogeneous Assemblage, in such a Manner as to provoke the Mind to laugh at it with Contempt, is to exert the rare and excellent talent of *Ridicule*, and as this when well executed is attended with fine consequential Effects, the Lovers of *Burlesque* will not wait to discover a real Incongruity, but by the Force of their own Imaginations they create it for themselves, and by ob-

obtruding Circumſtances, which perhaps do not belong to the Object, they are frequently very ſucceſsful in rendering Things apparently ridiculous, which to an attentive Eye may not wear the motly Livery, however it may ſerve the Purpoſes of Mirth to inveſt it with it. In order to explain more fully what is here inſiſted on, it may not be improper to lay before the Reader a few Inſtances of the *Ridiculous*, and alſo of *Burleſque*, which may in ſome Meaſure ſerve to render this Matter ſtill more intelligible and clear.

When *Fielding*'s Parſon *Adams* in Diſtreſs at an Inn, retires very gravely with a *London* Bookſeller to raiſe Money upon ſome Manuſcript Sermons, I believe the diſſonant Circumſtances in this Caſe ſtrike very forcibly, and our Laughter is ſtill urged with greater Impetuoſity, when, after having travelled a great many Miles from his own Place of Abode towards *London*, with no other Buſineſs upon Earth, but to diſpoſe of theſe Sermons, we hear the Parſon not being able to find them, very gravely ſay, "I proteſt I believe I left them be- "hind me." When the ſame Perſonage aſſures us, that he is very rich, and then adds, that he does not ſay it by way of boaſting or complying with worldly Vanity, but to ſhew that he can live well on the Road, and, to confirm this, produces half a Guinea, the Difference between his Opinion and the ſmall Value of the Piece, and this too from a Clergyman, a Scholar, and in many Things a Man of excellent Underſtanding, produces an Emotion of Laughter attended in this Inſtance with a Contempt for *Adams*'s Want of Knowledge of the World. In like manner, when *Don Quixote* very gravely ſays, that he has ſeen the Sea, and that it is much larger than the River at *La Mancha*, we cannot help laughing at a Man who has formed his Ideas of Things by what he has ſeen at his own native Place, and to find an inſignificant River compared to the Sea,

pre-

presents such a repugnant Conjunction of Images, as must necessarily operate upon our risible Faculties.

These Instances, which have first, among a Thousand, offered themselves to my Memory, are true Instances of the *Ridiculous*, nothing here being obtruded upon our Imaginations; but in *Burlesque* there are many adventitious Ideas called up, in order to form a motly Concurrence of thwarting Images, and so produce the same Effect with the really *Ridiculous*. As for Instance, if any Object which comes before the *Burlesque* Writer, be low in its own Nature, he immediately bethinks himself of conferring on it a mock Dignity, in which it begins to look big, like the Champion at a Coronation, who boldly challenges all Mankind when he knows no Body will fight him. I have ever been highly pleased with a Touch of this Kind in a Note to Mr. *Fielding*'s *Tom Thumb*, where mentioning something of the Soul of Man, he gravely tells us, "*Plato* is of this "Opinion, and so is Mr. *Banks*." The Stroke in the *Beggar*'s *Opera* is of the same Nature—"There is nothing so moving as a great Man in Distress." In this Case the great Disproportion between the two Objects strikes our Imagination, and our Laughter bursts out at that which is, without Foundation, set in Competition. In the following Passage of the Poet, it seems to me, there is a ridiculous Appearance intended by giving a mock Majesty to an Object in the general Opinion not so highly exalted.

Oh! could I view thro' London *as I pass*
Some broad Sir Balaam *in* Corinthian *Brass!*
High on a Pedestal, *ye Freemen place*
His magisterial Paunch and griping Face.
Letter'd and gilt let him adorn *Cheapside,*
And grant the Tradesman, *what a* King's *deny'd.*

Thus the ludicrous Assemblage is formed by an Association of Ideas, which we are diverted to see joined together

together. The other Method of *Burlesque* is, if an Object has any Thing respectable about it, to join it with Images, not only inferior, but in themselves contemptible. Mr. *Pope* is very frequent in this Kind of Satyr throughout his *Dunciad*, and *Boileau* is, I think, admirable in both Species of *Burlesque*, in his *Lutrin*. Our own *Garth* also has many beautiful Passages in his *Dispensary*, where a Ridicule is thrown upon his Heroes by associating with them Images of Things, to which some Kind of Turpitude is adherent; thus a Set of *Physicians* quarrelling among themselves are finely placed in a ludicrous Light by the following humourous Simile.

Thus often at the Temple *Stairs we've seen*
Two Tritons *of a rough athletic Mien,*
Sourly dispute some Quarrel of the Flood,
With Knuckles bruis'd, and Face besmear'd with Blood;
But at the first Appearance of a Fare,
Both quit the Fray, and to their Oars repair.

Another very common Method of *Burlesque* is by making frequent Application of grand and sublime Passages in our best Poets to Things unworthy and mean. *Boileau* is, in my Opinion, the happiest of all modern Poets in this Particular. As Passages of this Nature are frequently mistaken for an Intent to *burlesque* the Author, from whom the Image is borrowed, it may not be improper in this Place to observe, that Parody does not always carry with it any Sneer at the Author parodied. The best Lines in *Virgil* may be aptly applied to other Objects, without his being burlesqued, and we find that *Vida* in his elegant and beautiful Poem on the *Game of Chess*, has almost in every Line surprized us with Expressions from the *Æneid*, by which means he gives Spirit and Life to his Poem, animates his imaginary Warriours with human Passions, and fills the Fancy with entertaining Ideas of mock heroic Majesty. The De-

scription

ſcription of the Havock at a Game of Cheſs is perfectly elegant.

Sternitur omne ſolum buxo atque miſerrima cædes
Exoritur; confuſa inter ſeſe agmina cadunt,
Implicitæque ruunt, albæ, nigræque Phalanges;
Sternuntur pedites & corpora quadrupedantum.

The Deſcription of the Queen is alſo highly beautiful.

At medias inter acies crudeſcit Amazon.
Candida, plena animis, mediiſque in millibus ardet.

It is plain, that Mr. *Pope* in his Account of a Game at Cards in the *Rape of the Lock*, has imitated this excellent Poet in his Manner of exalting inanimate Things, which can never carry with it any Air of *Burleſque*, becauſe nothing can be ridiculous, but when a free Agency is applied.

But in *Burleſque*, as in every other Kind of Writing, Truth ſhould be the Foundation, otherwiſe the Superſtructure muſt fall, like *Ariſtophanes*'s Ridicule of *Socrates*, which is now held in Contempt, as will always be the Caſe with every Piece of ill-founded Pleaſantry; becauſe the Object thus attacked muſt be always exceptionable, otherwiſe it can never be eſſentially hurt by a falſe Combination of adventitious Ideas. As there is a ſtrong Propenſity in the Generality of People to this Kind of Humour, Tragic Poets, in particular, ſhould be cautious how, by any Paſſage or Expreſſion, they excite ludicrous Images. If once in the moſt ſerious Scene a wrong Aſſociation of Ideas be formed, the Mind is apt to attach itſelf to the Object of its Mirth, and thus a well-imagined Piece may be obſtructed. A very elegant Critic obſerves, that the following Line of *Dryden*.

A Star light Morning, and an Ev'ning fair.

Has in it nothing improper, and yet, if any one recollects that a *Star-light Morning* is the Language of a Watch-

Watchman it may occaſion ſome ſprightly Raillery. On this account, in all the different ſpecies of Compoſition the Writer muſt carefully remember to keep within his proper Boundaries, becauſe the leaſt Excurſion too far may be highly prejudicial, and give room to ſmall Wits either to point incongruous Circumſtances, or to obtrude them upon the Reader's Imagination.

TRUE INTELLIGENCE.

From my own Apartment, Aug. 24.

THE Account which I gave lately of my Intentions to abdicate the Office of a public Writer, has been the Occaſion of my receiving ſeveral Letters from ſundry Correſpondents, who have addreſſed me in a Stile reſponſive to their reſpective Feelings on the Occaſion. A great many Coffeehouſes expreſs their Satisfaction at the Thoughts of being eaſed of the weekly Expence of Two-pence, which my Lucubrations coſt them; a few of theſe hoſpitable Gentry declare themſelves ſorry for my approaching Silence, the *Grays Inn Journal* being, as they aſſure me, the Life of their Coffee-Room. There are many Perſons of ſuch cool and ſerious Underſtandings, that they cannot approve any Thing but what is ſtrictly and literally true; theſe, an ingenious Friend of mine calls, Matter of Fact Men, and by one of this Claſs I am told in very plain Terms, that he's glad I am going to lay down, *a Pox on your true Intelligence; there's never any thing of Conſequence in it; the grand Mogul may be dead; the* Algerines *may make Peace; the King of the* Romans *may be choſen*; Dunkirk *may be refitted*; Theodore *King of* Corſica *be held to Bail, and Mr.* Keen *may ſucceed in his Negociations without any body's being the wiſer for you.* A Perſon, who informs me that he is perfectly vers'd in the Secret of Authorſhip, begs of me to recommend him to my Publiſher,

lisher, that he may carry on the Paper the ensuing Winter; but in this Point, I must desire to be excused, as I should not chuse to have my Plan eked out beyond its proper Bounds, and I therefore take this Opportunity to entreat that elegant Writer, who has for some Time past assumed the Name of *Ranger*, not to lay any of his Foundlings at my Door, when once I shall have made my Bow to the Public. Such a Procedure would be highly illiberal, and I hope I need not say any thing further on this Head. But to the soft, the obliging, the lovely, the courtly, the amiable *Clarissa*, who calls me, you agreeable Devil, and you pleasant Creature you must go on; what Answer shall I make? The Honour of making Part every *Saturday*-morning of a Fair one's Tea-Equipage has certainly very powerful Instigations to persist. But the Truth of it is, my Muse and I have been like Man and Wife for some Time past, our Affections are become extremely frigid, and I have had so many Curtain Lectures from her, that I long very earnestly to keep separate Beds, to say a civil Thing to her once in a Year, and, like a true modern Husband, to admire every Body's *Muse* better than my own, even though she be but a battered Drab; and though the World should agree, that my *Thalia* is not entirely contemptible. On this Account, I am at present suing in the Court of *Parnassus* for a Divorce, and as she has not brought me any Fortune to speak of, I shall not be troubled to allow her a separate Maintenance. I am aware that malicious Critics will give out, that I was separated *causâ frigiditatis*; but, the Public is always equitable in its Decisions, and to them I implicitly submit.

CHARLES RANGER.

NUMB. 98. GRAY'S-INN, *Saturday*, *Aug.* 31, 1754.

Quod genus hoc hominum? Quæve hunc tam barbara Morem
Permittit Patria?——— VIRG.

IT is a general Complaint made by my fair Countrywomen, that the Gentlemen, regardleſs of that Reſpect and Attention which are at all Times due to their Charms, ſhew a great Averſeneſs to their Company. I fear this Charge cannot be controverted, and am ſorry to ſee the Truth manifeſted in the conſtrained Deportment, inelegant Addreſs, and uncouth Attempts at Politeneſs, that almoſt univerſally characterize the Youth of this Iſland.

Certain it is, that a frequent, liberal Intercourſe with that more refined Part of our Species, which is happily deſcribed by the Appellation of the *Beau Sex*, ſo powerfully influences, not only our Manner and Behaviour, but our Way of thinking, that from thence we acquire a certain Delicacy of Sentiment, which extends itſelf even to the moſt minute Circumſtances of Life. And from hence it is, that our Neighbours, the *French*, have eſtabliſhed throughout *Europe* that Character of Politeneſs, which we do not chuſe to be at the Trouble of emulating, as we find it much more eaſy to ridicule and laugh at it. My Lord *Anglois*, while the Profuſion, with which he diſperſes his Guineas, creates Aſtoniſhment in the Mechanics of *Paris*, conſcious of a Deficiency in that Eaſe and elegant Freedom, which he obſerves in every Man of Education whom he meets, ſhuns all good Company; and after reluctantly ſpending three Months between the *Hôtel* and the ſeveral Places of public Diverſion, returns to his native Soil, ſtrongly impreſſed

preſſed with the moſt contemptuous Idea of the *French*, whom, though he has but literally ſeen, he takes the Liberty to deſcribe as a ſuperficial, volatile Nation, for no other Reaſon perhaps, than that they are perfectly ſkilled in the moſt entertaining, I had almoſt ſaid, uſeful Art, that Invention can ſuggeſt, which is, to trifle agreeably.

A *Frenchman* has no more Idea of a Party of Pleaſure, without Ladies, than an *Engliſhman* can entertain the leaſt Conception of enjoying himſelf, until they retreat. From thoſe oppoſite Diſpoſitions it ariſes, that the firſt introduces himſelf with a becoming Unconcern into Company, and Maſter of that *Bienſeance*, which diſtinguiſhes the Gentleman, and performs all Offices of Life, without the leaſt Embaraſſment: Whereas nothing is more common among us, than to find Gentlemen of Family and Fortune, who know nothing of the Fair-Sex, but what they have collected from the moſt abandoned Part of it, and can ſcarce reckon a virtuous Family, within the whole Scope of their Acquaintance. It is not unpleaſant to obſerve one of this Claſs, when Chance or Neceſſity has brought him into a Room with Ladies of Reputation. An aukward Reſtraint hangs about him, and he is almoſt afraid to ſpeak, leaſt he ſhould inadvertently bolt out ſomething, which, tho' extremely ſuitable to the Dialect of *Covent-Garden*, would be groſly offenſive to thoſe Females, who had not received their Rudiments of Education in that Seminary. The Gloom that hangs over an *Engliſh* Company, while the Ladies remain, and the reciprocal Reſtraint, that each Sex ſeems to be upon the other, has been frequently a Subject of ludicrous Obſervations to Foreigners; and indeed, the Fair-ones themſelves, *tho' Natives, and to the Manner born*, frequently expreſs Aſtoniſhment, what Myſteries the Men can have to celebrate, ſo oppoſite to thoſe of the *Bona Dea*, that no Female muſt be preſent at the Ceremony. I am not at Liberty to di-

vulge this important Secret, but will, for the Satisfaction of the Ladies, assure them, that they are not of a Nature vastly beyond their Apprehension; nay, on the contrary, may be easily understood, even by a Miss in Hanging-Sleeves, provided she has had the Happiness of a Boarding-School Education.

At the same Time, that I condemn my Countrymen for separating themselves from those, who have the Art of refining every Joy this World affords, I am sorry to be obliged to observe, that the Ladies themselves do, in some Measure, contribute to this great Evil. The scandalous Practice, so prevalent at present, of giving up their whole Thoughts, as well as Time, to Cards, has made the Company of Women, pardon the Expression, extremely insipid to those, who would willingly consider them as rational Creatures, and do not depend upon superior Skill in the Game of Whist for a Subsistance. Is it to be imagined, that a Man, whose Mind is the least raised above the Vulgar, will devote that Time, which he may employ in conversing agreeably either with the Dead or the Living, to those Assemblies, where no Ideas enter beyond the respective Excellencies of *Garrick* and *Barry*, and the several possible Cases, so profoundly calculated by the incomparable Mr. *Hoyle?* Yet from declining these Places, I know many intimate Friends, who have acquired the odious Character of Women-haters, tho' at the same Time, they entertain the highest Esteem for that amiable Sex, and sincerely regret, that the Tyrant Fashion has put it out of their Power to enjoy more of their Company, than a bare View of their Persons, agitated by the various and uncertain Revolutions of Fortune's Wheel.

Besides what I have already mentioned, another Obstacle, extremely pernicious to Society, proceeds from the excessive Officiousness of the female World in cutting out Matches. Mr. *Pope* has observed, that *every Woman is at Heart a Rake*, and I believe it is not less true,

true, though I fear the Aſſertion will be much more offenſive to the Virgins of *Britain*, that *every Woman is a Fortune-hunter*. This Character is deſervedly infamous in the male Part of the Creation, and we deteſt the Man, *though of an exceeding good Family in* Ireland, who, aided by the Friendſhip and Confidence of his Taylor, makes a pompous Diſplay of the Breadth of his Shoulders, and the Firmneſs of his Calves; but conceive no Indignation againſt the lovely Nymph, who *undreſſes* herſelf, in the ſame View, with the moſt ſeducing Art, and generouſly, much too generouſly, for her own Intereſt! exhibits every Charm the happy Man will be poſſeſſed of, who takes her to his Boſom. The Idea of entrapping ſomebody mixes ſo intimately with the general Caſt of Thought in Women, that they can never diveſt themſelves of it, and if a Gentleman pays that Compliment to their Beauty, which female Pride would never Pardon, if he had omitted, they immediately flatter themſelves, that he muſt have a Deſign of Marriage. This Notion once conceived, a Convocation of Aunts, old Maids, diſcreet Friends, prudent Neighbours, *&c.* is aſſembled, when every Circumſtance muſt be diſcuſſed. —— Miſs intimates——" He is very par-" ticular to me—what can he mean?—He looked at " me all the Time he was here——Sure he'll propoſe " ſoon——Then did you remark, Aunt *Betty*, when we " talked of Marriage, what he ſaid?—He certainly " means to have me"——The Reſult of this Conſultation is, that Miſs muſt carry it with a proper Reſerve, in order to compel the imaginary Lover to declare himſelf, who, if he be a Man of Experience in the Subtleties of Women, inſtantly ſees through the flimſy Artifice, and diſcontinues his Viſits. I ſubmit to the Candor of every female Reader, whether I have here drawn an ideal Picture.——Can theſe angelic Beings reaſonably expect then, that a Man will chuſe to viſit them, under the diſagreeable alternative of behaving continually

with a ceremonious Diſtance, or running the Riſk of being driven to the Neceſſity of an aukward Explanation?——No; while narrow Sentiments of this Kind prevail, it will be impoſſible to introduce a truly ſocial Converſe between the Sexes, which muſt be effected, on the Part of the Ladies, by an undeſigning decent Freedom, the inſeparable Companion of real Virtue. ——Let them aſſert their own Dignity, and manifeſt a Conſciouſneſs, that they were not created merely to be inſtrumental in the Continuation of the Species, but are endowed with intellectual Faculties, that qualify them for the ſweet Joys of Society. Let them at length ſo far undeceive themſelves, as to think, that a Man may like their Company, admire their Virtues, nay, even their perſonal Charms, and cheriſh the warmeſt Friendſhip for them, without any Intention of addreſſing them on the Score of Love; let them but offer this Violence to the natural Vanity of their Sex, and I will undertake to promiſe, that they will not long have Reaſon to complain of being neglected.——Men of Senſe will then ſeek their Company, and, what I hope may make ſome Impreſſion on a female Mind, will then think of them as Partners for Life.

TRUE INTELLIGENCE.

Extract of a Letter, dated Crown Coffee-houſe, Bedford-Row, Aug. 26.

THE Gentlemen here are greatly concerned at the Thoughts of loſing you, both on Account of the Pleaſure they will be deprived of by the Diſcontinuance of your Paper, and of the perpetual Impertinence they will be ſubject to from Mr. *Shortcough*, who, ſince you firſt gave him a Touch of your Pen, has been reſtrained, by his Fears of another Laſhing, within ſome Sort of Bounds; but ſince you have declared your Intentions of relinquiſhing your Paper, he has tranſgreſſed all Decency,

cency, and is every Inftant committing Outrages againft Good-breeding and Manners. Since you firft mentioned him, he has never troubled us at making a Bet when the Odds are in his Favour, with faying, "Come, I've "a Guinea in my Pocket, which my Wife knows no-"thing of."—— But he is now returned to his Vomit: *Pride* and *Meannefs* are furprizingly blended in him, and thefe two oppofite Qualities difclofe themfelves daily by a vain Ambition of being thought rich, and a Poverty of Spirit in doing the loweft Actions. Though a Pack of Cards will not at any Ale-houfe fetch more than a Groat, Mr. *Shortcough* will flily flip one into his Pocket. He inceffantly offers Bets, but never makes any unlefs he meets with a *Pigeon*, that gives him the Advantage of Four-pence in the Shilling. It is common, by way of fhewing him off, to give him a Shilling to lay Half a Guinea, and chufe his Side; and when he has *five Love*, he has made an even Bet with a Gentleman, who offered it to him in Derifion. In his Converfation he is elegant beyond Defcription, and his Phrafes are greatly above any Paffage in *Swift*'s polite Converfation. "You Son of a B—h;—you Dog;—you Rafcal;— "you hubble-bubble-pated Puppy;——hang yourfelf, "and drown your Baftards;——Oh! my God, quoth "*Nanny Sayer*, what a Whore am I!——Fatal FOUR, "all the World O'ER;——you, Mr. *Quibus*, you may "kifs my——Nominativo; Quibus, Quobus, Quod-"bus; and fo forth." With this Sort of Literature does he infeft the Company the whole Evening, and it is ufhered in with a ftentorial Voice enough to crack the Ceiling.——His Age protects him from the Correction of the Arm, but furely cannot exempt him from the coercive Power of a Satyrift. Pray, Mr. *Ranger*, pick fuch a Rod out of this Bundle as may hereafter be hung up here *in terrorem*, and you'll oblige, &c.

Preparing for the Press,

PROPOSALS *for* PRINTING *by* SUBSCRIPTION,

The History of the *Grub-street Society*, in Imitation of *Sprat's* History of the Royal Society; in which strict Justice will be done to the Characters of those eminent Personages, who have been worthy Members of that Academy, and due Regard will also be paid to the present Race of Geniusses who do Honour to that august Body. Likewise the Booksellers, who publish Works of Defamation for the above Authors will be considered as *Grub-street Publishers*, and be accordingly treated with all due Honour.

NUMB. 99. GRAY'S-INN, *Saturday, Sept.* 7, 1754.

Quis expedivit Psitaco suum KAIPE,
Picasque docuit nostra verba conari? PERSEUS.

The Proceedings on the Commission of Oyer and Terminer and Goal Delivery, held at the Court of Censorial Enquiry for the Cities of London *and* Westminster, *&c.*

ON *Wednesday* Morning last, between the Hours of Nine and Ten, the Commission was opened, and the Jury, consisting of the following Persons was Impannelled.

The JURY.

George Truewit,	*John Classic.*
William Tasteful,	*George Manly.*
Richard Candid,	*Jonathan Truetaste.*
Martin Solid,	*William Telltruth.*
John Impartial,	*Henry Mellefont,*
David Meanwell,	*Abraham Clearsight.*

William

William Purl,——*Walter Wormwood*,——*Abraham Scurvygrafs*,——*Robert Mum* alias *Threethreads*,——*Oliver Tatoo*,——*Alexander M'Gregor*, and *John Bobadil* were Indicted, for that they, without having the Love of Truth before their Eyes, but urged on by the Inftigations of their Malice and Appetite, have prefumed to pafs their Decifion, in a Pamphlet entitled the *Monthly Review*, upon all Performances in Literature, ever ftudious to recommend their own native Dullnefs, or indeed, the Dullnefs of any other Perfon, provided he or his Bookfeller condefcend to make Intereft with them, decrying at the fame Time all Works that have the leaft Ray of Genius, according as they happen to diflike the Author's Face, or that of the Bookfeller who may have purchafed the Copy, &c.

Being all feverally afked, they pleaded *Not Guilty*; then the *Attorney General* of the Court opened the Profecution with the following Speech.

Gentlemen of the Jury,

The feveral Mifdemeanors of the Pfeudo-Critics, who now ftand at the Bar of this honourable Court, are of as glaring a Die as ever came under the Cognizance of a Seat of Judicature, intended to be fupplemental to the Laws of the Land. It is obferved by Mr. *Pope*,

——————*Lefs dangerous is th' Offence*
To tire our Patience, than miflead our Senfe.

Now I appeal to the impartial Opinion of every Reader, who has thought it worth his while to turn over the Leaves of the *Monthly Review*, whether more malicious, falfe, and ill-grounded Criticifms were ever fent Abroad into the World, fince the Days of *Zoilus*, down to the prefent *Æra* of thefe notable Reviewers? I am perfuaded, Gentlemen of the Jury, that a more grofs Impofition was never offer'd to the Republick of Letters, than for a Bookfeller, whofe Sign is juftly *emblematical* of his Authors, *viz.* the *Dunciad*, to take upon him to dictate to the Public in a Work, conducted by obfcure

Hirelings, Country Schoolmasters, *&c.* Certain it is that a critical Performance, under the Direction of Gentlemen, and Scholars, written with Taste, Impartiality, and Erudition might be highly serviceable to the Cause of Literature. A Man, for Instance, who should give such an Account of Works of Taste, as *Pere Brumoy* has of the *Greek* Dramatic Poets, would deserve to be cherished by the Public, and the Bookseller, who should publish such a Performance would acquire Honour and Reputation in his Business. But as Matters have been managed by the *Reviewers*, it is manifest that the whole is a mere Job, eternally swelled out with dull Extracts from dull Authors, calculated to serve the Purposes of a few Publishers, and to misguide the Public Taste. The frequent Abuses of the Liturgy, the Arguments for abolishing the *Athanasian* Creed, and the scandalous Treatment of many Clergymen of the Church of *England*, are strong Indications of the Hand of a Fanatic; and the idle Strictures of natural History, Fossils, Minerals, *&c.* are infallible Marks of a certain exploded Herbalist, who has reduced himself to the lamentable Situation described by a great Genius, when he says there is not a more miserable Figure than a Man who has wrote himself down. It is therefore submitted to the common Sense of Mankind, whether it is not the highest Presumption in a Set of Hirelings to impose on the Judgment of their unfortunate Readers by a gross Misrepresentation of all Compositions, according as they are directed by a Spirit of Malevolence or Partiality; to usurp the Seat of Criticism without declaring who and what they are, without producing their Credentials, to shew the World by what Authority they act, and without previously giving undeniable Proofs of their own Ability and Taste, according to the Statute of Mr. *Pope*,

Let such teach others, who themselves excel,
And censure freely, who have written well.

That

That not one of the Authors of the *Review* have *written well*, will appear in their Works, if they are any where to be found. I ſhall now proceed to examine the Witneſſes, and make no doubt but the Gentlemen of the Jury will find a Verdict againſt the Writers of Calumny and Detraction.

Moll Redfiſt, ſworn.

Q. Do you know the Priſoners at the Bar?

A. Yes, I know them all very well.

Q. How came you to know them very well?

A. They came to do Journey-work where I was at Service.

Q. What Sort of Journey-work?

A. They were all locked up in a Garret, writing all Day long, and I uſed to carry them up their Water-gruel; and they often complained there was not Butter enough in it.

Croſs-Examined. Can you take upon you Miſtreſs,—— you know you're upon your Oath——I ſay can you ſwear to their Perſons?——

A. I can.

Croſs Examined. What Butter did you put in their Water Gruel?

A. It was *Cambridge* Butter, and I know them all. He in the blue Silk, his Name is *Bobadil*, he uſed to make Love to me, and told me he got Seven Shillings every *Saturday* by writing the *Inſpector*, and that he underſtood Oyſters and Cockle Shells better than any body, and that he was a fine Man.

Croſs-Examined. Do you know what he uſed to write?

A. They uſed to call it, the *Monthly Review*.——

Call John Heel Tap.

Heel Tap ſworn. I am a Cobler, an't pleaſe ye, and I wrote a Letter to the People of *England*— and I would be glad to thrive—and ſo I went to the *Reviewers* to bid 'em give me a good Word——

Q. Where did you find them?

A. At

A. At Work in a Garret, an't pleaſe ye, and I aſked for a Motto.

Q. Did they give you one?

A. He in the blue Silk, an't pleaſe ye, deſired me to take *As in Præſenti*, and ſaid it was out of *Virgil*—but I had learnt as far as that when I was at School, and ſo I did not take it, but they promiſed me a good Word.

Q. Did you give 'em any Thing for it?

A. I gave 'em a Crown an't pleaſe you, becauſe I would be glad to thrive.——

Call Edmund Groundivy.

Council. *Edmund Groundivy.*—You are admitted an Evidence—Declare to the Court what you know of the *Monthly Review.*

Groundivy. I was one of the Gang, and did the Monthly-Liſt—Every one had his Share allotted him. *Oliver Tattoo* wrote the Republican Principles; *M'Gregor* abuſed the Church of *England*, called for a Reformation of the Liturgy, and was for aboliſhing the *Athanaſian Creed.* It was he that abuſed the Clergy of the Church of *England*, and called ſome of them Enthuſiaſts, *&c.* *M'Gregor* alſo explained *Latin* Sentences to the reſt, and Mr. *Bobadil* dabbled in natural Hiſtory, and the *Belles Lettres.*

Q. Does any body direct you when to praiſe or diſpraiſe?

A. If the Bookſeller lives in *Pater-noſter-Row*, or has any Connection with the Publiſher, and happens to have bought the Copy, we are ſure to praiſe; we have a general Liſt of Things to be abuſed, hung up in the Garret, and we always go according to that for Abuſe.

Q. Do you remember the Liſt?

A. I remember ſome of it. It begun thus,

To be Abuſed,

Mr. *Smart*, whenever he publiſhes.

The Author of the *Grays-Inn-Journal*, whenever he publiſhes.

The

The Author of *Barbaroſſa.*

All Writers in Favour of the Church of *England.*

The Liturgy, the *Athanaſian* Creed, *&c.*

Paul Whitehead, Eſq; whenever he publiſhes a ſpirited and manly Satyr; and, in ſhort, true Genius and Taſte whenever they appear.

Here the Proſecution reſted; the Counſel for the Priſoners produced a Commiſſion from *Grub-ſtreet*, but it was over-ruled by the Court, who told them, that no *Grub-ſtreet* Commiſſion could authorize a Rebellion againſt Candor, Taſte, and Truth. They then offered an Extract of a Letter from *Oxford*, but, upon ſtrict Enquiry, the ſaid Letter was found to be a Forgery, no Individual of that Learned Body being capable of holding an Intercourſe with obſcure, hackney Scribblers, who deal out Malice and Invective by the Sheet. Whereupon the Council againſt the Proſecution, declared, they had nothing further to offer in Favour of their Clients, and the Judge proceeded to give his Charge to the Jury, declaring the *Monthly Review* to be an Inſult on the Underſtandings of all the good People of *Great-Britain*, calculated to ſerve the Purpoſes of Bookſellers, and gratify the Reſentment of *bad Authors*, who, as Mr. *Pope* obſerves, are generally *bad Men*.

He declared the arbitrary Proceeding of the Priſoners at the Bar to be very like the Declaration of a Perſonage in *Moliere*'s Play, called *Les Femmes Scavantes*, who ſays, very pleaſantly, "By our own Laws we "will be the ſole Judges of Compoſition; by our "Laws every Thing in Proſe and Verſe ſhall be ſub-"mitted to us; no one ſhall be allowed Wit, except "ourſelves and our Friends; we will make it our Buſineſs "to find fault and detract, till at length we ſhall find "ourſelves the only People capable of fine Writing."

Nous ſerons par nos loix les Juges des ouvrages;
Par nos loix, Proſe & Vers, tout nous ſera ſoumis;
Nul n'aura de l'eſprit, hors nous & nos amis.

Nous

Nous chercherons par tout à trouver à redire;
Et ne verrons que nous qui ſachent bien ecrire.

And it was therefore recommended to the Jury to bring in a Verdict for the Proſecution, which they accordingly did, without withdrawing from the Court. In Conſequence of which, Sentence was pronounced as follows.

You *William Purl*,——*Walter Wormwood*,——*Abraham Scurvygraſs*,—*Robert Mum* alias *Threethreads*,——*Oliver Tattoo*,——*Alexander M'Gregor*, and *John Bobadil*, are to go back to the Goal from whence ye came; there you are to be locked up from the uſe of Pen, Ink, and Paper, for the Space of three Years, during which Time, you are to be placed in the Pillory on the firſt Day of every Month (unleſs it ſhould fall on a *Sunday*) for the Space of two Hours; after which you are to be whipped through *Grub-ſtreet*, and ſo the Lord have Mercy on your Souls!

Purl, *Wormwood*, and *M'Gregor* petitioned to be hanged, in Imitation of one *Tutchin* celebrated in the *Dunciad*, but they were told, that like him they ſhould be *flagrant from the Scourge below*; *Bobadil*, pleaded his *Belly*, but it being upon Record that he had uſed the ſame Plea once before, it was rejected; whereupon he ſeemed to be hardened in Malevolence, and declared he would, as ſoon as an Opportunity offered, write a CRITICAL REVIEW*, for which he is undoubtedly very well qualified, as he has been an Enemy to every Thing praiſe-worthy for a long Time paſt, and has dealt more in anonymous Scandal, and other ſiniſter Artifices than any other Scribbler of the preſent Age.

Adjourned to Wedneſday *the* 18*th*.

* A notable Performance with this Title, has been lately publiſhed by Mr. *Baldwin* in *Pater-Noſter-Row*, in which may be ſeen infallible Traces of that egregious Author, the *Hero* of the *Hilliad*.

NUMB.

NUMB. 100. GRAY'S-INN, *Saturday, Sept.* 14, 1754.

Naturaliter audita visis laudamus libentius; & præsentia Invidiâ, præterita veneratione prosequimur: & his non Obrui, illis instrui credimus.

VELL. PATERCULUS. Lib. 2.

THERE is not a more favourite, or a more trite Subject, of Declamation, than the Degeneracy of the Times. Each Individual of Society, charitably judging himself excepted from the general Reproach, assumes a Privilege to inveigh against the Vices of the Age, and the total Decline from those Virtues, which immortalized the exalted Characters of Antiquity, and enabled the Ancestors of the present Race of *Englishmen*, to deliver down to Posterity a Constitution, which still renders them the Envy of the World.

This splenetic Humour of decrying the Moderns, is become so universal, that all Ranks and Orders of Men, seem more or less infected by it. The Divine pathetically bewails the shameful Neglect of Religion. The Patriot laments, that Venality and Corruption have irretrievably extinguished the genuine Spirit of Liberty. The Philosopher sighs, that Enthusiasm and Superstition should have usurped the Throne of free Enquiry, and debased the intellectual Faculties. The Fair complain, that the dissolute Inclinations of the Men compel them to drag out an uncomfortable Life in Celibacy; while the Men, in their Turn, pour out the most bitter Invectives against the Extravagance and Dissipation of the other Sex, which, they would have the World believe, are risen to such an Excess, that the Word Ma-

trimony

trimony carries with it the Idea of Bankruptcy and Ruin. Nay ſo far has the Influence of this Infatuation reached, that it is become very common for even Stock-jobbers to aſſert, "that Things are not now, as they "have been——nothing is to be done now——the "Brokerage in and out runs away with all the Profit; "whereas, in King *William*'s Time, when the Govern-"ment was diſtreſſed for Money, and neceſſitated to "give ſix *per Cent.* upon a Loan, great Strokes were "to be made."

In order, therefore, to ſhew the Unreaſonableneſs, as well as Diſingenuity, of this epidemic Diſſatisfaction with the Age, in which I had the Happineſs to be born, I ſhall endeavour to demonſtrate, and, I flatter myſelf, I ſhall be able to do it, beyond all Poſſibility of Doubt, that the now exiſting Inhabitants of *Great-Britain*, ſo far from being inferior to their illuſtrious Predeceſſors, do at this Day ſurpaſs the Ancients in all the admired Virtues and Qualifications, which the moſt enthuſiaſtic Idolizer of Antiquity ſhall be able to point out.

In the firſt Place, *Socrates*, *Plato*, *Cicero*, and ſome few others of remote Antiquity, are frequently celebrated for that amazing Strength of Mind, which enabled them to detect the Impoſtures of the Religion, eſtabliſhed in the Country where they were born, and empowered them to break through the Impediments, which Superſtition and Prieſtcraft had placed in the Avenues to Truth. But ſurely the inſignificant Number of Inſtances, that ancient Hiſtory furniſhes, of thoſe truly-philoſophic Characters, however, reſpectable the Names may be, will little deſerve our Attention, when we conſider how infinitely the preſent Age eclipſes their Claim of Superiority, in this Reſpect. Is there a Gentleman at this Day, any Way converſant in polite Life, who does not entertain the greateſt Contempt for the Prejudices, or Faith (as it is vulgarly called,) in which he was educated? Are not the Coffee-houſes

about

about *Temple-Bar*, nay, even in the City, so many Seminaries, where our Youth discuss the most important Questions of Philosophy, and explode the Errors imposed on Mankind for so many Centuries? Nor is this Knowledge, as among the Ancients, the Result of tedious Enquiry and Meditation, but entirely intuitive, being most eminent in those, who are almost totally void of the least Acquisition in any Branch of Literature, and indebted to Nature alone for their astonishing Discoveries.

The Advocate for Antiquity will, perhaps, thunder out an Eulogium on the exalted Virtue and Patriotism of *Cato*, *Brutus*, and several other illustrious *Romans*, who, prodigal of Life, disdained to survive the Liberties of their Country. But certainly there can be no room to run a Parallel, the Advantage is so obviously on the Side of the Moderns. Those ingenious Historians, the Daily News-Writers, in every Page of their Works afford us Examples of the noblest Disregard of Death. The *Roman* voluntarily quits the World, because he could not bear to be a Witness of the Slavery of his Country; but, the *Englishman* puts a Period to his Existence, because the Fogs of *November* depress his Spirits, and he scorns to be compelled to live longer, than Life continues agreeable. How noble is this Spirit of Freedom! which is not confined to People of Birth and Education, but extends itself to the lowest Mechanics, insomuch, that my Lord is not more ready to discharge a Pistol through his Brain, than his Barber. In short, the Point is so extremely clear, that it would be quite superfluous to labour at the Proof of it, and I may venture to assert, that no Nation, of which History has preserved the least Record, has any Pretension, to dispute the Glory of Suicide with *England*.

I am aware, that great Stress may be laid upon the literary Merit of the Ancients, and expect to hear the Names of *Aristotle*, *Longinus* and *Quintilian* thrown

out

out, with an exulting Air of Triumph. Far be it from me, to attempt to derogate from the long eſtabliſhed Fame of thoſe great Men. Undoubtedly, they were very good Critics for the Times, in which they lived; but with all due Reſpect to thoſe celebrated Geniuſſes, we may take the Liberty to ſuppoſe, that the Art of Criticiſm muſt be now much better underſtood, than it poſſibly could be in their Days, as it is much more univerſally ſtudied. Attorneys Clerks, Mercers 'Apprentices, and Merchants Book-keepers in this Year 1754, *credite poſteri* are thoroughly qualified to pronounce, in the moſt deciſive Manner, upon the Merit of all literary Compoſitions, particularly dramatic Poetry, the nobleſt Province of polite Learning; not to mention, that we have found out the Abſurdity, and ſhook off the reſtraint, of thoſe Fetters, which the Stagyrite would rivet on us, and transferred them to our Gallic Neighbours, a Nation inured to, and patient of, Slavery.

Should any diſcontented, or diſappointed Politician, after poring over *Livy*, inſinuate, that Mankind are not now, as they were in the Times of the *Roman* Republic, when private Conſiderations always gave Way to the publick Good, I would only deſire ſuch a phlegmatic Murmurer to look through the Kingdom, and obſerve what a Number of Gentlemen have impaired their Eſtates, and deſtroyed the Tranquillity and Happineſs of their Families, in order to procure a Seat in the Repreſentative-Aſſembly of the Nation: undoubtedly with no other View, but that they might be watchful over the Liberties of their Country.

Some mercantile Cynic, diſſatisfied with an unruly Son, who finds more Charms within the Regions of *Covent-Garden*, than the Counting-Houſe, will perhaps pay little Regard to what I have hitherto advanced, and exclaim, 'that the Spirit of Induſtry is quite loſt, and 'People of this Age regard nothing but Pleaſure.'—— But the Injuſtice of this Cenſure would evidently appear

to

to this narrow-minded Citizen, if, the next Time he went to the Pit at *Drury-Lane* with his Wife and Daughters on a *Saturday*, he would take the Trouble to make Enquiry, concerning the moſt gay and brilliant Perſonages in the Boxes. He could then be informed, that they are Gentlemen, by Way of Eminence, diſtinguiſhed by the Appellation of *Knights of Induſtry*, who, without any viſible Means of Subſiſtence, enjoy all the Pleaſures of this Metropolis, in the moſt elegant Manner, and run into Expences, which few Men of *real* Fortune can ſupport.

Let us now turn our View to the amiable Sex, and enter into a Compariſon between the Females of ancient Times and the preſent Ladies of *Great Britain.* In what an honourable Light will our Country-Women appear? In vain ſhall the Pedant, who derives his Knowledge ſolely from Books, harangue upon the conjugal Attachment of *Roman* Matrons, while we can mention numberleſs *Britiſh* Wives, who, at this Day, with unexampled Unanimity, go Hand in Hand with their Huſbands, in purſuit of the grand Buſineſs of Life; mean GAMING; which Mr. *Pope*, in his uſual emphatic Manner, calls *the Nation's laſt great Trade.* Nor ſhould the Candor and Diſintereſtedneſs of the Virgins of this Iſland want that Encomium, which Juſtice cannot refuſe. *Plutarch* informs us, that *Lycurgus* ordered the *Spartan* Nymphs to appear at the public Exerciſes, in Garments, made with artificial Openings, in different Parts, in order that the *Lacedæmonian* Youth might be captivated, by a ſeemingly accidental Diſcovery of their Charms. But our Fair ones, diſdaining ſo diſingenuous a Proceeding, and ſcorning to take Advantage of the Illuſion of Imagination, which, inflamed by a tranſient Glympſe, is apt to form enthuſiaſtic Ideas of hidden Beauty, *ſhew Things as they really are*, and by making a generous Diſplay of all their Charms, leave no room to their future Huſbands, to

com-

complain, that they were deceived in their Expectations.

These Examples, which I have brought in support of the Proposition, I undertook to prove, will sufficiently evince to every impartial Mind, that the pretended Pre-eminence of *Greece* and *Rome* over *Britain*, has no other Foundation, than Prepossession and Envy; and all unprejudiced Readers must acquiesce in the Truth of the Observation, made, with great Insight into human Nature, by the elegant Historian, from whom I have taken the Motto of this Paper——*We are naturally more ready to do Justice to what we hear of than to what we see; cotemporary Merit excites our Envy, but that of ancient Times our Veneration: We do not think ourselves eclipsed by the latter, but consider the former as a reproachful Lesson to us.*

TRUE INTELLIGENCE.

Court of Censorial Enquiry, Wednesday Sept. 11.

PUrsuant to Adjournment the Court met this Day, when *William Quibble* was Indicted, for that he, without having the Fear of the God of Wit before his Eyes, the *Bedford* Coffee-house did enter, and then and there several Puns did make to the great Annoyance of the Company, *&c.*

The Cause was opened by Counsellor *Truewit*, who urged, that Punning is the meanest Exercise of the human Faculties; that though *Bohours* has established it for a Rule that the most brilliant Thought, must upon Examination lose its Lustre, unless Truth be the Foundation of it, the Persons, who have contracted this Imbecillity of Mind, depend always upon some false Turn to recommend themselves, and that therefore a Propensity to Punning is not only a Sign of the most flimsy Intellectuals, but also an Affront to the Understanding of every Person to whom it is offered.

Isaac

Isaac Solid. I was setting at the *Bedford* Coffee-house, and I enquired what Time of the Day it might be, and the Prisoner at the Bar answered me, that his *Pastime* was *spoiled.*

William Sensible. I was at the *Bedford* Coffee-house at the same Time, and he was making his Brags that he had been in a *Field-bed* with a young Lady, whose Brother was present, and, being called to an Account about it, he then said, he meant it only in Joke; that he happened to lie down in *Marybone* Fields when she was walking there, and so was in a *Field-bed.*

William Ashley. I am a Shoemaker, and the Prisoner at the Bar desired me to let him have a *neat Pump*——I neglected the Business of my other Customers, and when I brought it Home on *Saturday* Night, he told me, he meant a *Water-pump*, and offered me for my Trouble a Draft upon *Aldgate-pump*, and then fell a Laughing at me.

Prisoner's Defence.

I look upon a good Pun to be an agreeable Effort of the Mind, but, if it should appear to the Jury that I am guilty of any Transgression, I hope this *pitiful* Bench will take my Case into Consideration. GUILTY.

Then the Judge ordered him to perform a *Quarantine* before he offered to enter into Society again, and during the Time of his Penance, he was commanded to study Mr. *Locke*'s Chapter upon Judgment, which it was hoped might serve to give him a due Sense of his Error, and a Relish for something more solid than the frivolous Amusement he had hitherto addicted himself to. *Adjourned.*

NUMB. 101. GRAY'S-INN, *Saturday*, *Sept.* 21, 1754.

Si Veteres ita miratur laudatque,———
Ut nihil anteferat, nihil illis comparet; errat.

HOR.

To CHARLES RANGER, *Esq;*

SIR,

I Cannot but very much approve that Spirit of Patriotiſm, which ſeems to have inſpired the Eſſay of laſt *Saturday*. The Generality of Mankind are ſlaviſhly attached to eſtabliſhed Prejudices, and it muſt be a ſtrong and manly Genius, that will dare to examine received Opinions, and boldly aſſert the Truth againſt popular Sentiments and vulgar Error. This, Mr. *Ranger*, you have performed very eminently in your laſt Paper; and as I entirely coincide with your Way of thinking, I beg Leave to addreſs this Letter to you, as a Supplement to what you have there advanced.

I muſt avow that I entirely agree with you, that the Moderns have in every thing greatly exceeded the admired Ancients. If the latter boaſt their *Plato*, we have our Lord *Shaftſbury*; and if the Death of *Cato* is juſtly ſtiled by the Poet, *Catonis nobile Letum*, becauſe he would not ſurvive the Loſs of Liberty, is it not much more heroic in a modern Cobler to diſpatch himſelf, for on other Reaſon but that he does not like the Weather, or in a Nobleman to cut his Throat, becauſe he has loſt the odd Trick at Whiſt? In addition to this, it muſt be conſidered that few Inſtances of this Sort of Fortitude are ecorded among the *Romans*; whereas I am credibly informed

formed by a very sensible Man, and one of the *Coroner's Inquest*, that there does not pass by a single Day, without his being called to survey the glorious Reliques of a self-devoted Taylor, Shoemaker, &c. The same Person assures me at the same Time, that not a tenth Part of those exalted Minds have the due Honours paid to their Memory by the public News-papers, but are permitted to remove themselves from human Life in the same Silence, as if they had quietly pass'd through Nature to Eternity, and never dared to fly in the Face of their Maker. But to set this Matter in the clearest Point of View, I shall here draw up a Catalogue of whatever may seem to give the Ancients a Claim to our Preference, contrasted with a List of modern Improvements, upon a fair Inspection of which, I flatter myself, the Laurel, will by every impartial Reader be adjudged to the present Age.

Ancient Catalogue.	*Modern Catalogue*
1 *Aristotle.*	1 Doctor *Hill.*
2 *Hippocrates.*	2 Doctor *Rock.*
3 *Socrates.*	3 *Whitfield.*
4 *Tully.*	4 Orator *Henley.*
5 *Cato Uticensis.*	5 *Englishmen* that hang and drown themselves.
6 *Epictetus's* Morals.	6 *Theo. Cibber's* Dissertations.
7 The *Stoics*, the *Sceptics*, the *Peripatetics*, the *Acedemics*, the *Epicureans*, &c. &c.	7 The *Theists*, *Mandevillians*, *Muggletonians*, *Hutchinsonians*, the *Robin Hood* Society, &c.
8 *Dionysius Halicarnassensis. Longinus*, *Quintilian.*	8 The Authors of the *Monthly Review.*
9 A Secession of the *Romana* Plebs.	9 An *English* Mob.
10 The Eleusinian Mysteries.	10 Free Masonry.
11 *Balnea Romana.*	11 The *Covent Garden* Bagnios.

12 The

12 The Olympick Games.	12 *Newmarket* Races.
13 *Plato*'s *Sympoſion.*	13 The Club at *White*'s.
14 *Senatus Populuſque Romanus.*	14 O! the Roaſt Beef of *Old England.*

Without adding any ſupernumerary Articles, I think, it is manifeſt from the above State of the Caſe, that the Moderns can eaſily balance the Scale with the ſo much celebrated Ancients. But the Matter does not reſt here, Mr. *Ranger*; I am convinced we can throw in ſeveral Circumſtances which will greatly entitle us to the Pre-eminence. As for inſtance, I do not find that they had an *Atheiſt* among them; and ſurely the Character of an *Atheiſt* muſt in the Eyes of all Men of Senſe, do very great Honour to the preſent Age, the Tenets of his Philoſophy being entirely new, and ſuch as were not diſcover'd by *Plato*, *Tully*, *Socrates*, or any of the ancient Philoſophers: That happy Diſcovery being reſerved for the preſent Age, ſo much enlightened, as a great Genius ſays, in all true Philoſophy. Add to this, what has been already urged on a ſimilar Occaſion, the Ancients were totally ignorant of the Laws of *England*, and, I believe, it cannot be denied, but the common Law of *England* is by many Degrees preferable to the Laws of *Solon*, or any other Legiſlator, as it is founded upon the ſure Baſis of common Senſe, intelligible to the meaneſt Capacity without much Study, and full as eaſy in the Practice as in the Theory. I muſt acknowledge that I have read in *Livy* and *Salluſt* ſome random Accounts of the Contempt the Candidates had in *Rome* for Money upon all Elections for the Conſulſhip, the Tribuneſhip, *&c.* this Procedure among them was ſtiled by the ill-natured by the Name of *Ambitus*, and by the rigid among the Moderns Bribery and Corruption; but, to diveſt Things of odious Appellations, the public and benevolent Spirit of our Countrymen at a general Election cannot be parallelled any where in the *Roman* Page. The Ancients occaſi-

onally make a Murmur concerning a Matter which they call *nequissima fænora*, but it will need no Force of Argument to prove, that Usury has attained to a greater Degree of Profusion among the Moderns. How many young Heirs are ruined with us before they come to Years of Discretion? Not to mention that they had not the faintest Idea of the *Stocks*, *Jonathan*'s Coffee-House, *Change-Alley*, the *South-Sea-House*, the *India-House*, *Rescounters*, *Directors*, *Brokers*, *&c.* That the *Romans* were a very expensive People, is very well known to Mr. *Ranger*, and every one who has dipped into *Vertot*'s Revolutions, or the famous *Montesquieu*'s Causes of the Declension of the *Roman* Empire; notwithstanding this, I have the Pleasure to congratulate my Countrymen on our owing so many Millions of Money; and I persuade myself, every one of my Readers will allow, that the national Debt gives us a very great Advantage over the Ancients. I am not ignorant that *Sallust* mentions *publicè Egestatem, privatim Opulentiam, public Penury* and *private Opulence*. But, Sir, I appeal to you whether we have not both these more glaringly than appears any where in the *Roman* History. Tho' I should be sorry to be guided by a national Partiality in this Matter, yet I cannot but think our *national Debt* is as remarkable a Thing as I ever read of in History; and as to private Wealth the infinite Sums of Money laid out in artificial Falls of Water, artificial Canals, and indeed in artificial Wine, *&c.* most evidently evince our Superiority. Moreover, I apprehend, the Ancients were entire Strangers to Routs and Drums; not to mention two or three Hundred Card-Tables in one House. I do not think that they seem to have the faintest Idea of an E. O. Table, of *reversing*, of *forcing*, of *finessing*, of *seesawing*, and the many elegant Turns in the Game of Whist. *Picquet*, *Brag*, *Backgammon*, *Cribbidge*, are not even mentioned in the slightest manner, and, I flatter myself I may say, without the Danger of a Controversy, that

the Discoveries made by Mr. *Hoyle* in the Doctrine of *Chances*, by far exceed their deepest Researches in the Mathematicks.

To give the Argument another turn; the Beauty, the Elegance and Manners of our *British* Ladies give a surprizing Lustre to the present Age. Horace informs us,

Matronæ præter faciem nil cernere possis,
Cætera, ni Catia est, demissâ veste tegentis.

A Matron never shews any Part of her Person except her Face, they being all studious, unless it be *Catia*, to cover the rest of their amiable bodies with a Garment. *Catia* it seems then is a singular Instance; but how different is the Conduct of the Matrons of the modern Times? They have all happily emerged from the Ruff of Queen *Bess*, and their chief Endeavour is to display all their Charms to full View. Had this Fashion prevailed among the ancient Ladies, I conceive, a *naked Venus* would not have been so great a Rarity. Indeed in *England* some Remains of this false Modesty prevailed not very long since, in consequence of which Mr. *Pope* has finely said,

If Queensbury *to strip there's no compelling,*
'Tis from a Handmaid we must take an Helen.

But happily future Painters will not be reduced to such Difficulties, as the modern Ladies are daily stripping as fast as they can, and the visible Approaches of the amiable Sex to a general Nakedness cannot fail to give a Lustre to my fair Countrywomen beyond all *Greek* and *Roman* Fame. The Tendency to undressing is so strong at present, that I make no doubt but the Time will come in a Period not far distant, when Miss in her Teens will cry out, "Lard, Mamma, I have been reading the "*World* or the *Gray's-Inn Journal*, but they are so full "of hard cramp Words, I can't think what to make of "'em--Pray, Mamma, what can they mean by Stays?" "—Really Child, says Mamma, I can't say for certain, "but

" but if one may conjecture, I should imagine, that in " those Days the Women wore something about their Bo- " dies as high from the Waist up as the Pit of their Sto- " mach".—" He! he! he! Mamma what a ridiculous " Fashion that must be! What has a Woman a fine " Skin for but to shew it? or if she has not a fine Skin, " what has she Paint for but to make a fine Skin? And " then Mamma, what could the Petticoat be?"—" Why " Child, it looks as if in those Days they wore a Cover- " ing for their Limbs down from the Waist as low as the " Ankle."—" He! he! he! says Miss, what has a Woman " Legs for but to shew 'em? And then Mamma, I sup- " pose by Crown-whist that the People in those Days " were so penurious, and so pitiful, and so careful as only " to play for Crowns?"—" Yes, Child, says Mamma, " that is pretty plain, and keeping *Sundays* was then " made a Crime, and three Hundred Card-Tables was " then counted a Thing of Consequence"—" Well, Mam- " ma, I am as glad as any thing I was not born in those " grave, formal Times."

This, or something not unlike it, will most assuredly be the Language of the rising Generation, and if Improvements are made in other Branches, such as the *national Debt*, *Atheism*, *&c.* I persuade myself, that whatever the Admirers of the Antients may urge at present, our Superiority will then be incontestible.

Pleased with the Prospect of this happy Period, I will here lay down my Pen, and subscribe myself Mr. *Ranger*'s

Most Obedient and very Humble Servant,

A MODERN PHILOSOPHER.

TRUE INTELLIGENCE.

INSTEAD of giving any Articles from different Quarters of the Town this Day, I ſhall be guilty of an Anachroniſm, which I perſuade myſelf the Reader will excuſe, as it is to introduce the following elegant Copy of Verſes, written by Mr. *Garrick*, on one of the firſt poetic Geniuſſes of this Age entering into Orders.

Upon Mr. MASON's *taking Orders.*

TO *Holderneſſe*, the Muſes three
Of *Painting*, *Muſic*, *Poetry*,
To him, their long lov'd Patron, Friend,
In grievous Pet this Letter ſend———

Give ear, my Lord, while we complain,
Our Sex to you ne'er ſigh'd in vain.
'Tis ſaid—A Youth by you befriended,
Whom to your Smiles we recommended;
Seduc'd by you, abjures our Charms,
And flies for ever from our Arms!
Could *Darcy*, whom we lov'd, careſs'd,
In whoſe Protection we were bleſt,
Could *he*, to whom our Sire imparts
That Secret rare to taſte our Arts,
Could *he*, ungrateful, and unkind!
From us eſtrange our *Maſon*'s Mind?
Could *he*, who ſerves and loves the Nation,
So little weigh it's Reputation,
As in this Scarcity of Merit,
To damp with Grace poetic Spirit?
But be aſſur'd your Scheme is vain—
He muſt, he ſhall be ours again:
Nor Crape nor Lawn ſhall quench his Fires,
We'll fill his Breaſt with new Deſires!
In vain you plead his Ordination,
His Caſſock, Gown, and grave Vocation,

Whate'er

Whate'er he now has ſworn, he ſwore,
With ſtronger Zeal to us before:
He paſs'd our Forms of Conſecration,
His Lips receiv'd our Inſpiration;
To him were all our Rites reveal'd,
From him no Myſt'ry was conceal'd——
Each kindred Pow'r obey'd our Call,
And grac'd the ſolemn Feſtival!
The *Loves* forſook their *Cyprian* Bow'rs,
And round his Temples, wreath'd their Flow'rs:
The *Graces* danc'd their myſtic Maze,
Our *Father* ſtruck him with his Rays;
And all our *Siſters* one by one,
Gave him full Draughts of Helicon!
Thus bound *our* Servant at the Shrine,
* *Ordain'd* he was, and made *Divine!*

* The *Ordination* and *Divinity* mentioned in the above Line has been, ſince this Prediction, eminently diſplayed in four Odes, to *Memory*, *Independency*, *Melancholy*, and on the *Fate of Tyranny*.

NUMB. 102. GRAY'S-INN, *Saturday*, *Sept.* 28, 1754.

Lauſus Equum domitor. VIRG.

IT is obſerved by *Horace*, that in a long Work an Author may very lawfully indulge himſelf with a Nap; on this Account I ſhall make no Apology for having been occaſionally caught nodding; on the contrary, I ſhall make an Account of the various Occurrences, I lately met with in my Sleep, the Subject of this Day's Paper.

I dreamt, that, being on board a Merchantman, upon a Voyage, which indiſpenſible Buſineſs obliged me to make, we were drove by Diſtreſs of Weather far to the Southward in the *Great Pacific* Ocean, and that, in the Night-Time, we were ſuddenly thrown on the Shore of an Iſland totally unknown to the Ship's Crew. While

they were, next Morning, all Hands at Work to get off the Ship, I adventured farther up into the Country, and had not journeyed far, when I perceived myself to be in the Land of the *Houyhnhnms*, mentioned by Capt. *Gulliver*, in his Travels, and in a little Time methought I met with the same Master *Houyhnhnm* with whom that accurate Traveller so long conversed. As he had before seen one of my Species I was freed from the disagreeable Circumstances of being stared at, and shewed about, in the Manner we do a tall Man or a short Woman in *England*. The Master *Houynhnhnm* immediately took me into a private Apartment, and began to question me concerning the State of *Europe*, and that of *Great Britain* in particular. He asked me whether the same Vices were still in fashion among us, and more especially whether that List of Enormities, which *Gulliver* had mentioned to him were still continued in Practice; such as *Robbing*, *Stealing*, *Cheating*, *Pimping*, *Forswearing*, *Flattering*, *Suborning*, *Forging*, *Gaming*, *Lying*, *Fauning*, *Hectoring*, *Voting*, *Scribbling*, *Star-gazing*, *Poisoning*, *Whoreing*, *Canting*, *Libelling*, *Freethinking*, and the like. I told him they flourished with as much, if not more Vigour, than ever, and that two of them, *viz.* *Gaming* and *Libelling* encreased and gathered Strength every Day; that there are several in the Metropolis of *Great-Britain* who professedly live by them; that in order to carry on the former, *viz.* Gaming, with Alacrity, there are several Societies formed, where they meet with a Design upon one another's Pockets, which was introductory of another Crime, not mentioned by *Gulliver*, viz. *Suicide*; this I took some Pains to explain, and then he fetched a deep Groan at the Pride and Arrogance of human Nature. I added, that the *Female Yahoos* amongst us were all turned absolute Gamesters, and kept Routs, Drums, Hurricanes, &c. for the Purposes of Play. I remember I had a very sensible Pleasure in calling the fair Gamesters by the Name

Name of *Female Yahoos*, because I really think that Term very aptly appropriated to them, when they relinquish their native Delicacy, and become a Prey to all the tormenting Passions of Gaming. I further informed the Master *Houyhnhnm*, that Libelling is now in greater Vogue than ever, and that a Society was formed for that Purpose by a Set of Scribblers, who call themselves *Critical and Monthly Reviewers*, and from their obscure Haunts attack the Reputation of every Man, whom they dislike for no Motive, except that strong Antipathy which Dullness and Malice always have to Genius and a fair Fame. The worthy *Houyhnhnm* here fetched a second Groan, hurt by a Reflection on the Baseness of human Nature: He then enquired about his former Acquaintance, Capt. *Gulliver*, and said he looked upon him to be exempt from all the mean sordid Vices of his Species. Whereupon I informed him, that *Gulliver* was only that celebrated Person's travelling Name; that in *Europe* he was known by the immortal Name of Doctor *Swift*; as I am particularly fond of the Writings of that great Genius, and never travel without them, I informed the *Houyhnhnm*, that I had his Works in my Chest, and if he would permit me to return to the Ship, I would have the Honour of presenting them to him. This Proposal was perfectly agreeable, and in a little Space of Time I came back with that elegant Edition of *Swift*'s Works lately publish'd by Mr. *Hawksworth*. In a few Days he read over the best Part of his Works, and was delighted with most of them, but more particularly with the faithful Account of the Conversation he formerly had with him, which, he said, was set down without the least Deviation from Truth. He added, that the Account prefixed by Mr. *Hawksworth*, of the Author's Life was an admirable Composition. "I observe, said he, that my "old Acquaintance *Gulliver*, or *Swift*, was at once an "Instance of the Dignity and the Imbecillity of human "Nature; and the Writer of his Life, I am persuaded,

"must

"must have both a clear Head and a good Heart, be-
"cause his Stile is properly concise, and always clear, "strong and harmonious, and it is with a very percepti-"ble Regret that he speaks of the Infirmities of his Au-"thor; he seems tenderly to fling them into Shades, to "soften away every thing unamiable, and to place his "good Qualities in the most glaring Light." Finding the worthy *Houyhnhnm* to be very much pleased with this Performance of Mr. *Hawksworth*, I made him a Present of the *Adventurer* in four Volumes, which he received with a seeming Avidity, and chancing to light upon the Eastern Story of *Carazan*, the *Merchant of Bagdat*, he confessed himself delighted with the Moral which it inculcates, and amazed at his Warmth and Sublimity of Imagination.

The *Houyhnhnm* observed, when I presented the above Books to him, that I dropt a Paper, and in some Confusion hastily snatched it up. This Paper was no other than Mr. *Pons*'s List of the Horses that run at *New-market*, which I was desirous to conceal from him, but being urged to show it, he laughed at the Whimsicalness of the Conceit, as he supposed it to be, and he wondered Mr. *Pons* would say the Thing which was not. I assur'd him of the Veracity of the Account, and told him, however, incredible it might appear, that *Jockeys* rid Horses, or *Houyhnhnms*, at full speed for Wagers in many other Places in *England*, and that even the first Noblemen would frequently ride their own Horses, and appear at a great Meeting no better than *Jockeys* and *Grooms*. To convince him further of the great Perfection we have attained in the Management of Horses, I produced to him *A New System of Horsemanship from the* French *of Monsieur* Bourgelat, *By* Richard Berenger, *Esq*; He at first laughed at the Impracticability of the Scheme, but upon my assuring him, that the whole was founded on the justest Observation, he immediately sent for another *Houyhnhnm*, and ordered me to mount him, in order to shew him the

Efficacy

Efficacy of the Rules. In vain I endeavoured to decline it by Apologies for my own Want of Dexterity; to encourage me he bid the *Houyhnhnm* not do me a Miſchief, and I was obliged to vault into the Saddle, where I fixed myſelf upon the *Twiſt, with a proper Graſp or Hold,* and *that too without employing any Strength, but truſting entirely to the Balance of my Body. I employed a quick and feeling Hand,* and then made him advance, go back, turn to the right and left according to my own Will and Pleaſure. The Maſter *Houyhnhnm,* was ſurprized to ſee me have ſo abſolute a Command; the *Volte,* the *Demivolte,* the *Gallop,* the ſeveral *Paſſades,* the *Terre-a-Terre,* the *Mezair,* the *Curvet, &c.* were Matters of Aſtoniſhment to him, and when I alighted the *Houyhnhnm,* which I rode, declared that ſeveral Times, his Pride being picqued, he attempted to fling me, but that by a quick Turn of the Wriſt, he found his Power totally taken away from him. The Maſter again carried me into his Apartment, and after expreſſing a due Degree of Aſtoniſhment, " Surely, ſaid he, the Perſon who can thus, in " ſo elegant and perſpicuous a Manner, put together a " Syſtem of Rules for ſubduing the noble Race of *Houy-* " *hnhnms,* muſt make great Attainments, whenever he " turns his Thoughts to other Matters." I anſwered, that his Conjecture was perfectly juſt; that the Author had publiſhed that Performance becauſe Riding is his favourite Excerciſe, and that it is to be hoped he will ſome Day handle other Topics, with that Taſte and Delicacy with which this Compoſition ſhews he can treat ordinary Things.—" No Doubt, ſays the *Houyhnhnm,* " when he thus touches on what it ſeems in *England,* is but " the common Buſineſs of Life, but he muſt diſplay great " Elegance, when he diſcuſſes Matters of more Re- " finement. I own I ſhould be glad to converſe with " him, tho' I conſider him as a kind of Enemy, and I " hope he is a ſeafaring Man, that I may have ſome " Chance of ſeeing him here one time or other." Up-

on hearing the Author was designed by Birth, Genius, and Education to shine in another Sphere, he declar'd himself sorry, and in Compliance with my Request, gave me Leave to return to the Ship, which was by this Time got off the Shore. I therefore kissed his Hoof, which he raised for me, as he formerly did to *Gulliver*, and after desiring his Compliments to the Editor of *Swift*'s *Works*, and the Author of the *System of Horsemanship*, he dismissed me with a serious Admonition to avoid the Meannesses and the several sordid Vices of human Nature. Whereupon I took my final Leave, and returned to my Companions. We sailed with a prosperous Wind, and, meeting but few Accidents in our Voyage, in a short Time, arrived at *Gravesend*. My Joy at finding myself once more in *Old England* was so great, that I expressed myself in the Language of the Country I came from, and awakened out of my Sleep crying out HOUYHNHNM.

TRUE INTELLIGENCE.

From my own Apartment, *Sept.* 28, 1754.

AS this is the last Opportunity I shall have of giveing Articles of true Intelligence, I have determined to give the Precedence in this Day's Paper, to a succinct Account of the Proceedings at a Court of censorial Enquiry against the Author of this Paper. I flatter myself, that by these Means the Exceptions which may have been taken to these little Compositions, will be stated in a fair Light, and the Writer's Conduct throughout his Undertaking, put beyond the Reach of Calumny or Detraction.

Court of Censorial Enquiry, *Wednesday*, *Sept.* 26.

This Day CHARLES RANGER, Esq; appeared at the Bar of this Court, upon an Indictment found against him, for that he wantonly and indiscreetly from Time to Time

Time in his *Gray's-Inn Journal* made too free wi h Characters which had not offended him, to the great Uneasiness of the Persons so attacked, and against the Statute recorded by *Horace, Sublato jure nocendi, &c.*

Ranger objected to several who were summoned to be on the Jury, offering various Reasons as Occasion required, such as *Dulness, Ignorance, Prejudice, &c.* At length this Point being adjusted, the Cause was opened by Counsellor *Fester*, who spared neither Elocution nor Eloquence to inflame the Mind of the Court, and the Gentlemen impanelled against the Prisoner at the Bar. Many Instances, he insisted, could be pointed out of personal Resentment, and Malice prepense, *&c.* After which, several Passages of *Ranger*'s Writings were read in Court, and several Witnesses appeared to enforce the Charge exhibited against him.——Among these were *Quinbus Flestrin*, from the *Bedford* Coffee House; *Bob Nankeen, Nat Pigtail, Harry Lappel, Jack Oakstick, Jemmy Scratch*, from the City; Mr. *Mac Gregor*, Mr. *Broadbrim*, Mr. *Shallow, &c.* from the Robinhood Society; Monf. *Bourguignon*, Monf. *Languedoc*, Monf. *Bernard*; Monf. *Soup meagre*; *&c.* from *Tom*'s in *Cornhill*, and *Slaughter*'s in *St. Martin*'s *Lane*; *Moses Aminadab, Selim Levi, Rubens Shylock*, &c. from *Dukes Place*; and some others from various Parts of the Town; all these deposed, that the Prisoner had indulged himself in frequent Strokes of Pleasantry upon them, and they therefore hoped the Jury would bring in a Verdict accordingly.

Prisoner's Defence.

May it please this honourable Court, and you Gentlemen of the Jury.

The Imputation of wantonly making free with Characters that had not given any personal Offence, is a Point I must speak a few Words to, because I think it a very fallacious Argument, and

if

if it be ſuppoſed to carry any Weight, it may be ſufficient to tie up the Hands of every Satyriſt. It is not neceſſary, that a ridiculous Character ſhould tread upon an Author's Toe, or offend him in ſome other Manner; without that, he is free Game for every Sportſman of the Quill; and that this is Mr. POPE's Opinion appears from the following Lines;

And muſt no Egg in Japhet's *Face be thrown,*
Becauſe the Deed he forg'd was not my own?

I muſt farther declare before this honourable Court, that I never ſaw one of theſe Gentlemen, who have appeared againſt me, in my Life.——Their Faces, their Perſons, their Characters, are to me perfectly unknown: and therefore I preſume, it may be fairly inferred, that I never meant to give the leaſt Annoyance to any one in particular—They were all Perſonages of my own Creation, and ſomething like them I imagined might exiſt in Nature, and therefore I fanſied I had a Right to laſh or banter any Vice or Folly under imaginary Names, without intending a perſonal Application in any one Inſtance. Having ſaid thus much, I think it unneceſſary in ſo plain a Caſe to take up the Time of the Court, to whoſe equitable Deciſions I implicitly reſign myſelf.

Hereupon the Jury withdrew, and in a few Minutes brought in their Verdict NOT GUILTY, to the great Satisfaction of *Ranger* and his Friends, and the Diſappointment of the Group of Witneſſes mentioned above. The Lord Chief Juſtice of the Court then broke his Staff, declared his Commiſſion to be annulled, and the cenſorial Court was finally diſmiſſed.

NUMB. 103. GRAY's-INN, *Saturday, Oct.* 5, 1756.

Frange miser Calamos, vigilataque prælia dele,
Qui facis in parvâ sublimia carmina cellâ;
Ut dignus venias hederis, & imagine macrâ. JUV.

Nec lusisse pudet, sed non incidere ludum. HOR.

A SPIRIT of Enterprize administers to the Heart, in which its Pulsations are felt, the strongest and most glowing Pleasures our Constitutions can admit; Doubts and Fears may arise, but they are soon quenched by sanguine Hope; Success hovers over the young Schemist's Head; Fame stands in a Corner of the Picture, which fond Fancy has framed, blowing her immortal Trumpet, and Happiness and gay Serenity dart in sprightly Vibrations through his Soul. Happy, were the golden dream never to evaporate! But Clouds arise that blot the intellectual Radiance, and as soon as the Beams of Imagination are diminished, the Passions, like Flowers at the Setting Sun, immediately are contracted, the Spirits, that expanded every Nerve, sink in their Channels, subside into Languor, and Satiety takes Possession of the Mind. I remember, to have met with a Story of a prime Minister to *Pyrrhus*, who seems to have had a shrewd Turn of Humour. When the King happened, in the full Rapture of Expedition, and his Imagination dilated with Ideas of future Conquest, to expatiate at large upon the various Incidents of his growing Enterprize: "Pray Sir, (says he) what does all this tend to? Why, " cries the Monarch, I shall add the neighbouring Na-" tions to my Dominions.—Well! and what then, pray? " Why then I shall declare War against the adjacent

" States.

"States.——And what then, Sir? I shall proceed in "my Conquests, and the next Province shall receive "my Yoke.—And what then, Sir? Why their Neigh-"bours shall also pay Tribute — This is very well, my "Liege, and what next?—Thus I shall gradually ex-"tend my Victories till I become Master of the Globe. "—And what then?——Then——why,——then I'll "sit down and crack a Bottle with my Friends—— "And pray, Sir, why not do so now?" This Passage has always appeared to me to carry with it a very fine Stroke of Satyr, and I am inclinable to think, that if the greatest Hero of Antiquity, were to make up the Account of his Happiness, he would find it not one Jot more than is here implied.

But among all the various Adventurers who must feel this Truth, there is no Set of *Quixotes* who experience it more powerfully than the Race of Authors. What Happiness does not the periodical Writer enjoy in the first dawning of a new Plan?—— In Proportion as one Idea awakens a new Train of pleasing Images, and the Design opens to his View, what Sensations unfelt before? What Chearfulness, what Fancy, what luxuriant Wit? And when a Sheet, yet wet, is sent him from the Press for his Inspection, how his Heart bounds to see himself in print!——the Fineness of the Paper!—— How it pleases him! The Elegance of the Type! ——How its Symmetry strikes the Eye! The Correctness of the Compositor!——How just and how exact! ——Flushed with these Ideas the Imagination expands itself, and, in the Fulness of Self-Admiration, he addresses himself in the Words of *Hamlet* ——" What a Piece of Work is Man! How noble in Reason! How infinite in Faculties!"——And yet pass but a few Hours, and how changed is every Trace of Reflection! The Critics gather round him, and, like the Harpies in the third *Æneid*, they break in upon his Meal, and like them too, they denounce Penury and Famine. The

Learned

Learned meet his work by Chance; they ſpeak of it, but not with ſufficient Warmth, becauſe Men of Senſe never admire, and only approve. He then runs up and down among the Pamphlet Shops; in many they have not heard of it; he calls for it in Coffee-Houſes, "Sir, we don't take it in"—In Places where it is uſed, he ſees it twiſted into a thouſand different Shapes, the Paper and Print neglected, and the Stile unregarded; the Waiters throw it among the common Lumber, and Gentlemen keep Snuff in it. Theſe, and many other Indignities ariſe to mortify an Author's Pride; and beſides all this, the Novelty of the Performance will wear off with him, as well as his Readers, and even Fame, ſuppoſing the good natured World allow him his full Portion, will thrill by degrees with feebler Impulſe to his Heart-Strings, and in the Concluſion, I believe, he will find, that, Hero like, he cannot drink his Bottle with greater Pleaſure than when he firſt ſet out.

Add to this, that there is a Concurrence of Circumſtances, which never fail to render the Profeſſion of an Author more uneaſy than any other Station in Life.

The courtly *Roman* Satyriſt has attacked, with all the elegant Touches of his delicate Raillery, that prevailing Spirit of Uneaſineſs, which renders People diſcontented with their own Situation in Life, and envious of the apparent Felicity of their Neighbours; but in the Liſt of Male-Contents, which he has produced, I have often wondered, that he has not thought proper to enrol the Race that write. The Occaſion of this might poſſibly be, that Authors have more ſolid Reaſons than any other Claſs of Beings, to repine and murmur at their Occupation, and to wiſh that Fate had aſſigned them an Employment, in which they might partake more of the Eaſe and the Enjoyments of Life.

And indeed, conſidering the great Diſproportion of Intenſeneſs between the Labours of the Mind, and thoſe of the Body, I do not know whether *Juvenal*'s Advice

to

to be an Auctioneer rather than a Poet, is not entirely eligible; for it is certain, that those nice Faculties of Perception, of which the literary Enthusiast is possessed, as they are the Inlets of our most refined intellectual Pleasures, so they are also, from the Quickness and Delicacy of their Feeling, susceptible of the most acute Degrees of Pain, and in the same Proportion that they administer to Happiness, they may also improve and sharpen the Edge of Misery; in like Manner as the String, from which the skilful Artist elicits a delightful Strain of Music, is also capable of returning the disagreeable Sounds of jarring Discord.

Of this Truth, I believe every Writer is convinced, who is actuated by an honest Ambition to acquit himself with Honour in his Calling; for I by no Means intend to speak at present of those vain Scribblers, who are for ever happy in their own Self-Admiration, and who are intirely Strangers to the Agitations of Mind, attendant on a Genius, studious of correcting and polishing his Piece. In fine Writing, there are so many intricate Points, which demand Attention, that it must be with the utmost Solicitude the Task is ever accomplished. Justness of Conception, and Truth in every Turn of Wit are indispensible Requisites; nothing can excuse the Want of Delicacy of Sentiment; the Sallies of Imagination, and the frolic Gambols of Invention must be restrained by Severity of Judgment, and all must be expressed with Perspicuity and Strength of Diction. Besides this, a proper Arrangement of Periods, following one another with graceful Variety, must unite the whole into Harmony, as the Painters express themselves, when they give the last finishing Hand to their colouring, and throw that general Glow upon their Piece, which at the first Glance strikes the intelligent Spectator. But the Truth of it is, the Traces of a Mind, which can think with Clearness and Vigour upon any Subject, and pursue a Series of Ideas, one emerging from another,

and

and tending gradually to form an intire whole, are ſo ſeldom diſcovered, that there is Reaſon to think it an Accompliſhment unattainable, without the moſt aſſiduous Efforts of Study, and many Moments of Care and Anxiety.

An honeſt and fair Fame is among the Inſtigations, which incite an Author to undergo all this mental Fatigue; but even that very Inducement is of ſo unſtable a Nature, the Acquiſition of it ſo uncertain, and the Tenure ſo precarious, that I believe, what at firſt looked ſo inviting to the Imagination, becomes at length the Writer's greateſt Torment. Add to this, the great Hardſhip of pleaſing that Multiplicity of Appetites, with which Mankind abound, and the ſtill greater Difficulty, which every Man of Genius experiences, to pleaſe his own private Taſte. Mr. *Pope* tells us, in the general Preface to his Works, that he never wrote up to his own Ideas of Poetry; and *Boileau*, who is ſecond to no Man for ſound Senſe and Judgment, obſerves, that an Author of Elevation in his Conceptions, is continually diſcontented with his Performances, is pleaſing to all the World, except himſelf, and, while his Wit is every where admired, that, for his own inward Quiet, he ſincerely wiſhes he had never dipt his Pen in Ink.

Mais un Eſprit ſublime, en vain veut s'elever
A ce Dégré parfait qu'il tache de trouver;
Et toûjours mécontent de ce qu'il vient de faire,
Il plait à tout le Monde, et ne ſauroit ſe plaire;
Et tel dont en tous Lieux Chacun vante l'Eſprit,
Voudroit, pour ſon Repos, n'avoir jamais ecrit.

I have been led into this Tract of Thought by a Review of my own Senſations, ever ſince I undertook the anxious Character of a public Writer, which I have now ſuſtained for the Space of two Years, and having ſwelled theſe Eſſays to a ſufficient Number, I purpoſe next *Saturday* finally to take Leave of my Readers. In doing this, I muſt own, that I perform a kind

of

of Self-denial, as I ſhall then break off an habitual Intercourſe with the Public, from which I have occaſionally deduced a very ſenſible Pleaſure, as I have experienced that theſe Papers, ſuch as they are, have, from Time to Time, conduced to the Entertainment of the Town. On this Account I ſhall abdicate with Reluctance; but the Line, which I have quoted in my Motto from *Horace*, has for a long Time ſtared me in the Face. "The "Shame does not lie," ſays he, "in playing the Fool, "but in not diſcontinuing it," in the Juſtice of which Sentiment I acquieſce, and, as becomes me, conform to the Precept.

TRUE INTELLIGENCE.

The Effects of CHARLES RANGER, Eſq; *to be ſold by Auction at Mr.* Langford'*s in the Great Piazza* Covent Garden, *being a complete Liſt of all ſuch Houſhold Furniture, Books and valuable Pieces, as the ſaid* RANGER, *determined to leave off Trade, thinks proper to leave behind him; the whole very proper for any Adventurer, who has a Mind to ſet up for himſelf.*

HOUSEHOLD FURNITURE.

In the Bed Chamber.

A Very good Flock-bed, with Tape tied Curtains.
A Poker, with the Head left.
A Grate, with three Legs.
Two Chairs, one of them warranted ſound.
A Pair of Bellows, wants the Muzzle.

In the Study.

A Tea-cup, with Ink in it.
A Common Place-Book.
A *Gradus ad Parnaſſum*, for Mottos.
One Volume of the Spectator.

Two

Two Leaves of an Elegy, written in a Country Church-Yard.

And all the *Grays-Inn Journals.*

In the Dining-Room.

A Bureau, with nothing in it.

A Peck of Sea-coals in the Bottom of the Cupboard.

Six Chairs, two of them with four Legs.

One Table, the Flap broke.

Collection of valuable Pieces.

Honour and Honesty, an *Antique.*

A Scene at *White*'s, a *Night-piece.*

The national Debt discharged, by a *Flemish Master.*

Exchange-Alley, by a *Dutchman.*

A Deist in a Fever, with a Clergyman at his Elbow, *warranted original.*

Ditto, dying by *Moonlight.*

A Miser's Feast, in *Water-colours.*

A celebrated Beauty, *enamelled.*

The Day of Judgment, a *chiaro oscuro.*

A true Patriot, *very scarce.*

The Creation, in *Mosaic Work.*

A Coquette, a *Kitcat.*

Vice and Virtue, in *black* and *white.*

A General Election, *from an original in the Possession of an eminent Statesman.*

Eternity, a *Perspective.*

A Party at Hazard, *in black and white from the Life.*

Selim's Vision, a *Chinese* Piece.

Friendship, an *Allegorical Piece.*

With many other Curiosities, too numerous to insert. The whole to be viewed until the Day of Sale, and Catalogues given Gratis.

NUMB.

NUMB. 104. GRAY'S-INN, *Saturday Oct.* 12, 1754.

Hic labor extremus, longarum hæc meta viarum ;
Conticuit, factoquè hic tandem ſine quievit. VIRG.

AS I am now arrived to the concluſive Eſſay of the *Gray's Inn* Journal, the Maſk muſt be dropped ; and the aſſumed Character of the Gay *Charles Ranger* muſt at length dwindle into that of the real Author, who begs Leave this Day to addreſs his Readers in his own Name.

I remember the Introductory Paper to this Undertaking embarraſſed my Imagination, more than any ſucceſſive Compoſition ; as coming into Company is ſometimes attended with uneaſy Flutterings, which are afterwards effaced by Habit. As I am alſo deſirous of going off with as good a Grace as poſſible, I cannot but be a little ſolicitous about the Manner of my Exit. In the ſocial Intercourſe of Life, I know as little Ceremony ſhould be uſed, as the Nature of all Things will admit ; but the periodical Writer, cannot withdraw, without making his Bow to the Public.

Two different Forms of writing have offered themſelves to me upon this Occaſion. The firſt has been practiſed by ſeveral Gentlemen of the Quill, and conſiſts in a declamatory Stile againſt that degeneracy of Taſte, which has too fatally prevailed in the preſent Declenſion of Literature. In Addition to this, I might indulge myſelf in a Vein of Invective againſt the general Diſpoſition to Gaming, and many other unavailing Amuſements, which have called off the Attention of the better Sort of People from all literary Productions. I might further expatiate in a Strain of Raillery on the Fair, and might urge, that Woman is very juſtly defined by the

Greek

Greek Pholoſopher, "*An Animal delighting in Finery,*" and that it is not in the Power of the beſt Writers of the Age, to attract the Attention of that wandering Sex, who are evermore entertained with the Chit-chat, which iſſues from their own pretty red Lips, than with a Peruſal of a Compoſition, calculated to retrench their Follies, to regulate their Fancy, to improve their Intellectuals, and to encourage them to the Acquiſition of thoſe mental Beauties, ſuch as Sweetneſs of Temper, Affability, and good Senſe, which will be always ſure to confer upon them the moſt permanent Embelliſhments, and will prove the beſt Waſh for the Complexion, and an infallible Preſervative againſt the Encroachments made upon the Tincture of the Skin, by Envy, Malice, Tea, Scandal, and painful Watchings at a Gaming-Table. After this I might pompouſly declare, that I now decline taking any further Trouble with thoſe incorrigible Angels; that I conſign them entirely to their Hair-Cutters, their Dancing Maſters, and, what is ſtill worſe, to their own ungoverned fantaſtic Appetites. But this Form of Compoſition is inconſiſtent with my preſent Purpoſe, as I ſhould be glad to lay down the Pen in the good Graces of all my Readers.

The ſecond Method of Addreſs which occurred to me, was that uſed by the excellent and humorous Author of the *Tale of a Tub*. After his Example, I have been tempted to return Thanks, in the moſt ſolemn Manner, to his Majeſty's moſt honourable Privy-Council, to the Lords ſpiritual and temporal, to the honourable the Houſe of Commons, to the Gentlemen of the Royal Society, to the Worſhipful the Board of Aldermen, to the Club at *White*'s, to the Critics at the *Bedford*, to the Connoiſſeurs at *Sam*'s, to the Society of *Grub-ſtreet*, and, in ſhort, to all Degrees and Ranks of People, for the juſt and favourable Reception they have been pleaſed to afford to the moſt delectable, humorous, and inſtructive Lucubrations, that we have publiſh'd in this our *Gray's-*

Inn

Inn Journal, which has been the Delight of the choice Spirits of the Age, the Terror of all Offenders against Decency and Good-Manners, and which has ascertained to the Author an immortal Reputation;

Jamquè opus exegi quod nec Jovis ira, nec ignes,
Nec poterit ferrum, nec edax abolere vetustas.

But having considered this Matter with sufficient Deliberation, I have judged it eligible to decline both the Species of Writing above exhibited. The Truth of it is, as on the one Hand I am not so self-sufficient as to arrogate to myself any extraordinary Pride from the Degree of Success I have met with; so on the other, I do not think I can reasonably find any Fault with the Disposition of the Public to the present Writer. I have all along steered between the two Extremes of partial popular Applause, and a general Neglect; and I have therefore no colourable Pretence to express the least Degree of Discontent at Parting, nor vain-gloriously to exult at the Applause, which has been occasionally allowed to me.

I am too sensible, that a small Portion of Fame can be attributed to the Productions of a young Author, hurried down the Stream of Dissipation, interrupted by Avocations of a thousand Sorts, seldom enabled to write at Leisure, frequently obliged to dismiss the uncorrected Sheet to the Press, rarely happy enough to have written up even to his own Taste, and often checked in his Career by the Timidity of an Adventurer, who was always diffident of his own Abilities, and was sensible how far so young a Writer must be from those strong Powers of Mind, which, when matured by Age and Application, animate and embolden Genius, give Authority to Criticism, add Strength to Compositions of a graver Cast, and inspire an Author with a due Degree of Confidence

in

in his Decisions, upon all Occurrences in human Life, as likewise upon all Topics of Taste and Erudition.

Though unattended with these Advantages, it is, however, some kind of Satisfaction, that I have been able to procure myself an Audience once a Week for two Years together, from perhaps several Thousands in *Great Britain*; and, on this Occasion, I cannot help taking to myself a secret Pleasure from the Reflection, that I have given a kind of Weekly Memorial of my Existence, and some Sort of Proof, that my Time has not been thrown away in a Manner totally unavailing. *Salust* has a very fine Sentiment, which has made a very deep Impression on me. *Verum enimvero is demum mihi vivere, & frui animâ videtur, qui aliquo negotio intentus, præclari facinoris aut artis bonæ famam quærit.* "He may be said "to live, says that excellent Writer, and to enjoy the "Functions of his Soul, who, engaged in a laudable "Occupation, endeavours to distinguish himself by some "splendid Action, or by the Acquisition of Fame in "some liberal Art." That I have in the last Way made myself conspicuous, I cannot persuade myself in my most sanguine Moments; but I shall always enjoy the Pleasure of a well-meant Endeavour, and, when I look back to the Commencement of this Undertaking, and review the Means, by which I have kept my Paper alive, I will not be so prudish as to conceal a Degree of Self-Approbation.

The Plan, on which I have wrote, however feeble the Execution of it may be, I am inclined to believe is not void of Merit. In the Essay, there was room for all kinds of fine Writing, and in the News, there was ample room to entertain the Fancy with Touches of Humour upon the various Occurrences of human Life. That this Scheme has not been better cultivated in all its Parts, must be imputed to my having wrote singly and alone; and this Consideration will, I hope, render all Inaccuracies more excusable.

When

When I say, that I have wrote alone, I do not mean that I never received any Assistance. On the contrary, I think it incumbent on me to acknowledge, that a particular Friend, who must be nameless, has furnished me occasionally with several humorous Paragraphs of News, written with a Delicacy of Humour peculiar to himself; and, I will add, that I never withdrew from his Conversation, without some Hint for the Entertainment of my Readers. To this Gentleman I am indebted for a Letter from an *Englishman* in *Paris*, No. 14; for a Scene at *Jonathan*'s *Coffee-House*, No. 19; for an Essay on Theatrical Parties, No. 31; for an Essay on the modern Fashion of visiting, No. 34; for a second Scene at *Jonathan*'s, No. 57; and for the Essays in 98 and 100. That I have not received more from him, I have often thought it both a Loss to the *Gray*'s-*Inn Journal* and the Public; as he possesses an elegant Facility on every Subject, I sincerely wish that I had been able to prevail upon him, against his natural Indolence, to afford me a great deal more of his Assistance.

A Paper upon what may be called Imitation in Writing, and an Essay towards the fixing the Standard of modern Criticism, together with some occasional Strokes of Humour in the true Intelligence, were the Contributions of another ingenious Gentleman, whose Friendship, I am convinced, would have inclined him to do something towards raising the Estimation of this Paper much higher, had not Avocations of more Consequence to himself and the Public, demanded the Exertion of his excellent Abilities in another Way.

I must take this Opportunity to thank the Author of a Letter, occasioned by my Criticism on King *Lear*, which was sent in the Warmth of Friendship, and, in my Opinion, was written also in the Warmth of Genius. An ingenious Essay on *Physiognomy* was also a Present from the Author of *Philoclea*; the Letter, No. 12, upon a *Passion for cleaning the Ladies Teeth*, is a *Jeu d'Esprit* by a Gentleman

Gentleman of a very elegant and lively Fancy. And now and then, in the News there are either Articles ſent by unknown Hands, or Paragraphs raiſed upon their Hints. But of theſe the Number is extremely ſmall; for every Thing elſe *Ranger* himſelf muſt ſtand accountable.

I have now, I think, faithfully mentioned all the Aſſiſtance I received in the Courſe of this Paper, and upon this Appearance of Matters, I believe, it will be found very ſhort of the Advantages enjoyed by ſome of my Brother Writers. I have not had the Happineſs of being puff'd in any of our common News Papers, or in that entertaining and truly uſeful Work, as Mr. *Griffiths* calls the *Monthly Review*. I have never been able to entertain the Town with the Writings of People of Faſhion, nor to lay before them an *Eſſay written by a Perſon of Honour*; I could never boaſt the Friendſhip of the Nobility, nor has any Lord ſent me a Paper, and upon Publication bought up a thouſand Copies, to ſhew me how well his own Performances ſell. I muſt, however, own, that I have always exerted my utmoſt Abilities, and have put every thing out of hand with as much Care as the Nature of periodical Productions, the Author's Spirits, and other Circumſtances would permit. I have ever had as great a Reſpect for the Public, as *Tully* profeſſes for a *Roman* Aſſembly, and I agree with him when he ſays, *nihil huc niſi perfectum ingenio, elaboratum induſtriâ afferri opportere*. At the ſame Time, I hope, it will be conſidered, what Mr. *Pope* obſerves with great Propriety, that the Public ſhould not expect that an Author's whole Time ſhould be ſpent in poliſhing and retouching for their Pleaſures.

Beſides, why may not a Perſon rather chuſe an Air of bold Negligence, than the obſcure Diligence of Pedants, and Writers of affected Phraſeology? For my Part, I have always thought an eaſy Stile more eligible than a pompous Diction, lifted up by Metaphor, amplified by

by Epithet, and dignified by too frequent Infertions of the *Latin* Idiom. I am therefore inclined to flatter myfelf, that my Expreffion has been natural and unambitious; and that my Arrangement has been grammatically juft, unperplexed and clear, and that upon all Occafions I have written with fome Degree of Purity.

Upon the whole, if I cannot boaft of having produced edifying Strains of Morality, Differtations of uncontrovertible Criticifm, and Papers of exquifite Mirth and Humour, I hope, at leaft the whole Plan has been conducted with a ftrict Regard to Decency, and without any Offence againft Virtue or good Manners. To this Circumftance, I believe it in a great Meafure owing, that I have been fo favourably received by the Town; but be the Caufe, what it may, I fhall always retain a grateful Senfe of their Indulgence, and in whatever Way, hereafter I may endeavour to entertain them, I fhall think they have a Demand upon me for the moft vigorous Exertion of my Abilities, and, let my Succefs be as it will, I at leaft hope I fhall have Judgment enough not entirely to miftake my Talents.

Having avowed thefe Sentiments I fhall conclude, without any ftudied flourifh of Period, and I remain with great Refpect to all my Readers in particular, and to the Public in general,

Their moft obliged, and moft obedient Servant,

Tavistock-row, Oct. 21, 1754. ARTHUR MURPHY.

F I N I S.